Nov. 21, 1977

THE NEW YORKER

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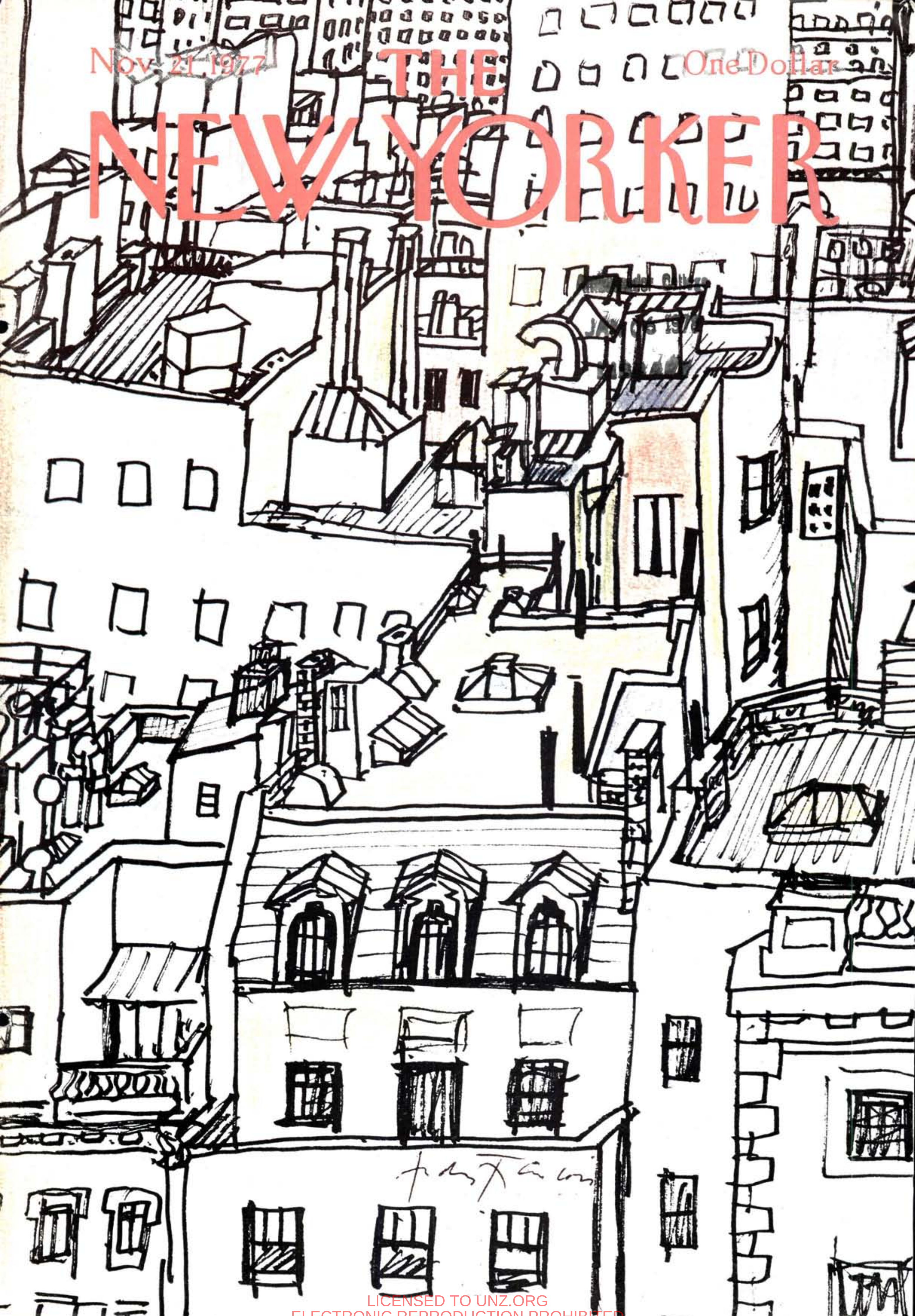

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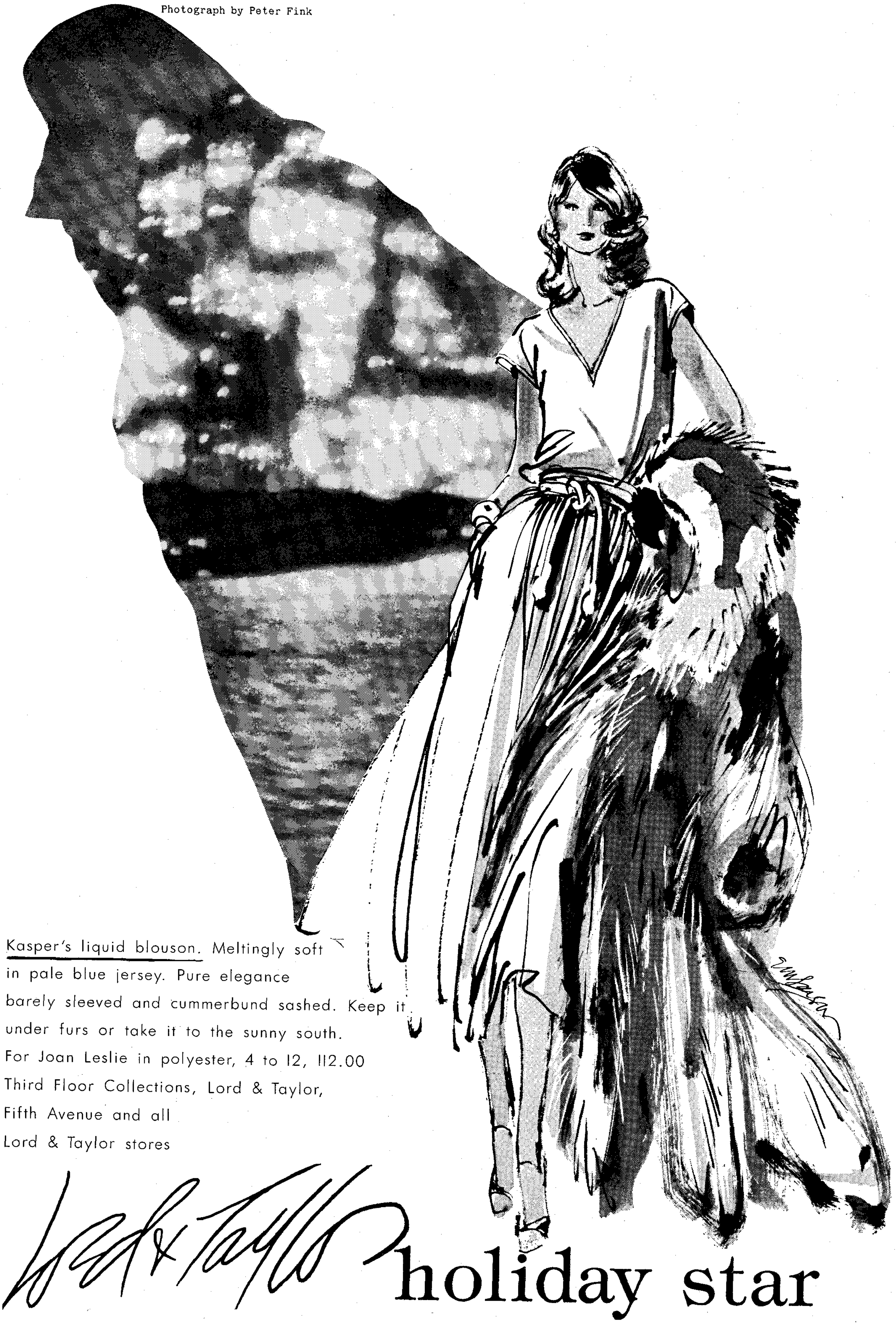

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 24. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—We are in a Las Vegas night club, watching a gifted performer do a series of star turns. The performer is played by Liza Minnelli and she *is* gifted, but who would want to be in Vegas? (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

An Almost Perfect Person—Running for political office and making love are, it appears, related activities. A comedy by Judith Ross, with Colleen Dewhurst, George Hearn, and Rex Robbins, directed by Zoe Caldwell. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Annie—A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks, both altered for the purposes of an amusing book by Thomas Meehan. Dorothy Loudon is marvellous as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brontosaurus—A play by Lanford Wilson. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 11. Closes Friday, Nov. 25.)

Chez Nous—Peter Nichols is an English dramatist who has managed to write at least a couple of successful comedies—"A Day in the Death of Joe Egg" and "The National Health"—about unlikely subjects. This one, at least a semi-successful comedy, is about a middle-aged pediatrician and expert on adolescent sex who discovers that his oldest friend is the father of his illegitimate grandson, his daughter having been thirteen at the time of conception. The setting is a house in the South of France with both men and their wives on deck. The play is well performed by Sam Waterston, John Tillinger, Christine Pickles, and Barbara Caruso, among others. Lynne Meadow directed. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

Comedy with Music—Victor Borge plays pranks on a piano as well as an occasional few bars of music; meanwhile, he invites us to rummage about with him inside his Nabokovian mind. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 17-18, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3; Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8; Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 2 and 8; Thanksgiving Day at 3; and final performances Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 2 and 8.)

Dracula—Frank Langella co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thanksgiving Day at 3, and Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Bob Merrill's musical **carnival**, with a book by Michael Stewart, is the second in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Feedlot—A play by Patrick Meyers. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

Gemini—In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Gin Game—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn as occupants of an old people's home, each fiercely determined to have his way. A grim but often very funny play by D. L. Coburn. The director is Mike Nichols. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Golda—Anne Bancroft in a play by William Gibson. Directed by Arthur Penn. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Housewife! Superstar!!—Barry Humphries in a

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COVER: *André François*

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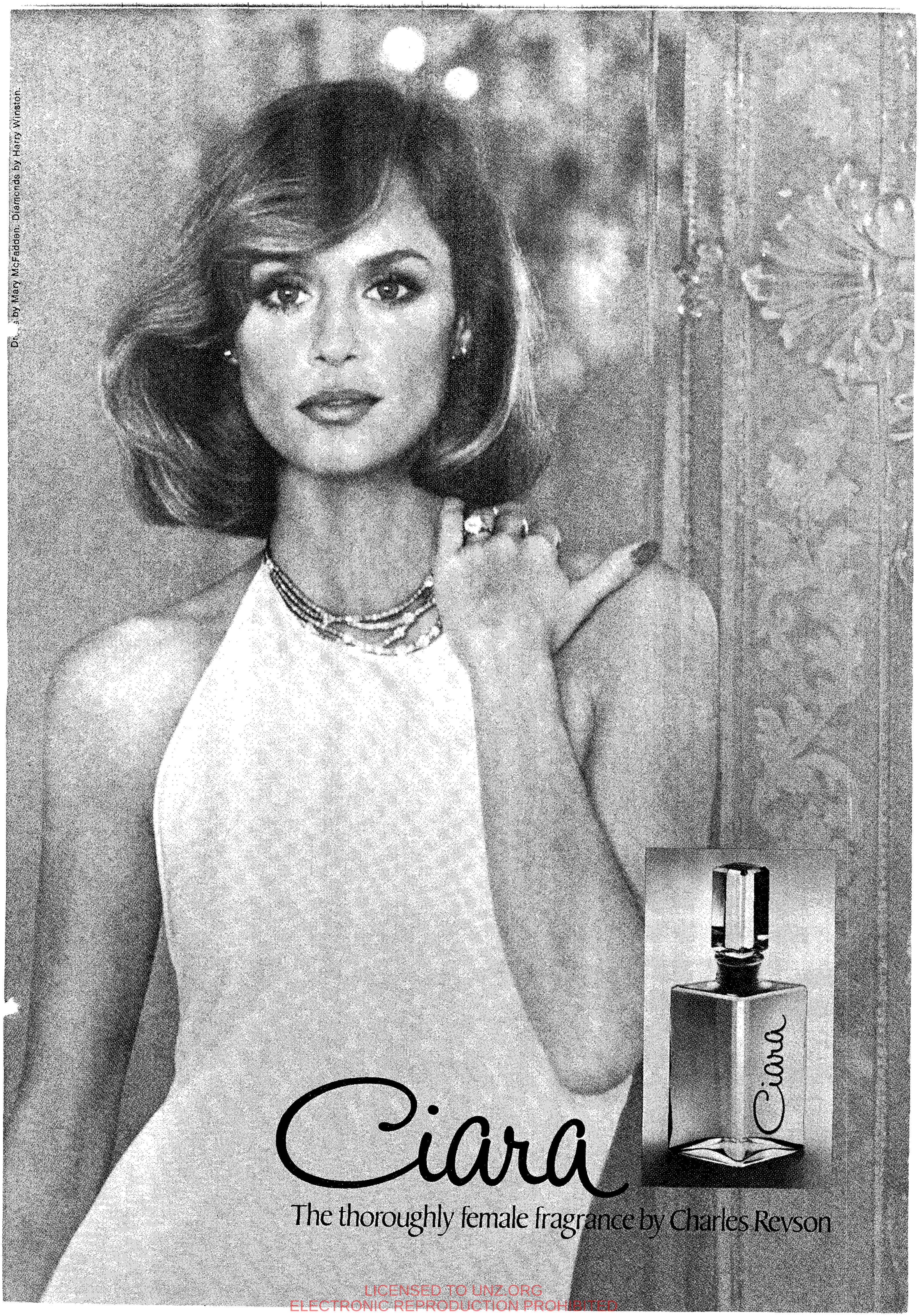
Dr[illegible]s by Mary McFadden. Diamonds by Harry Winston.
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

one-man show. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

I Love My Wife—A musical that affects an unconvincing raunchiness. Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The King and I—An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Landscape of the Body—This oddity by John Guare combines wild, original comedy, gruesome melodrama, theatrical inventiveness, and rather cloudy abstract thought to tell the story of a woman in Greenwich Village who is suspected of having killed her fourteen-year-old son. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is all that this gifted dramatist could wish for. Shirley Knight is very good in the leading role, and she is well supported by F. Murray Abraham, Paul McCrane, Peg Murray, and Richard Bauer, among others. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's most recent wonder is a loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny, and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—If all goes well, Richard Kiley will still be singing his heart out in this classic musical in the year 2000. Chev Rodgers substitutes for Mr. Kiley on Wednesday afternoons. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Merchant—A play by Arnold Wesker, based on three pre-Shakespearean legends: "The Elopement of Jessica," "The Three Caskets," and "The Pound of Flesh." John Clements, Roberta Maxwell, Joseph Leon, and Marian Seldes head the cast. John Dexter directed. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 16. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Miss Margarida's Way—Estelle Parsons utters every single word of this long, loud, often funny and at bottom terrifying comedy. The author is a dazzling young Brazilian named Roberto Athayde. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

Mummenschanz—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.)

Naked—A play by Luigi Pirandello. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Once Upon a Time—Ben Bonus and Mina Bern in a Yiddish musical, with an English narration. (Norman Thomas Theatre, Park Ave. at 33rd St. 889-6800. Saturdays at 8 and

THEATRE
SPECIAL LIMITED ENGAGEMENT
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Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Passion of Dracula—Christopher Bernau makes an effective, menacing Count, and Giulia Pagano is good, too, as the object of his predatory affections in this unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters, Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 11; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rum an Coca-Cola—Mustapha Matura's distinguished play—humorous, ironic, and tragic—is set in Trinidad and is about an aging calypso writer and singer and his loyal, eager apprentice. The performances of Leon Morenzie and Lou Ferguson are splendid. Donald Howarth directed. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

The Shadow Box—Hard to believe, but this play by Michael Cristofer, whose subject is death, is a highly affirmative and sometimes comic affair, well acted by, among others, Josef Sommer, Gwyda DonHowe, Sloane Shelton, and Maria Tucci. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

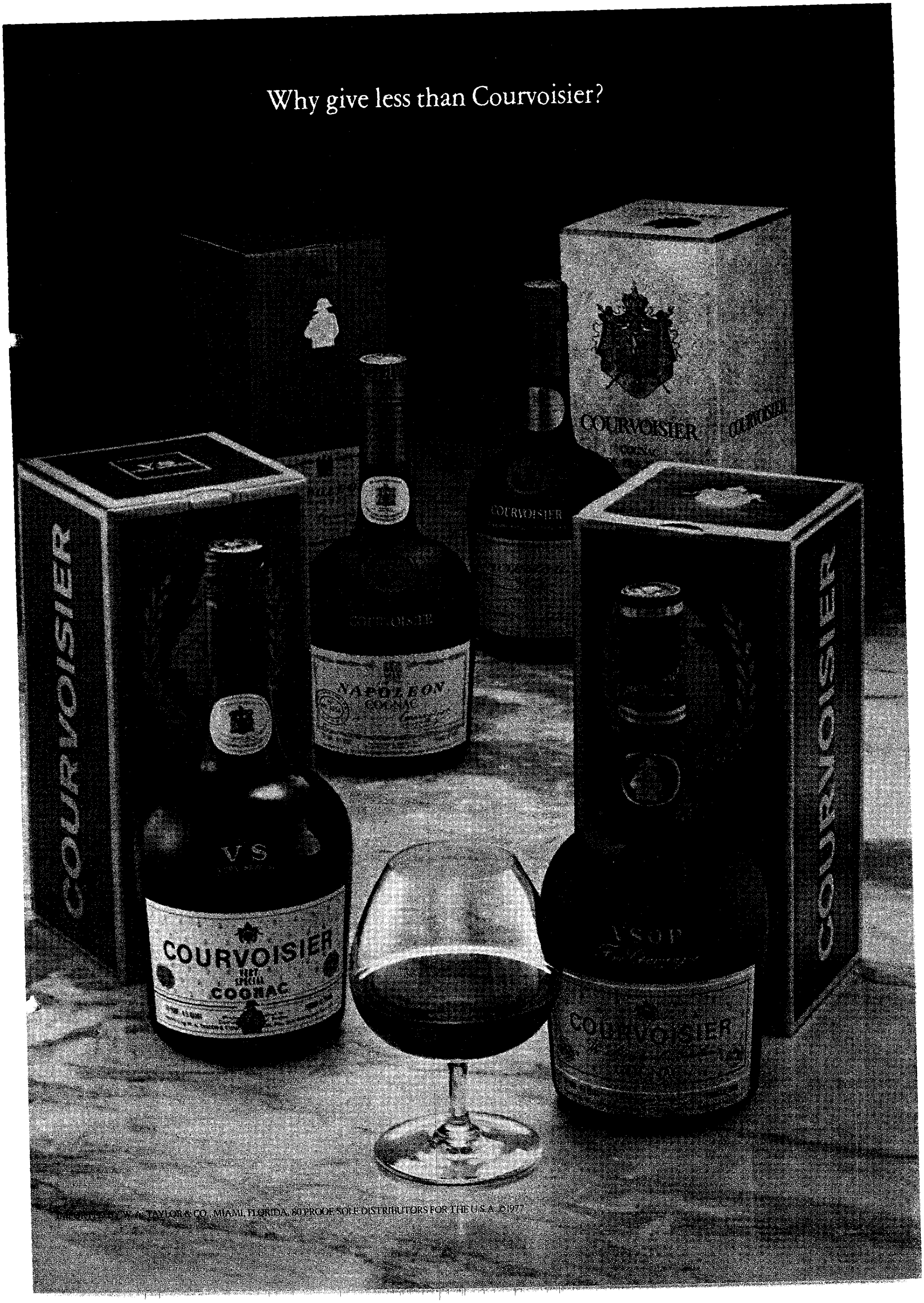
Side by Side by Sondheim—An evening of delectable songs by the cleverest (and sometimes the most touching) of contemporary popular composers. The performers are Nancy Dussault, Larry Kert, Georgia Brown, and Hermione Gingold. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2:30.)

Survival—A stirring import from South Africa that depicts, in words, dances, and songs, the inhumane treatment of the indigenous black population, in prison and out. The words are by the four actors—Fana David Kekana, Themba Ntinga, Selaelo Dan Maredi, and Seth Sibanda—and their director, Mshengu. The music is by Mr. Maredi; Clyde Kuemmerle designed the show and produced it with the Negro Ensemble Company. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 3.)

Tartuffe—John Wood, Tammy Grimes, Patricia Elliott, and other superlative actors make Molière hiss and spit and sparkle. The translation is by Richard Wilbur, and the direction is by Stephen Porter. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 20.)

The Wayside Motor Inn—In a motel outside of Boston, a number of characters simultaneously act out and resolve a number of plots. A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s play, while not his strongest, encompasses quite a lot of human experience, and is often funny and often touching. The actors, under Tony Giordano's direction, do well. Margaret Barker, Richard Sale, Jill O'Hara, Wayne Tippit, and Jill Andre do especially well. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. (Closes Sunday, Nov. 27.)

Long Runs—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30; special matinées Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving and Friday, Nov. 25, at 8; Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 25, at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,305 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 23, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Betsy Palmer and Don Murray. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 3.) . . . **SLY FOX:** Larry Gelbart has transmogrified Ben Jonson's "Volpone," with hilarious results. The cast includes Robert Preston, Jack Gil-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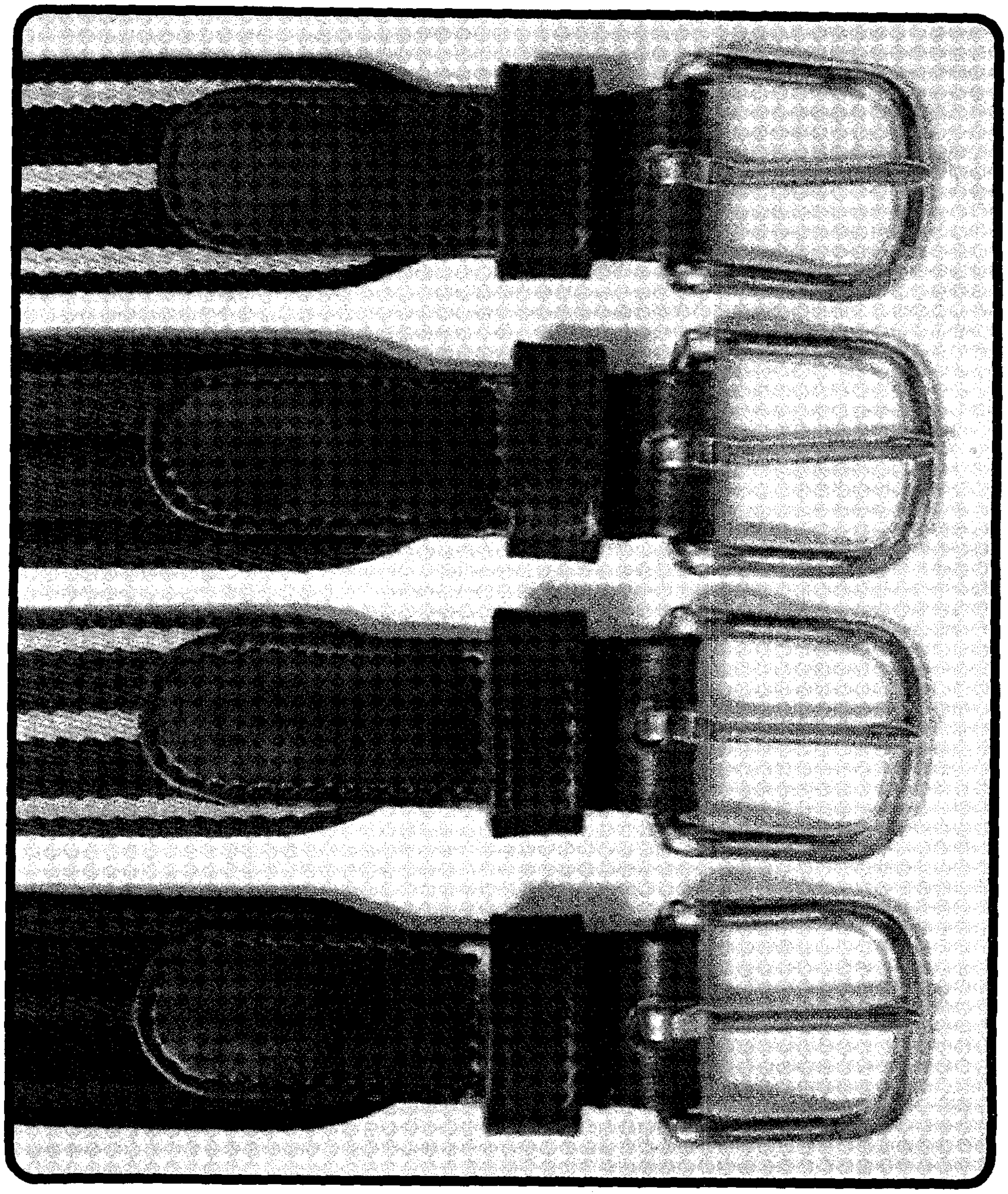

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ford, James Gallery, and John Heffernan. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 25, at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 25, at 2.)... **YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD:** Vinnette Carroll's singing-and-dancing redaction of the Book of Matthew. An exhilarating occasion. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 23, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinées Wednesday, Nov. 16, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 2.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Prodigal Son," and "Agon."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Firebird," "Agon," "The Cage," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Fanfare," "Prodigal Son," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2: "Fanfare," "Meditation," "Scotch Symphony," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Fanfare," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Vienna Waltzes." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-4720.)... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 20, at 1: "Square Dance," "Bournonville Divertissements," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."... ¶ Sunday, Nov. 20, at 7: "Serenade," "Prodigal Son," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Serenade," "Who Cares?," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Bournonville Divertissements," "The Cage," "Sonatine," and "Scotch Symphony."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Fanfare," "Square Dance," and "Vienna Waltzes."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Bournonville Divertissements," "An Evening's Waltzes," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2: "Allegro Brillante," "The Cage," and "Vienna Waltzes."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "An Evening's Waltzes," and "Vienna Waltzes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

DANCE UMBRELLA—Final performances of a five-week season. **DANNY WILLIAMS GROSSMAN AND DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday evening, Nov. 16; Saturday evening, Nov. 19; and Sunday matinée, Nov. 20.... **PAUL SANASARDO DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday and Friday evenings, Nov. 17-18; Saturday matinée, Nov. 19; and Sunday evening, Nov. 20. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

DANCERS AND MUSICIANS OF BALI—A company of thirty-six, including a gamelan orchestra, in a program of traditional Hindu dances. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 7:30, and Thursday and Friday, Nov. 17-18, at 8.)

DANCERS—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 11—Thursday, Nov. 17, at 7:30 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 260-0453); Friday, Nov. 18, at 7:30; and Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2: "Baroque Concerto No. 8," "Etude aux Objets," "Ramifications," and "And the Dawn Surprises No One."... ¶ Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 19-20, at 2: "The Still Point," "The Entertainers," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," and "And the Dawn Surprises No One."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, and Thursday and Friday, Nov. 24-25, at 8: "Baroque Concerto No. 8," "Lazarus," "Pavane for a Solo Dancer," "The Prussian Officer," and "The Arc of Angels."... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 22-23, at 8: "Nocturne," "Of Us Two," "Song of a Wayfarer," "Belong," and "And the Dawn Surprises No One."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Baroque Concerto No. 8," "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," "Canto Indio," "The Murder of George Keuter," and "Romantic Realm." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160.)

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PILOBOLUS DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 11—Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Nov. 22-23 (previews); Thursday evening, Nov. 24 (opening); and Friday evening, Nov. 25: "Monkshood's Farewell," "Pagliaccio" or "Vagabond," "Shizen," "Pseudopodia" or "Renelaugh," and "Untitled."... ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 26: "Ciona," "Lost in Fauna," "Ocellus," "Wakefield" or "Grey Room," "Pseudopodia," and "Untitled." (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Evenings at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Many of the best contemporary post-hard-bop, new-jazz, and veteran bebopping musicians are booked into these quarters by its sympathetic proprietor, drummer Rashied Ali. Saxophonist **SONNY STITT** heads up a quartet through Saturday, Nov. 19; on Tuesday, Nov. 22, saxophonist George Braith will arrive with his ensemble, Space Island. Mondays are session times for trumpeter and flugelhornist Ted Daniels and his fourteen-piece band, called Energy, which is sometimes gangly, frequently free and robust, and nearly always accessible. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

AXIS IN SOHO, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—Organic jazz and out-there apple juice. Saxophonist David Murray's quartet performs Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19; on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, bassist Teruo Nakamura and his mainstream ensemble, the Rising Sun, will drop by. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty. Sundays, from six to nine, trumpeter **CHARLES SULLIVAN** heads up a thirteen-piece band.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A long, narrow, very white room—white walls, white tables, and white chairs—with a self-conscious portrait of the club interior hanging near the stage. Liz Corrigan, a cheerful eclectic—she does a bit of bluegrass, a bit of Rodgers and Hart, and snippets from some of her television commercials—is singing here through Saturday, Nov. 19. On Tuesday, Nov. 22, Portia Nelson, a singing relic of the old Blue Angel, will come in. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—This enlightened branch of a thirty-eight-part restaurant chain brings in a variety of jazz players to perform in its cocktail lounge. Singer Diane Snow works with a quartet through Saturday, Nov. 19; Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 23-26, pianist Richie Beirach and his bassist, Frank Tusa, will take over. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Singer and bassist Jack Bruce, who worked with Carla Bley after his post-Cream rock efforts, is with a rock band again, and he'll be here Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 16-17, opposite Crawler, a British new-wave (punk-rock, that is) band; on Friday, Nov. 18, Mandrill, a rock ensemble from out West, will come in for a night; on Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 19-20, new-wavers Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers will trade sets with the Dingoes, an Australian rock outfit; Monday through Wednesday, Nov. 21-23, rhythm-and-blues singer and songwriter Bill Withers will perform; and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, Don Van Vliet, who is best known as Captain Beefheart, will bring in his latest combo. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Thanksgiving Day. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A seemingly inexhaustible supply of devoted patrons and a new grand piano, which was left to the proprietor, Bradley Cunningham, by the late Paul Desmond. **JIMMY ROWLES**, who seems to be the house favorite, is at its keyboard through Sunday, Nov. 20; on Monday, Nov. 21, pianist **KENNY BARRON** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, one-half of the Ron Carter quartet, will begin a six-night visit. Music from ten. Dinner.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** is a mellifluous guitarist whose roots go back to Charlie Christian and Django Reinhardt and whose tone is extraordinarily rich and pleasant. He has put together a fine trio, with **MICHAEL RENZI** on piano and **RON NASPO** on bass. **GENE BERTONCINI** fills in for Pizzarelli Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 16-19. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—There are two **BOBBY SHORTS** at the piano in the Café Carlyle. One is the famous, exhilarating balladeer, the other is the secret jazz lover. His accompanists—**BEVERLY PEER** on bass and **GENE GAMMAGE** on drums—remain mirror-perfect. At ten and midnight Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner and supper.... ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** casts spells that begin taking effect about nine-thirty Mondays through Saturdays.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This bar has for a couple of years distinguished itself by presenting some of the most bizarre, if not always musically accomplished, rock and punk-rock bands around. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** does the vocals, Jimmy Lyon does the accompanying. What more is there to say? Tuesdays through Sat-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—ALBERTA HUNTER began singing in Chicago around 1907, when she was twelve. Her good contralto remains steady and rich, even at slow speeds, and she can swing, particularly when she rolls into one of her own blues. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. Starting Monday, Nov. 21, ODETTA, a woman of many powers—during her nearly thirty-year career she's done blues, work songs, folk songs, and country-and-Western tunes, too—will move in for a few weeks and channel those powers into blues songs exclusively. Pianist SAMMY PRICE will accompany her and play solo interludes as well. Sundays: ROSE MURPHY. For whatever reasons, she performs within a ring of tricks, but behind them is a shrewd, swinging singer and an excellent Earl Hines pianist. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—DOC CHEATHAM is the last of the spare, graceful, witty lyric trumpeters who appeared in Louis Armstrong's wake in the thirties, and he is playing astonishingly well today. All is in focus—the easy, full tone, the careful legato phrasing, the choice vibrato, the watercolor timbre and shading. He has a rhythm section in support. Through Friday, Nov. 18. Beginning Monday, Nov. 21, pianist Frankie Dash will work with clarinettist Clarence Hutchenrider and drummer Fred Stoll. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Daly's Daffodil, 1079 First Ave., at 59th St. (688-0018)—While the fastidious pianist ELLIS LARKINS, his bassist, BILLY POPP, and his drummer, JACK MCALLISTER, take breaks from their concise sets, you can watch the "Odd Couple" on color TV. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine. On Sundays, from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN—who really gets around (see Reno Sweeney and Village Gate, below)—guitarist EDDIE BERG, and bassist Tibor Tomka team up. Dinner.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—HUGH SHANNON, the international café-society singer-pianist, has taken up residence Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Warren Vaché, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. They're here Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Nov. 20, tenor saxophonist HAROLD ASHBY will lead a quintet. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, AL HAIG, one of the first and most capable bop pianists, works with guitarist CHUCK WAYNE and bassist Jamil Nasser. Wednesdays through Saturdays, pianist HOD O'BRIEN holds down the fort with FRANK LUTHER on bass and Alicia Sherman on vocals. This trio works from ten to three; on Sundays, they put in a walloping eight-hour session, from seven to three. Weeknights from seven to ten, trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—The ex-big-band-singer showcase continues: Helen Forrest, who sang with Benny Goodman and Harry James, is here through Saturday, Nov. 19; Monday through Saturday, Nov. 21-26, will feature Fran Warren, who worked with the Claude Thornhill and Art Mooney bands. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—ROY ELDRIDGE is buoyed by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

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Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—BROOKS KERR, the young stride pianist and Ellington admirer, has moved into these quarters along with his fatherly associates: clarinettist and saxophonist RUSSELL PROCOPE, bassist AARON BELL, and (taking over for Sonny Greer) drummer SHELTON GARY. Kerr and company perform Thursdays through Saturdays; Kerr and Bell are here Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Music from nine to one. Dinner and supper.

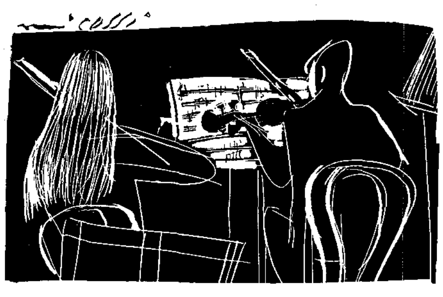
Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—One of many expense-account meccas where businessmen and their wives can eat prime ribs in a Tudor environment—but with a difference: JOHNNY HARTMAN, who has been called a musician's singer, holds forth from nine-fifteen with bassist MILT HINTON and a trio. And he's doing "On Green Dolphin Street," "Feelings," "Send In the Clowns," and also a mini-tribute to Nat King Cole—"Unforgettable," "Lush Life," and "Sweet Lorraine." On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather here. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 17-19, CHICO HAMILTON, a wily, melodious drummer and a smooth, funny showman, will work with his sturdy young quintet that features alto saxophonist ARTHUR BLYTHE (who seems equally at home playing avant-garde or soul music) and a wonderful guitarist named MARVIN HORNE, and that plays rhythm and blues at its subtlest. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 23-26, trumpeter Hugh Masekela will bring in his band. Music from about ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Topaz, a newly formed rock trio, performs here through Saturday, Nov. 19. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 23-26, the WOODSTOCK MOUNTAIN REVIEW will be featured. The Review comprises Happy and Artie Traum, Eric Andersen, John Herald, Paul Siebel, and other worthy folkies from Bearsville, Shady, and Saugerties, N.Y. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and SY OLIVER'S bouncing dance septet populate Art Deco-land. The band works Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Audiences who have never heard of CISSY HOUSTON before are apt to come away from one of her performances as adamantly devoted to her as a Grateful Dead fan is to Jerry Garcia. Middle-aged and the mother of three kids, Miss Houston is picking up where she left off a decade ago, when she was the lead singer for a vocal quartet called the Sweet Inspirations. The Inspirations were recording-studio moles for years, singing backup at hundreds of sessions for, among others, Elvis Presley, Dionne Warwick, and, eventually, Aretha Franklin. Miss Houston's act is a celebration of sixties soul music, and this time she's the star, with a chugging, first-rate R. & B. band and two beaming backup singers behind her. Her onstage image is a combination of strength and excitement, and you'd better catch her while she's still playing clubs as intimate as this one. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. On Tuesday, Nov. 22, Barbara Cook will begin singing some of her old Broadway hits and contemporary standards, too. Shows at nine and midnight. Dinner. Fridays and Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven, DAPHNE HELLMAN leads a trio.



Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A very big, square, but nonetheless warm downstairs room. On Mondays, DAVID CHESKY—composer, arranger, pianist, bandleader, and personality—offers a fourteen-piece band made up of young musicians who play his compositions and arrangements with precision and shout. He has a matching vocalist named LILLIAS, who sounds something like Dinah Washington. Alto saxophonist and blues shouter EDDIE (CLEANHEAD) VINSON, who hasn't been in New York for some time, is on hand doing "Juice Head Baby," "Alimony Blues," and his other classics with his quartet through Saturday, Nov. 19. On Tuesday, Nov. 22, Kustbandet, a traditional-jazz ensemble from Stockholm, will come in for five nights. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two-thirty, and Mondays from nine to one.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—DAVE MATTHEWS smiles, plays electric piano, and guides his twelve-piece band through some of his charts on Mondays; Wednesdays, trombonist JIMMY KNEPPER and saxophonist RONNIE CUBER co-pilot a quartet; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 17-19, flugelhornist ART FARMER will lead a quintet; Tuesday, Nov. 22, vibraharpist Roy Pennington will head up a trio; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, cornettist RUBY BRAFF will be in charge of a quintet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Thanksgiving Day.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Bassist RON CARTER, his quartet—pianist KENNY BARRON, drummer BEN RILEY, and bassist BUSTER WILLIAMS—and ever so many admirers fill up this place through Saturday, Nov. 19. Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 22-26, trumpeter RANDY BRECKER will bring in his quartet; and Sundays and Mondays are claimed by saxophonist Chico Freeman and *his* quartet. Reliably good music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

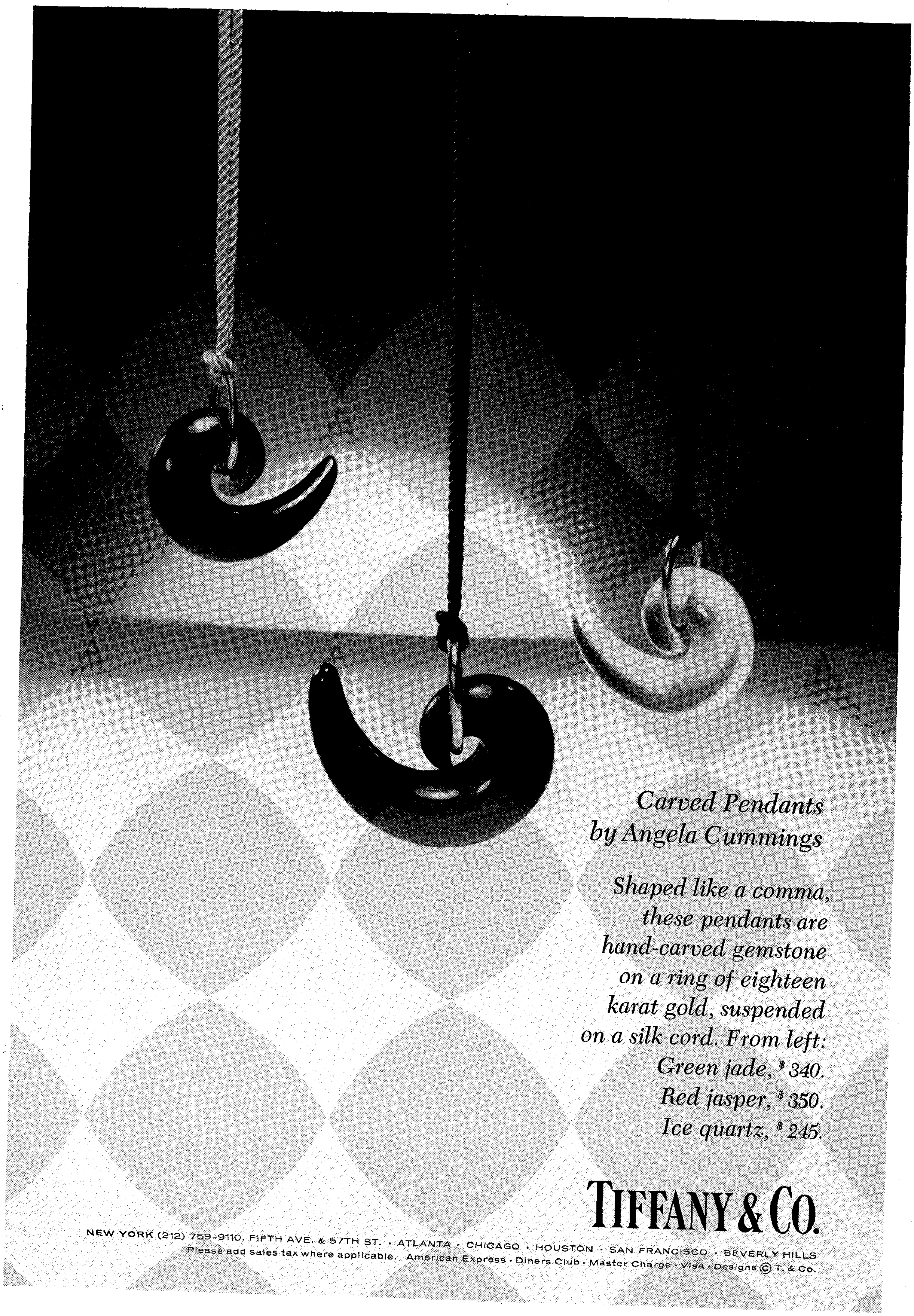
Third Phase, 2864 Broadway, at 111th St. (749-0200)—Swing music in the basement of Funda's Italian restaurant: Boogie-wooglist SAMMY PRICE works with saxophonists PAUL QUINICHETTE and HAROLD ASHBY Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 17-19. Music from eight-thirty to one-thirty. Light menu, no liquor.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, the simultaneously rural and urbane MOSE ALLISON and his trio perform opposite a South American trio called Tahuantinsuyo, whose members come from Argentina, Ecuador, and Peru. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, sound like a shoo-in: bluesy pianist JUNIOR MANCE will lead a trio opposite his old boss DIZZY GILLESPIE and his quintet. Music from ten. In the terrace bar, harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN, guitarist EDDIE BERG, and bassist LISLE ATKINSON perform on Thursdays from nine to midnight.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—SONNY FORTUNE, the driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist who makes one grateful for the trend toward lengthy, extended solos, heads a quintet through Sunday, Nov. 20; on Tuesday, Nov. 22, tenor saxophonist ARCHIE SHEPP will arrive with his quintet. The Monday-night institution within an institution, the THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS band, is alive, well, and, fortunately, between tours. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Harris Simon. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The premises are divided among students on a break, students playing pinball, and students listening to fledgling and more experienced musicians. Music from nine-thirty



Carved Pendants
by Angela Cummings

Shaped like a comma,
these pendants are
hand-carved gemstone
on a ring of eighteen
karat gold, suspended
on a silk cord. From left:
Green jade, $340.
Red jasper, $350.
Ice quartz, $245.

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to one-thirty, except Mondays. Student food at student prices.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Music in a thirties-chic bar area the size of a kitchenette. Patrons sit atop *stool-high banquettes with the room-dominating* brand-new Kawai baby grand practically in their laps—one certainly doesn't have any trouble hearing the musicians. **HAROLD DANKO,** the pianist and lively soloist in the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band, works with a bassist Wednesdays through Saturdays; **JUDD WOLDIN** and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** team up on Mondays and Tuesdays. Music from nine, except Sundays. Dinner in the back dining room.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—The fifth offering in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **GRETCHEN WYLER** on Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 5:45.

ELLIOTT MURPHY, ROGER McGUINN, and **GENE CLARK**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, Nov. 18, at 8.

BOB JAMES ORCHESTRA (WITH JOHN KLEMMER) and **EARL KLUGH**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.

NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE and **SEA LEVEL**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

THE SELDOM SCENE and **THE JOHN HERALD BAND**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8 and 11. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

KEITH JARRETT—With Jan Gabarek, Palle Danielsson, and Jon Christensen. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

JANE WHITE—Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 8.

IVAN REBROFF—With a balalaika ensemble. (Bijou Theatre, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Monday, Nov. 21, at 7:30; Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 10; Thursday, Nov. 24, at 2 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 25-26, at 10; and Sunday, Nov. 27, at 7:30.)

QUILAPAYUN—Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 21, at 8.

LOU RAWLS—With the MFSB Orchestra. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7050. Wednesday, Nov. 23—a benefit performance—through Sunday, Dec. 4. Opening-night curtain at 8:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

EARTH, WIND & FIRE, DENIECE WILLIAMS, and **POCKETS**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 24-25, at 8.

NEIL SEDAKA—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 25, at 7:30.

HOT TUNA—Palladium. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8 and at midnight.

PETE SEEGER—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8.

NOTE—Film clips and short features that document the times and styles of various celebrat*ed jazz musicians are being exhibited by the* New York Jazz Museum on a weekly schedule. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 7:30: "Jazz Documentaries" and "Keyboard Wizards"—Duke Ellington, Teddy Wilson, Meade Lux Lewis, Fats Waller, Stan Kenton, and Dave Brubeck. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 7:30: "Take the A Train"—Duke Ellington and his orchestra; and "Festival Jazz"—Dizzy Gillespie, Benny Goodman, and Sonny Rollins. (New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PIERRE ALECHINSKY—Freehand designs drawn with red and blue acrylics and black ink on ceiling-high sheets of rice paper by one of the founders of the Cobra movement. Through Dec. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

ED. BAYNARD—Ribbons of nicely related colors, hung horizontally or vertically on a white ground with trompe-l'oeil bits of masking tape. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

ROBERT BIDNER—Realist paintings of cars, trucks, and the façades of Brooklyn houses. Through Dec. 3. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Inspired assemblages of mannequins, dolls' heads, children's blocks, quaint tools, odd pieces of machinery, and so on. Through Dec. 10. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

CHRIS BURDEN—A crude television set built to duplicate the ideas put forth in the writings of the early-twentieth-century inventor John L. Baird. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

AINSLIE BURKE—The Maine coast is the subject for semi-abstract paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GEORGE DEEM / CHRIS VAN ALLSBURG—This artist edits Vermeer, switching his characters about and putting them into different settings, all the while retaining the pearly quality of the Dutch originals. / Whimsical sculptures—a four-foot Chrysler Building in tooled leather, for instance; a model for a chair factory shaped like a chair; a bronze Titanic sinking into a tabletop. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

WILLEM DE KOONING—A dozen fresh, big new oils. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.) . . . ¶ Drawings from the thirties through the sixties. Through Dec. 9. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, except Nov. 25, from 11 to 4:30.)

JOELLEN HALL—Drawings of sprawling, newly hatched barn owls and other, older birds. Also sculptures of chickens and roosters. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

KATHERINE HELLMAN / ROBERT FREIMAN—Abstract marble sculptures. / Portraits, still-lifes, and cityscapes. Through Nov. 30. (Brown, 157 E. 69th St. Open Mondays.)

HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Half a dozen paintings executed at various stages of his career. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

HANS HOKANSON—Large sculptures hewn from black walnut, cherry, and elm, some abstract, others of recognizable, though greatly enlarged, objects (a boot that stands five feet). Through Wednesday, Nov. 23. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LESTER JOHNSON—Life-size figures crowded together in a new series of paintings, called "The City." Through Dec. 10. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GARY KUEHN—Wall pieces consisting of copper plates on which a broad, bold brushstroke (or what seems like one) has been routed out, revealing a heavy paper background. Through Dec. 3. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

BARBARA LEKBERG—Bronzes based on the dances of Martha Graham and Loie Fuller. Through Dec. 14. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

DARIO MORALES—Meticulously rendered female *figures, most of them nude and in abandoned* poses, and all but one of them asleep. (The exception is a woman busy at her sewing.) The artist is a Parisian who uses his wife and daughter as models. Through Dec. 31. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MARIA LUISA PACHECO—Large abstract paintings done in mixed mediums (one medium being thin strips of balsa wood) by a Bolivian-born artist now resident in New York. Through Dec. 17. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

LARRY POONS—This artist's characteristic torrents of color cover the new canvases shown here, into which one can read various poems—of forest deeps, cathedral gloom, astral shimmerings, flower-choked glades, chocolate-mocha icing. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

MILAN POPOVIC / FEDERICO DE LA VEGA—Wooden sculptures that cover a large segment of the animal kingdom—tigers, a rhino, bears, swans, musk ox, deep-sea fish, eagles, and a plump lemming survivor. One or two of the carvings double as stools. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. / Fantasy watercolor landscapes strewn with strange architecture and stranger birds, all reflective of this Spanish artist's Paris-Ibiza-East Hampton background. Through Wednesday, Nov. 23. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

GEORGE PRICE—A come-as-you-are party by the happy misfits who inhabit this comic artist's through-the-cracked-looking-glass world. Through Dec. 3. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

REEVE SCHLEY III / BECKY YOUNG—Expertly handled watercolors of our Eastern seaboard—Cape May, Martha's Vineyard, Maine, and on up into Canada—seen in both the summery high season and in the dead of winter. / Good-natured poses and elegant composition are combined in a series of color photographs of female nudes. Through Wednesday, Nov. 23. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

SUSAN SMYLY—Sleek, porcelain-like polyester sculptures depicting the triumph (and the agony) of the moment of birth, done in almost life size and in the plainest of terms. Through Friday, Nov. 25. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ROBERT TALLON—Droll and sometimes surreal fantasies, translated onto composition boards in acrylics by this artist who has done numerous covers for *The New Yorker*. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Flanagan, 22 E. 72nd St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

JAMES WYETH—Portraits of President Carter, Rudolf Nureyev, and Arnold Schwarzenegger, plus other works. Through Dec. 3. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **DAVIS & LONG,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Forty-eight examples of American and English art (eighteenth century to today) including a Demuth still-life, three Prendergast landscapes, and a portrait sketch by David Hockney. Through Dec. 3. . . . **KRASNER,** 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Feininger, Marsh, Moore, Motherwell, and others. Through Dec. 3. . . . **LERNER-HELLER,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings dating from 1910 to the present by Avery, Burchfield, O'Keeffe, and Wallace Putnam. Through Nov. 30. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Forty paintings and sculptures by some of the artists (eighteen Europeans, three Americans—Calder, Chagall, Léger, Modigliani, Picasso among them) who have dominated the twentieth century. Through Dec. 3. . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: The opening show in this gallery's new quarters includes many of the customary stars—Picasso, Klee, Léger, Masson, and so on. Through Dec. 30. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) . . . **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by contemporary Spanish realists. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French works of art from American collections, and works by several American artists who studied in France during the same period. A benefit loan show marking the gallery's centenary. Through Dec. 17.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

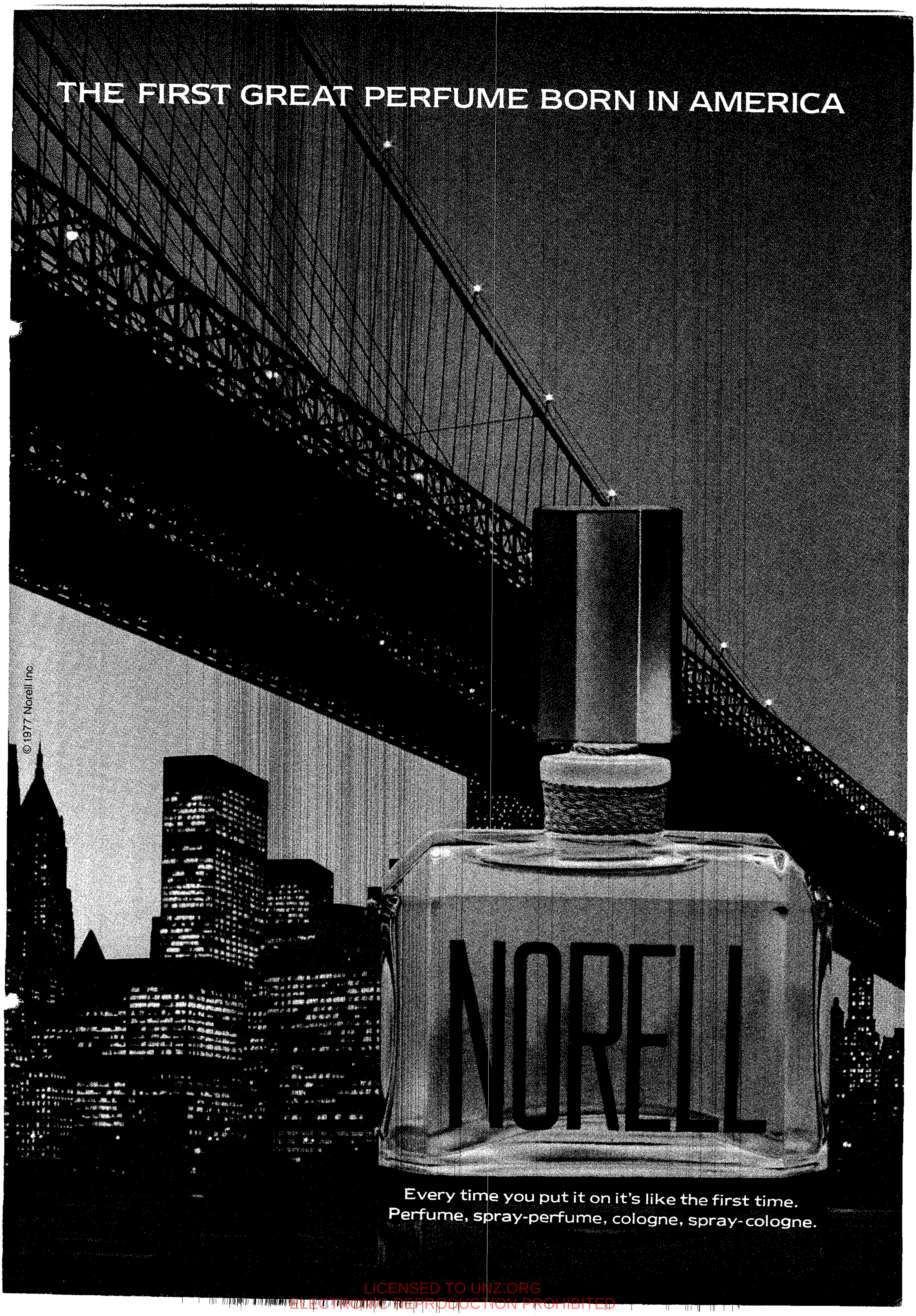
BALTHUS—Six recent large-scale works by this French classical painter, together with ten earlier works. Through Dec. 15. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

MAX COLE—Large canvases which, at a few steps remove, seem to be an interesting weave in solid color are really made up of fine horizontal lines interspaced with tiny vertical ink lines, drawn with infinite patience. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

SUSAN CROWDER—Sugar sacks, pillows, mats, and so on carved in marble. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

OLGA DE AMARAL—Horsehair, hand-carded wool, linen, and gesso compose this Colombian artist's wall hangings. Through Friday, Nov. 18. (Duhl, 31 W. 54th St. Opens at noon.)

YRJÖ EDELMANN—Diverting trompe-l'oeil paintings—landscapes, portraits, and so on—that give every evidence of being composed of torn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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

pieces of brown and white paper. Through Dec. 3. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Perle Fine—Soft-toned paintings based on a grid. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Dorothy Gillespie—In some of these wall pieces (painted unstretched canvas bonded to metal plates), the canvas spills down to the floor. Also Abstract-Expressionist paintings. Through Dec. 10. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Josep Grau-Garriga—Wall hangings made of knotted silk, wool, cotton, and so on, in frothy, colorful abstract patterns as well as in not-so-abstract primitive-looking figurative designs, plus bristly figures done in steel or copper wire. Also related paintings. Through Dec. 3. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alan Gussow—Leafy abstract patterns, done in his familiar earthy tones. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Richard Hunt—Abstract sculptures in welded steel or bronze or in cast bronze. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Dorsky, 4 W. 57th St.)

William King—Three pairs of nine-foot-tall spindly cutout aluminum figures, plus several wood and painted-ceramic pieces. Through Dec. 10. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Mon Levinson—Unstretched canvases folded and dip-dyed into checkerboard patterns of varying shades of black and brown. Through Dec. 3. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Michael Loew—Sparse geometric patterns laid out on a contrasting background of soft colors; paler patterns can be discerned in the underpainting. Through Dec. 1. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Waldo Peirce (1884-1970)—Late works, these of family, friends, and interiors, plus a few of circuses. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Thomas Rose—Tiny environments, made of unglazed porcelain and usually furnished with a single chair or a bed, are hung precariously on a wall or perched in the seat of a full-grown chair; their remoteness is alleviated in some instances, and accentuated in others, by rickety ladders leading to the outside world. Through Dec. 10. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Gertrude Shibley—Abstract paintings suggested by the curvilinear shapes of leaves and plants. Through Wednesday, Nov. 23. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Théo Stavropoulos—Abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 23. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

George Sugarman—New abstract painted-metal sculptures. Through Dec. 3. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jonathan Thomas—Stylish and neatly contrived abstract compositions done in black-and-white and grays on canvas, sometimes with collage accents. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: Ceramic sculptures by West Coast artists Robert Arneson, David Gilhooly, and Richard Notkin, plus paintings by gallery artists. Through Dec. 2. . . . **kennedy**, 40 W. 57th St.: Impressions of city life in paintings and drawings by such nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists as Childe Hassam, Philip Evergood, and Colleen Browning. Through Dec. 3.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Charles Bell—Outsize Photo-Realist paintings that give us new insights into the character of penny gumball dispensers, as well as a close-up view of where the action is in pinball machines. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Natalie Bieser—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 7. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Blythe Bohnen—This artist makes abstract drawings on paper with charcoal or with a finger dabbed in graphite, and photographs the process as she does so. Thus we have two images of each work—the drawing itself and the drawing with the machinery of its production showing, and maybe the shadow of the machinery. Through Dec. 7. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Bruce Boice / George Hoyningen-Huené—Large canvases in which geometric forms of handsomely related color are pieced together like masonry. / Fashion photographs from the thirties, plus portraits of, among others, Johnny Weissmuller, Katharine Hepburn, and Cecil Beaton. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Colescott—Large satirical paintings. Through Nov. 30. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Tony Harrison—Geometric paintings. Through Dec. 3. (SoHo Center for Visual Artists, 114 Prince St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Doug Ohlson / Jerry Buchanan—Experimental paintings in which deep wells of rich, bottomless color are contained within a framework of lighter but related tones. / Pencil drawings: self-portraits, an array of skulls, and a study of steering wheels that must include every possible variation. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Marion Ranyak—Scenes from nature, particularly rocks and grasses, painted in muted colors. Through Nov. 30. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Edwin Ruda—Big, dark canvases in which an area or two of slightly less sombre color stands out almost cheerfully. The artist refers to these works as "seen through a glaze darkly." Through Dec. 3. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Joel Shapiro—Cast-bronze floor pieces under a foot high. Through Dec. 7. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

William Canavan Tucker—Small ceramic pieces depicting animals or half-formed humans submerging or emerging from water or earth. Through Wednesday, Nov. 23. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

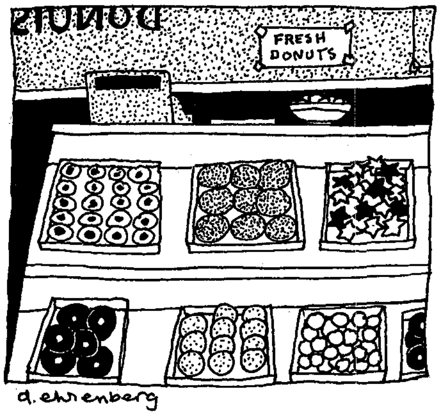
Arthur Weyhe / Jack Bosson—A single sculpture, constructed of spruce and fir poles stripped of their bark. / Black-and-white paintings, and works on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Sculpture—At **sculpture now**, 142 Greene St.: A massive black iron ball, hung from an eighteen-foot-tall rig of bright-red I beams, by Mark di Suvero, and a snaky progression of three huge steel plates, five feet tall and a total of sixty-six feet long, by Charles Ginnever, are among the new works currently on view. Through Dec. 3. . . . **weber**, 420 West Broadway: No sculptures here but, rather, drawings for actual and proposed outdoor pieces by a number of major sculptors, among them Jackie Ferrara, George Segal, and Dan Flavin. Through Wednesday, Nov. 23.

OTHER GALLERIES

Tony Rosenthal—Eight thousand pounds of steel tubing are used in a sculpture that viewers can walk in and around. Through Jan. 27. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Marguerite Stix (1907-75)—A retrospective exhibition of welded-steel and bronze sculptures, plus paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 30. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)



Anthony Toney—Semi-abstract cityscapes. Through Nov. 30. (New School Associates Lounge, 66 W. 12th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 25.)

Armenian Art Objects—Illuminated manuscripts, coins, ceramic and metal vessels, and a multitude of other artifacts dating from the ninth century B.C. to the early part of this one. Through Friday, Nov. 18. (Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Daily, 9 to 5.)

New York W.P.A. Artists, Then and Now—A great big shambles of an exhibition, showing works by a hundred and seventy-nine artists done under the aegis of the Blue Eagle (1934-43) and a hundred and seventy-four recent works by the same artists—a wonderful idea but probably an impossible one to do right by. In any event, a nostalgia trip for senior citizens. Through Dec. 10. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Daily, except Sundays and Friday, Nov. 25, from 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.)

Group Show—Early works by Ron Gorchov, Elizabeth Murray, Dennis Oppenheim, Dorothea Rockburne, and Joel Shapiro. Through Dec. 30. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Weekdays at noon, except Friday, Nov. 25; Wednesdays until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

George Alpert—Portraits of women, some of them nudes. Through Nov. 29. (SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

Herbert Bayer / Garry Winogrand—The Museum of Modern Art is showing photomontages and other works from the twenties and thirties by Herbert Bayer, once of the Bauhaus. Also a selection of photographs by Garry Winogrand taken between 1969 and 1973, mostly at peace rallies, press conferences, and big-city parties. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ The Light gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., also has a show of Winogrand prints; these, in contrast to the above group, are of rodeos and other Western subjects. Through Saturday, Nov. 26.

Peter Beard—Photographs of roaming African wildlife juxtaposed with those of slaughtered animals. In one picture, a game-control officer is seen sitting atop a spread of about a hundred zebra skins, whose patterns match at the joins about as neatly as wallpaper. Sketches and diary pages are also on view. Through Jan. 22. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Also open Sundays, 11 to 5, and Tuesdays until 8.)

David Octavius Hill and Robert Adamson—Forty sepia-toned calotype portraits made during the five-year collaboration (1843-48) between the Scottish painter and his photographic technician. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Wolf, a new gallery at 30 W. 57th St.)

Joel Meyerowitz / Lou Stoumen—Color contact prints and dye transfers of scenes in Cape Cod, Florida, and New York. / Black-and-white prints from the forties and fifties by an Academy Award-winning documentary filmmaker. Through Dec. 17. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Arnold Newman—Larry Rivers, Diana Vreeland, Brassaï, and Alice Tully are some of the people included in fifty new portraits. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jacob Riis (1849-1914)—Documentary photographs (printed by Alexander Alland) of New York City slums at the turn of the century. Through Saturday, Nov. 26. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946)—A photographic retrospective. Also memorabilia. Through Dec. 3. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Doris Ulmann (1884-1934)—Soft-focus prints of Appalachian craftsmen and Southern blacks, plus early still-lifes and portraits. Through Dec. 23. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

James Van DerZee—A documentation of black American life that covers the years from 1907 to 1945. Through Dec. 3. (Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Eleanor Roosevelt's Circle—Candid photographs of Mrs. Roosevelt, taken by her per-

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sonal physician and friend, the late David Gurewitsch. Through Dec. 17. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Opens at 1.)

Fashion Photography—Approximately a hundred and fifty photographs covering the last century, with examples by Baron De Meyer, Penn, and Deborah Turbeville, have been mounted by the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Show—Paul Outerbridge, Jr., Doisneau, and Lynda Benglis are among the seventeen or so photographers showing works in a surrealist vein. Through Dec. 17. (Kimmel-Cohn, 1 W. 64th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A loan show of Irish art dating from the Bronze Age to 1500 A.D. includes early-Christian metalwork (the Ardagh chalice, the Tara brooch, the Cross of Cong) and illuminated manuscripts (the Book of Kells, the Book of Durrow). Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ The impact of the advent of Christianity on art forms is the concern of a new show called "The Age of Spirituality," which will bring together more than four hundred objects—plaques, tapestries, jewelry, manuscripts—of disparate styles and subjects. Starts Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and prints by Paul Signac, all taken from the museum's collections. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings and oil sketches by a teacher of Signac, Georges Seurat, several of them studies for "La Grande Jatte." Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ The museum has brought out from its attic a number of its twentieth-century holdings (by Still, Rothko, Picasso, and others), and these have been joined by a loan of six Magrittes to make up a show. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An awesomely rich exhibit of Cézanne oils and watercolors, all of them from his last decade. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A show of Isamu Noguchi's sculpted tables and paper lamps. Through Jan. 6. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: Garry Winogrand. Through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Herbert Bayer. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Various aspects of the mythical monster Cronus by David Hare, whose paintings give enough personification to the rocky devourer of his own young that one can almost feel a dim sympathy for him. Through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings and sculptures of Lucio Fontana (1899-1968), which are distinctive for their perforated and built-up surfaces. Through Dec. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Jasper Johns retrospective, filling two floors of the museum, reviews his singular targets, alphabets, flags, numbers, assemblages, and deified everyday objects like toothbrushes and beer cans. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of small-scale works (paintings, sculptures, collages, boxes) by a number of contemporary artists, including Joe Brainard, Donald Evans, Betye Saar, and Joel Shapiro. Through Dec. 7. (Open Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day and Nov. 25, from 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Women Artists: 1550 to 1950," an exhibition of paintings, mostly, by major American and European artists. Through Nov. 27. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: Survey of fashion photography. Starts Saturday, Nov. 19. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Peru's Golden Treasures," an exhibit of gold objects (masks, beakers, figurines, jewelry) that surveys nearly two thousand years of the pre-Columbian goldworking tradition. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Reptiles and amphibians throughout Manhattan can hail the opening of their elaborate new quarters, scheduled for Friday, Nov. 18. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An Alexander Calder memorial exhibition made up of stabiles, mobiles, paintings, drawings, tapestries, rugs, jewelry, and kitchen implements. . . . ¶ Paintings by contemporary American artists which are being considered for purchase by the academy as gifts to museums. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Dec. 30.

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—More than sixty Japanese art objects, dating from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth, decorated with scenes that reflect the Japanese absorption with nature. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—An exhibit of objects from China's I-Hsing potteries (known chiefly for a widely imitated rust-colored unglazed teapot) dating from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of nearly four hundred objects from the museum's collection of decorative arts—textiles, wallpaper, furniture, ceramics—arranged in ways that point up their origins, function, techniques, and so forth. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A recently discovered notebook kept by Nathaniel Hawthorne from 1835 to 1841 has been added to the exhibit of manuscripts and autograph letters by nineteenth-century authors. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Musical manuscripts that trace notation from the eighth century through the sixteenth. Through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Forty etchings by Rembrandt, most of them landscapes and portraits. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Andy Warhol's folk-art collection, which includes ceramics, painted furniture, weathervanes, and a cigar-store Indian. Through Saturday, Nov. 19. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show of handcrafted objects, by craftsmen under thirty, in four mediums: fibre, wood, leather, and plastic. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Literature in Exile" is the title of an exhibit of original letters, manuscripts, and early printed editions drawn from the Berg Collection. While "exile" is hardly the word (the exhibit as good as covers every writer who ever left home for a weekend—i.e., Aldous Huxley in Hollywood, Fanny Burney in Paris, Somerset Maugham all over the lot), there is some fascinating stuff here. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 16: "Rigoletto," with Ileana Cotrubas, Isola Jones, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Diaz, and Vern Shinall; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 17: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Florence Quivar, Gianfranco Pastine, Mario Sereni, and James Atherton; Giuseppe

Patanè. . . . ¶ *Friday evening, Nov. 18:* "La Bohème," with Renata Scotto, Mary Costa, Giacomo Aragall, Mario Sereni, Paul Plishka, and Allan Monk; James Conlon. . . . ¶ *Saturday matinée, Nov. 19:* "Rigoletto," with Ileana Cotrubas, Isola Jones, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and Vern Shinall; James Levine. . . . ¶ *Saturday evening, Nov. 19:* "La Traviata," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Peter Dvorsky, and Louis Quilico; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ *Monday evening, Nov. 21:* "Peter Grimes," with Heather Harper, Lili Chookasian, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Donald Gramm; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ *Tuesday evening, Nov. 22:* "Rigoletto," with Ileana Cotrubas, Isola Jones, Neil Shicoff, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and Vern Shinall; James Levine. . . . ¶ *Wednesday evening, Nov. 23:* "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Florence Quivar, Veriano Luchetti, Allan Monk, and James Atherton; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ *Thursday evening, Nov. 24:* "La Traviata," with Elena Mauti-Nunziata, Giacomo Aragall, and Louis Quilico; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ *Friday evening, Nov. 25:* "Rigoletto," with Ileana Cotrubas, Isola Jones, Neil Shicoff, Cornell MacNeil, Justino Díaz, and Vern Shinall; James Levine. . . . ¶ *Saturday matinée, Nov. 26:* "Peter Grimes," with Heather Harper, Lili Chookasian, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, and Donald Gramm; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ *Saturday evening, Nov. 26:* "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Florence Quivar, Veriano Luchetti, Allan Monk, and James Atherton; Giuseppe Patanè. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting—Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 17-19, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 7:30 (all with Murray Perahia, piano, and Thomas Stacy, English horn); Friday, Nov. 25, at 2, and Tuesday, Nov. 29, at 8:30 (no soloists); and Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8:30 (with Itzhak Perlman, violin).

National Symphony Orchestra—Mstislav Rostropovich conducting a benefit concert, with Eugene Istomin, piano; Isaac Stern, violin; and Leonard Rose, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 7:30.)

Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra—Edo de Waart conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8, an all-Beethoven program, with Paul Schenly, piano; and Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8, a varied program, with Jessye Norman, soprano.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 18-19, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3: Lukas Foss conducting an all-Brahms program, with Erick Friedman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 26, at 2: Antonia Brico conducting a program of music by Austrian and German composers, with Frank Morelli, bassoon. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Johann Strauss Ensemble of the Vienna Symphony Orchestra—With Rita Shane, soprano. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Pomerium Musices—Alexander Blachly directing a program of music by Isaac, with the New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Peter Burian directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

RECITALS

Roman Romanov—Baritone, in a program of Russian Gypsy songs. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in the second in a series of five concerts presenting Bach's "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

String Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Neal La Monaco—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 2:30.)

Dickran Atamian—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano, in an all-Liszt recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—A program of Italian music of the late Renaissance. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Alexandre Lagoya—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 2.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider, violin; Yo-yo Ma, cello; and Yefim Bronfman, piano, playing two Schubert piano trios. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 2.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3.)

New York Baroque Ensemble—The second in a series of five concerts, this one featuring Elaine Comparone, harpsichord. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-7890.)

Cantilena Chamber Players—Frank Glazer, piano; Edna Michell, violin; Harry Zaratzian, viola; Stephen Kates, cello; and Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano. The first of two concerts at which composers (in this case Ned Rorem) will be present and will comment on their own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3. For information about tickets, call 860-1356.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Maureen Forrester, *contralto;* Oscar Shumsky, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 5, and Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 7:30.)

Jan Gorbaty—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—Chamber music for a vocal quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Ferruccio Busoni, Henry Cowell, Otto Luening, and others. (Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, Nov. 21, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

String Trio of New York—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—The Schubert and Mendelssohn octets, performed by, among others, Ani Kavafian, violin, and Walter Trampler, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Carlos Barbosa-Lima—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Mary Judd—Soprano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Indiana, Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Buffalo, Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Golden State, Saturday, Nov. 26, at 8. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER,** Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Nov. 18, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Sunday, Nov. 20, at 1:35. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, NOV. 19:** Fordham vs. New Haven, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Boston University, at New Brunswick, at 1. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 26:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 4. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 20: Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Wednesday, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Sunday, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Colorado Rockies, Wednesday, Nov. 23. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Saturday, Nov. 19, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Colorado Rockies, Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 23. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Nashua, Wednesday, Nov. 16; the Turf Classic and the Demoiselle, Saturday, Nov. 19; the Queens County Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 24; and the Remsen, Saturday, Nov. 26. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Long Look, Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Maryland Futurity, Thursday, Nov. 24.

Soccer: Closed-Circuit TV—England vs. Italy in an elimination match for the World Cup soccer championship, televised from London. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 2:45.)

Squash Racquets—Boodles Squash Open—Tournament matches, Friday, Nov. 18, at 6 and 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 19, at 9:30 and noon. . . . ¶ Quarterfinals, Saturday, Nov. 19, at 3 and 5:30. . . . ¶ Semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 20, at 11 A.M. . . . ¶ Finals, Sunday, Nov. 20, at 6. (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. For information about tickets, call 860-8632.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—William Heyen and Gregory Orr reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Nov. 17, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Howard Moss reading from his own works. (Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. Sunday, Nov. 20, at 3. Admission by contribution.). . . ¶ Joseph Wiseman reading a personal selection of prose and poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

National Postage Stamp Show—The twenty-ninth annual exhibit features special showings by the United States Postal Service and ten foreign postal administrations. On Thursday, Nov. 17, brand-new issues of the United States and Sweden will be put on sale. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 16-18, from noon to 10; Saturday, Nov. 19, from 10 to 7; and Sunday, Nov. 20, from 11 to 6.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 16, at 2: Jewelry, from the estate of Marianne Ostier. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 17-19, at 10:15 and 2: The American Heritage Society sale, including furniture, watercolors, scrimshaw, and a collection of American historical silhouettes. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 2: Old Master paintings, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** 502s Park Ave., at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Nov. 17, at 8: Contemporary paintings by Roy Lichtenstein, Morris Louis, Milton Avery, Andy Warhol, and others; from several collectors. Admission by card only; for information, call 826-2891. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 18, at 10:30: Audubon's "Birds of America;" first-edition sets of Dickens, Thackeray, Hardy, and Stevenson; and other books. From the estate of Carrie S. Beinecke and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 19, at 10:30: French and other Continental furniture and works of art, belonging to E. Roland Harriman and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 22, at 10:30 and 2, and Wednesday, Nov. 23, at 10:30: Art Nouveau and Art Deco pieces, bronze and ivory sculptures, and animalier bronzes; from many owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 18.

Introducing
the 1978 Grand LeMans

Redesigned. Resized. Remarkable.

27 mpg Hwy. 19 mpg City! These are EPA estimates for LeMans with its std. 3.8 litre (231 CID) 2-bbl. V-6 and available auto. trans. Your mileage depends on where and how you drive, your car's condition and available equipment. Mileage lower in California. LeMans is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

Best head, leg and luggage room in years! That's just the start of Grand LeMans' new luxury. You'll find a choice of the most luxurious appointments ever. Seats with a rich new loose-pillow look. A Grand Prix-style dash. And stationary rear door glass on sedans that allows us to recess the rear armrests.

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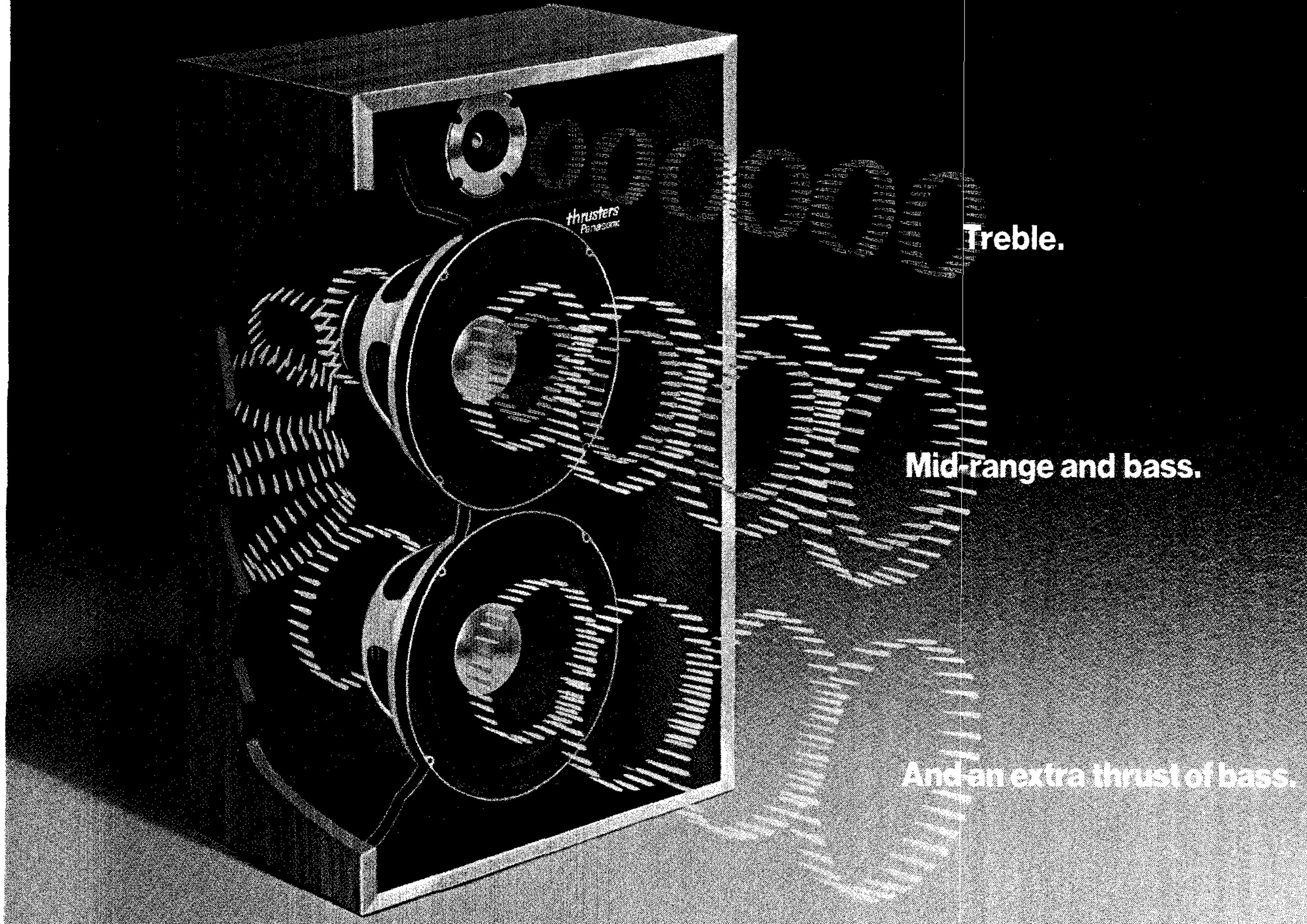
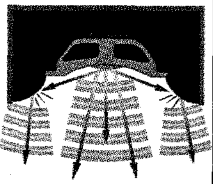
Last year, Thrusters™ were the next step in sound. This year, we've gone a step further.




Parabolic short horn. For better sound direction in Thrusters.

Last year, Panasonic introduced Thrusters speakers for Matched Components—the speakers with a passive radiator for a powerful, extra thrust of bass.

This year, we're introducing a new Thrusters speaker for Matched Components. The SB-1800. To our famous Thrusters, it adds what our engineers call "a parabolic short horn." It does in your home what it does in concert halls: Controls dispersion for greater sound intensity of mid-range and high-frequency notes. For an amazing sense of presence. So your music feels like it's "right in the room." When you combine this with Thrusters' superb bass response, you have an ideal match.

One more ideal match: The SB-1800 with one of our Matched Components systems. Like the RA-6600 AM/FM stereo receiver with 8 track and RD-3500 12" automatic return turntable (with magnetic cartridge and dustcover) shown here.

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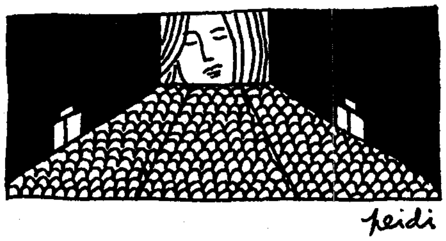
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 17: "Black and White in Color."
From Nov. 18: "One Sings, the Other Doesn't."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 22: "The Lincoln Conspiracy" and "The Parallax View."
From Nov. 23: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 17: "The Spy Who Loved Me."
From Nov. 18: "One Sings, the Other Doesn't."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Bobby Deerfield."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Heroes."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Short Eyes."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Equus."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Lacemaker."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Nov. 19: "One Sings, the Other Doesn't."
From Nov. 20: "Iphigenia."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Nov. 17: "First Love."
From Nov. 18: "Semi-Tough."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Turning Point."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Nov. 22: "In the Realm of the Senses."
From Nov. 23: To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Julia."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Outrageous!"

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Nov. 22: "Roseland."
From Nov. 23: "Another Man, Another Chance."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"That Obscure Object of Desire."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"A Special Day."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Mr. Klein."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Looking for Mr. Goodbar."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 22: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."
From Nov. 23: "Oh, God!"

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 22: "Demon Seed" and "Carrie."
From Nov. 23: "Another Man, Another Chance."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Piece of the Action."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Which Way Is Up?"

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Heroes."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Nov. 22: "Oh, God!"
From Nov. 23: "The Mack."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Nov. 17: "Valentino" and "New York, New York."
From Nov. 18: "Handle with Care."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Nov. 17: "Oh, God!"
From Nov. 18: "Handle with Care."

Renoir Cinema, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Nov. 16: "Alicia."
From Nov. 17: "The Confessions of Amans."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Let Joy Reign Supreme."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Nov. 22: "Valentino."
From Nov. 23: "Another Man, Another Chance."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The American Friend."
Theatre 2: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God."
Theatre 3: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden" and "The Story of Adèle H."
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 17: "In the Realm of the Senses." From Nov. 18: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Nov. 16: "Oh, God!"
From Nov. 17: "Summerdog." (All performances on Thursday, Nov. 17, will be benefits. A limited number of tickets will be available at the box office.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Pete's Dragon."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"1900."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 22: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."
From Nov. 23: "Oh, God!"

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Nov. 22: "First Love."
From Nov. 23: To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Man Who Loved Women."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Julia."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Short Eyes." (Evening performances only on Friday, Nov. 18.)

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Nov. 16: "Children of Paradise."
From Nov. 17: "Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?"

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 17: "A Woman's Decision" and "Fun with Dick and Jane."
From Nov. 18: "One Sings, the Other Doesn't."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 22: "Valentino" and "New York, New York." From Nov. 23: "Another Man, Another Chance."
Theatre 2: "Bobby Deerfield."
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 22: "Oh, God!" From Nov. 23: "A Piece of the Action."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 17: "Black and White in Color" and "A Man and a Woman."
From Nov. 18: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 22: "I Never Promised You a Rose Garden" and "Thieves."
From Nov. 23: "Oh, God!" and "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 16: "The Big Heat" (1953), directed by Fritz Lang, with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin; and "Human Desire" (1954), directed by Fritz Lang, with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, and Broderick Crawford.
Nov. 17: "Blood and Sand" (1922) and "The Eagle" (1925), both silent films, with Rudolph Valentino.
Nov. 18-19: "Brewster McCloud" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman; and "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971), directed by Robert Altman, with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie.
Nov. 20-21: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971), directed by John Schlesinger, with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.
Nov. 22: "Shane." (†)
Nov. 23: "Fury" (†) and "You and Me." (†)
Nov. 24: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1920), a silent film, directed by Rex Ingram, with Rudolph Valentino, Alice Terry, and Wallace Beery; and "Camille" (1921), directed by Ray C. Smallwood, with Rudolph Valentino and Alla Nazimova.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 16: "Hamlet" (1966), in Russian, directed by Grigori Kozintsev; and "And Then I Said No" (1971), in Russian, directed by Pavel Arsenov.
Nov. 17: "The Three Musketeers" (1921), directed by Fred Niblo, with Douglas Fairbanks; and "The Iron Mask" (1929), directed by Allan Dwan, with Douglas Fairbanks.
Nov. 18: "Shoot the Piano Player" (†) and "Mississippi Mermaid." (†)
Nov. 19: "Sweet Bird of Youth" (†); and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando and Vivien Leigh.
Nov. 20: "City Lights" (1931), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "Limelight" (1952), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Mr. Chaplin and Claire Bloom.
Nov. 21: "Fury" (†) and "The Ox-Bow Incident." (†)
Nov. 22: "When September Comes" (1976), in Russian, directed by Edmond Keosayan; and "Sports, Sports, Sports" (1971), in Russian, directed by Elem Klimov.
Nov. 23: "Holiday of St. Jorgen" (1930), a Russian silent film, directed by Yakov Protazanov; and "An Unusual Exhibition" (1968), in Russian, directed by Eldar Shengelaya.
Nov. 24: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" (†) and "Jane Eyre." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 17: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976), directed by L. Q. Jones, with Don Johnson and Jason Robards; and "The 10th Victim" (1965), in Italian, directed by Elio Petri, with Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress.
Nov. 18-19: "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.
Nov. 20-21: "Pumping Iron" (1977), directed by George Butler and Robert Fiore, with Arnold Schwarzenegger; and "Lifeguard." (†)
Nov. 22: "The Mother and the Whore." (†)
Nov. 23-24: "Hedda" (1976), directed by Trevor Nunn, with Glenda Jackson; and "A Doll's House." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 19: "Dark Victory" (1939),

directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.

Nov. 20-21: "Marked Woman" (†) and "Kid Galahad." (†)

Nov. 22-23: "Bordertown" (1935), directed by Archie Mayo, with Paul Muni, Bette Davis, and Margaret Lindsay; and "Forsaking All Others." (†)

From Nov. 24: "Strange Cargo" (†) and "Old Acquaintance." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Nov. 17: "The Lost Weekend" (1945), directed by Billy Wilder, with Ray Milland, Frank Faylan, Howard Da Silva, and Jane Wyman; and "The Major and the Minor" (1942), directed by Billy Wilder, with Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland, Rita Johnson, and Diana Lynn.

Nov. 18-19: "The Blue Dahlia" (†) and "The Glass Key." (†)

Nov. 20-22: "The Heiress" (†); and "Hold Back the Dawn" (1941), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard.

Nov. 23-24: To be announced.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 16: "Bad Sister" (1931), directed by Hobart Henley, with Conrad Nagel, Sidney Fox, Bette Davis, and ZaSu Pitts; and "Payment on Demand" (1951), directed by Curtis Bernhardt, with Bette Davis, Barry Sullivan, Frances Dee, and Kent Taylor.

Nov. 17: "The Big Pond" (1930), directed by Hobart Henley, with Maurice Chevalier, Claudette Colbert, and George Barbier; and "Midnight" (1939), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, John Barrymore, Mary Astor, and Francis Lederer.

Nov. 18: "So Ends Our Night" (1941), directed by John Cromwell, with Margaret Sullavan and Fredric March; and "The Good Fairy." (†)

Nov. 19: "And Then There Were None" (†); and "The Mystery of Marie Roget" (1942), directed by Phil Rosen, with Maria Montez, Patric Knowles, Maria Ouspenskaya, and Lloyd Corrigan.

Nov. 20-21: "Anything Goes" (†) and "We're Not Dressing." (†)

Nov. 22: "The Blue Angel" (1929), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings; and "The Great Gabbo." (†)

Nov. 23-24: To be announced.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 17 at 2:30: "Has Anybody Seen My Gal" (1952), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Piper Laurie, Rock Hudson, Charles Coburn, and Gigi Perreau. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 6: "Magnificent Obsession" (1954), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson, and Agnes Moorehead. . . . ¶ Nov. 17 at 8:30: "Imitation of Life" (1959), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Lana Turner, John Gavin, Sandra Dee, Susan Kohner, and Juanita Moore. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 2:30: "Thunder on the Hill" (1951), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Claudette Colbert, Ann Blyth, and Robert Douglas. . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 6: "Les Grandes Manœuvres" (1955), in French, directed by René Clair, with Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at noon: "Sign of the Pagan" (1955), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Jeff Chandler, Jack Palance, and Ludmilla Tcherina. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 2:30: "All I Desire" (1953), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Barbara Stanwyck and Richard Carlson. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 5: "All That Heaven Allows" (1956), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Jane Wyman, Rock Hudson, and Agnes Moorehead. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at noon: "Captain Lightfoot" (1955), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Rock Hudson, Barbara Rush, and Jeff Morrow. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 2:30: "Tarnished Angels" (1958), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Rock Hudson, Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone, and Jack Carson. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 5: "Deserter" (1933), in Russian, directed by Vsevolod Pudovkin; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at noon: A program of cartoons by Walter Lantz. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2:30: "Tarnished Angels." . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 6: "There's Always Tomorrow" (1934), directed by Edward Sloman, with Frank Morgan, Binnie Barnes, and Lois Wilson; and "There's Always Tomorrow" (1956), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Joan Bennett. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at noon: A program of cartoons by Walter Lantz. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 2:30: "On Approval" (1944), directed by Clive Brook, with Mr. Brook and Beatrice Lillie. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 6: "The Ona People: Life and Death in Tierra del Fuego" (1977), directed by Anne Chapman and Ana Montes de Gonzalez. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2:30: "This Earth Is Mine" (1959), directed by Henry King, with Rock Hudson, Jean Simmons, Dorothy McGuire, and Claude Rains. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Nov. 20: A program of three videotapes by Elon Soltes, Anthony Ramos, and the Ant Farm. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 22: An installation of para-cinema sculptures and photo-constructions by Barry Gerson. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45 (8:45 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—*Programs by Riefenstahl, Rossellini*, Brakhage, Steina, Smith, Stauffacher, Sharits, Vertov, and others. Showings Nov. 16 at 7 and 9; Nov. 17 at 7; Nov. 18 at 7 and 9; Nov. 19 at 2:30, 7, and 9; Nov. 20 at 8; and Nov. 22-23 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—Nov. 17-20: "The Last Resort" (1977), directed by Dan Keller; and "More Nuclear Power Stations" (1975), a Danish film, directed by Per Mannstaedt, in English. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 24: "It's Not the Homosexual Who Is Perverse but the Situation in Which He Lives" (1971) and "Audience Response to: 'It's Not the Homosexual . . .'" (1977), both films from West Germany, directed by Rosa Von Praunheim, in English. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill fitted to their trek, start to think themselves living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagogy. In German. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/77.) (Quad Cinema.)

Alicia—A documentary on the Cuban ballerina Alicia Alonso, directed by Victor Casaus. In Spanish. (Reviewed in this issue, under "Dancing.") (Renoir Cinema; Nov. 16.)

The American Friend—In this adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's crime novel "Ripley's Game," Wim Wenders' unsettling compositions are neurotically beautiful visions of a disordered world, but the film doesn't have the nasty, pleasurable cleverness of a good thriller; dramatically, it's stagnant. Bruno Ganz is impressive as the watchful, anxious-eyed hero. (10/17/77) (Quad Cinema.)

And Then There Were None (1945)—The Agatha Christie story and play "Ten Little Indians" (recently parodied in the boisterous, unfunny "Murder by Death") tells how ten people are invited to spend a weekend on an island by a host none of them knows. On arrival, they are notified by phonograph that their host, in absentia, is going to punish them for various crimes they have committed, and they immediately start keeling over like plague victims. This René Clair version never had much life in it to start with, despite the cast—Judith Anderson, June Duprez, Roland Young, Walter Huston, Mischa Auer, Barry Fitzgerald, Richard Haydn, Louis Hayward, C. Aubrey Smith, Queenie Leonard, and Harry Thurston. Adapted by Dudley Nichols. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 19.)

Another Man, Another Chance—With James Caan and Geneviève Bujold, directed by Claude Lelouch. (Columbia I, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Nov. 23.)

Anything Goes (1936)—Directed by Lewis Milestone and starring Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman. Not to be confused with the less good remake of twenty years later, also with Bing. The general liveliness of the original Broadway show seems to have survived intact in this version, like the Cole Porter music (including the more stately rhymes from "You're the Top"). (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 20-21.)

The Barretts of Wimpole Street (1934)—The war-horse of the matinée trade tells the story of how the invalid Elizabeth Barrett escaped from her domineering father by miraculously getting up and eloping with the dashing Robert Browning. In this heavy, overproduced version from M-G-M, Norma Shearer is the tremulous, bedridden poet, and Fredric March comes to the rescue. The glowering Poppa is Charles Laughton. The cast includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Ralph Forbes, Una O'Connor, Ian Wolfe, and Leo G. Carroll. Sidney Franklin directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 24.)

Black and White in Color—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Art, and New Yorker; through Nov. 17.)

The Blue Dahlia (1946)—Raymond Chandler wrote the screenplay of this untidily complicated thriller, directed by George Marshall. It threatens to turn into something, but it never does. The plot involves Alan Ladd as a Navy flier out to avenge the murder of his wife (Doris Dowling); a night-club proprietor (Howard Da Silva) whose own estranged wife (Veronica Lake) is hot for the flier; and the flier's psychoneurotic buddy (William Bendix) who can never remember just what he's been up to. There are also voyeurs, blackmailers, baffled cops, and mugs in the pay of the night-club proprietor. Ladd takes many a mauling before he gathers the heroine (Lake) in his arms. With Frank Faylen and Tom Powers. (Thalia; Nov. 18-19.)

Bobby Deerfield—A rich-meets-rich picture, and worse than one imagines. Al Pacino gives a lethargic performance as a spiritually depleted Grand Prix racing-car driver who falls in love with a well-heeled free spirit (Marthe Keller), a metaphysical kook. Though she's dying, she asks him such meaningful questions that he is restored to life. The director is Sydney Pollack. (10/3/77) (34th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Carrie (1976)—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (11/22/76) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Nov. 22.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Cinema Studio; Nov. 16.)

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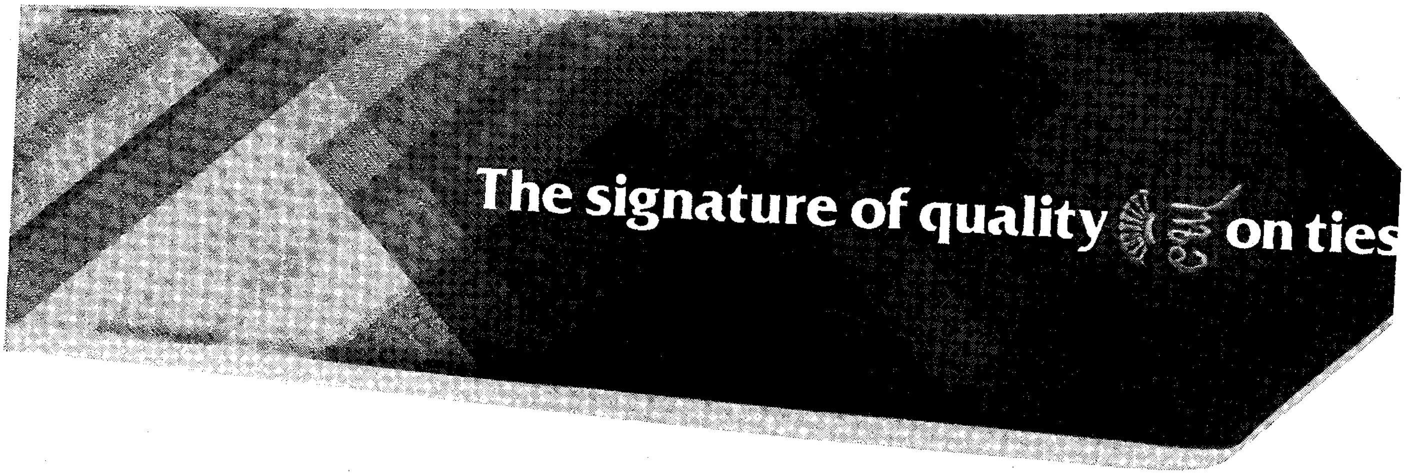

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ard Dreyfuss and François Truffaut, directed by Steven Spielberg. (Ziegfeld.)

The Confessions of Amans—With William Bryan, directed by Gregory Nava. (Renoir Cinema; starting Nov. 17.)

Demon Seed—With Julie Christie and Fritz Weaver, directed by Donald Cammell. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Nov. 22.)

A Doll's House (1973)—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the feminist aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. Directed by Patrick Garland. (Cinema Village; Nov. 23-24.)

Equus—Careful, unimaginative version of Peter Shaffer's play; the sensitive-important-picture pacing is like a black armband. As the tormented psychiatrist, Richard Burton does his elocutionary thing. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (11/7/77) (Trans-Lux East.)

First Love—With William Katt and Susan Dey, directed by Joan Darling. (Baronet; through Nov. 17.... ¶ Little Carnegie; through Nov. 22.)

Forsaking All Others (1934)—Joan Crawford appeared in very few good movies (and this triangle picture isn't one of them), but her thirties melodramas are such lavish, tinselled toys that they can be terrible and still be hypnotic. Swathed in Adrian dresses and flanked by Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery, she stares at us solemnly, directly—as if challenging us to come to terms with her overwrought modern-woman's problems. Here, she's midway between the lively flapper excitement that made her a star (she used to look sexed to the gills) and the agonized, toothachy concentration that became her style for dramatic acting in the forties. W. S. Van Dyke directed the mediocre material; with Rosalind Russell and Billie Burke. (Regency; Nov. 22-23.)

Fun with Dick and Jane—A nitwit mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor. George Segal and Jane Fonda are Dick and Jane of the children's primers, grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a suburban-palatial L.A. dream house; when he loses his executive job they turn to robbery. Excruciatingly badly directed by Ted Kotcheff. (2/28/77) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 17.)

Fury (1936)—When this melodrama about an orgy of mob violence against an innocent man—it was Fritz Lang's first American movie—opened in London, Graham Greene said in his review that it was "the only film I know to which I have wanted to attach the epithet of 'great.'" Though Americans may rate it high, they are unlikely to go that far. Spencer Tracy (as the victim) and Sylvia Sidney are very fine, and the picture has so much vitality that it's easy to make allowances for the tacky ending, which doesn't jibe with Lang's sensibility and style. But the sensibility and style are themselves hurdles. The schematic view of fate, the lighting and design, the stylized movements of the lynchers all relate to the theatrical wing of the German Expressionist movement; Lang brings a heavy battery of advanced stagecraft to the small-town American Southern setting. Joseph L. Mankiewicz produced; Norman Krasna did the story; Bartlett Cormack and Lang did the screenplay. With Edward Ellis, Walter Brennan, Bruce Cabot, and Walter Abel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 21.... ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 23.)

The Glass Key (1942)—Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, and Brian Donlevy in a not particularly memorable, though reasonably faithful, version of the Dashiell Hammett novel. Stuart Heisler directed, from Jonathan Latimer's screenplay. (Thalia; Nov. 18-19.)

The Good Fairy (1935)—Hired to sanitize one of Ferenc Molnár's lesser plays, Preston Sturges embroidered the whimsical comedy until it was almost worthy of the talents of Margaret Sullavan. (He also managed to work in one of the movie-within-a-movie scenes that later became one of his trademarks.) Sullavan plays a naïve, unworldly orphan who becomes an usher in a movie theatre; she's so helplessly innocent that various men (Herbert Marshall, Frank Morgan, Reginald Owen) come to her aid, and their lives get turned upside down. William Wyler, who directed, has told the story of how he quarrelled with Margaret Sullavan at first, and the tension between them made her look nervous and strained in the rushes. In order to improve her appearance, he took her out to dinner to make peace, and was so successful that they were married two weeks before the picture was finished. With Cesar Romero, Alan Hale, Beulah Bondi, Eric Blore, and Hugh O'Connell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 18.)

The Great Gabbo (1929)—After the picture he was directing—"Queen Kelly"—was cancelled, Erich von Stroheim turned to acting and had a popular success as a megalomaniac ventriloquist who expresses his sensitive feelings only through his grotesque little dummy, Otto. Directed by James Cruze, from a Ben Hecht story, the film is effective only in a few bits; when the ventriloquist gets into the Follies, his story gets lost between mediocre musical-comedy numbers (which were originally in color). With the talented Betty Compson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 22.)

Handle with Care—Underadvertised, this high-spirited small picture has the fully rounded script (by Paul Brickman) and the consistent vision of a classic American comedy. It's about a group of people in a Southwestern town whose CB radios allow them to release their inhibitions; the story deals with the collision of their free-floating ids. As the Samaritan hero—a small-town Boy Scout who never grew up—Paul Le Mat has some of the James Dean-Beau Bridges sensitivity. As a trucker's wife who's as tough as they come, Marcia Rodd has timing comparable to Lily Tomlin's in "The Late Show;" her scenes with Ann Wedgeworth, as a bedraggled passionflower who, it turns out, is married to the same trucker, are the best comic teamwork in recent movies. Jonathan Demme directed, in a soft, subdued style—it's a little mild, maybe, but very pleasant. Released in some areas under the title "Citizens Band." (10/24/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Waverly; starting Nov. 18.)

The Heiress (1949)—Stage-trapped film of the play that originated in Henry James's "Washington Square," with good performances by Ralph Richardson and Montgomery Clift, and Olivia de Havilland behaving as if Washington Square were only a step away from the Snake Pit. (Thalia; Nov. 20-22.)

Heroes—With Henry Winkler, Sally Field, and Harrison Ford; directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East.)

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden—Anthony Page treats the topic of a pretty, schizophrenic girl (Kathleen Quinlan) with charity and distress. Bibi Andersson plays—marvellously—the therapist who works with the girl in the frightened margins of her life, which is hedged with demons. (8/8/77) (Quad Cinema.... ¶ 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; through Nov. 22.)

In the Realm of the Senses—With Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji, directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 17.... ¶ D. W. Griffith; through Nov. 22.)

Iphigenia—With Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. In Greek. (Plaza; starting Nov. 20.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Perfectly respectable version, directed by Robert Stevenson, with Aldous Huxley adding his own pungency to Charlotte Brontë's novel. Orson Welles looms in a cast that includes Joan Fontaine and a very young Elizabeth Taylor. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 24.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

Kid Galahad (1937)—By 1937, Bette Davis had earned something better than the rolé of Fluff, girl friend to a fight manager (Edward G. Robinson), but the movie was directed by Michael Curtiz, and though it has few dimensions it has pace and "entertainment value." Wayne Morris is the bellhop turned fighter, whom Fluff christens Kid Galahad; Humphrey Bogart is the bad guy; and Jane Bryan plays Robinson's sister. With Harry Carey, the ineffable Veda Ann Borg as the Redhead, and, for the finale, a Warners' operatic shoot-out in which Robinson and Bogart kill each other. (Regency; Nov. 20-21.)

The Lacemaker—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (Fine Arts.)

Let Joy Reign Supreme—Bertrand Tavernier's sage reconstruction of the year 1719 in France, when the Duc d'Orléans (Philippe Noiret) was running the land as regent for the sickly little boy who was to survive—to everyone's surprise, and in the face of many hopes—to become Louis XV. Tavernier shows us the luxe, the muddle, the cruelty of the time, with many scenes full of wit. In French. (9/19/77) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Lifeguard (1976)—A low-key account of the life of a southern California star high-school athlete (Sam Elliott) who goes on working as a lifeguard, clinging to the pleasures of adolescence rather than joining the money-grubbing world of his old classmates. Well shot and intelligently made, with a feeling for ordinary American talk, but too mechanical, too blandly sensitive, too cool to become a popular hit—the sort of picture that disappoints one in a theatre but shines on Home Box Office. Kathleen Quinlan gives an unusually appealing, unconventional performance as the teen-ager drawn to the overage lifeguard; with Parker Stevenson and Anne Archer. Directed by Daniel Petrie from Ron Koslow's script. (Cinema Village; Nov. 20-21.)

The Lincoln Conspiracy—With Bradford Dillman, John Dehner, and Whit Bissell; directed by James L. Conway. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 22.)

Looking for Mr. Goodbar—Diane Keaton as Theresa Dunn, the teacher who cruises singles bars and is murdered by a man she picks up. Richard Brooks, who adapted the novel by Judith Rossner and directed, has laid a windy jeremiad about our permissive society on top of fractured film syntax. With Tuesday Weld, Alan Feinstein, Richard Gere, and Richard Kiley. (10/24/77) (Loews Tower East.)

The Mack (1973)—With Max Julien, Don Gordon, Richard Pryor, and Carol Speed; directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting Nov. 23.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (New Yorker; through Nov. 17.)

The Man Who Loved Women—With Charles Denner and Brigitte Fossey, directed by François Truffaut. In French. (Paris.)

Marked Woman (1937)—Bette Davis as a night-club hostess in a story about protection, made by Lloyd Bacon. Davis has a fine scene of pegged-down fury on behalf of a fellow-hostess; she is always a sort of conduit to the most savage and primal emotions of women, and in this baddish film she has some big Hollywood/Ancient Greece emotions. Humphrey Bogart plays the man of probity, as an assistant district attorney. (Regency; Nov. 20-21.)

Mississippi Mermaid (1970)—A small, appealing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride (Catherine Deneuve) from France through the classified ads. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 18.)

Mr. Klein—With Alain Delon and Jeanne Moreau, directed by Joseph Losey. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Mother and the Whore (1973)—This controversial three-hour-and-thirty-minute film,

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produced, written, and directed by Jean Eustache, is about the aging young of the Left Bank, who live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissim. It is about the disaffection of those who are stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a matter of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun—were *not* allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you before." This soul belongs to a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex without love. In French. (Cinema Village; Nov. 22.)

New York, New York—It begins on V-J Day; Liza Minnelli is a struggling singer, Robert De Niro is a struggling saxophonist, both parts written so as to represent the Hollywood chestnut that ruthlessness is necessary for success. The best thing about this movie is De Niro's firm, swift performance. Directed by Martin Scorsese. (7/4/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through Nov. 22.)

1900—Bertolucci tried to write a nineteenth-century novel on film; the result is appalling, yet it has the grandeur of a classic visionary folly. Next to it, all the other new movies are like something you hold up at the end of a toothpick. The cast includes Robert De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, and Donald Sutherland. Four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (10/31/77) (Festival.)

Oh, God!—With George Burns and John Denver, directed by Carl Reiner. (Guild; Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Nov. 17. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Nov. 22. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; starting Nov. 23.)

Old Acquaintance (1943)—Trashy fun, on an unusually literate level. One of the rare dry-eyed "women's pictures," it features bitchery and keeps its passages of self-sacrifice fairly tart. Bette Davis is an admirably tough-minded, no-nonsense serious writer, and Miriam Hopkins is her flouncy, butterfly-brained friend, who, out of envy, becomes the author of slovenly big best-sellers. Adapted from John Van Druten's play, it spans eighteen years of their love-hate friendship, including a glorious scene in which Davis shakes the catty, hysterical Hopkins. John Loder is Hopkins' husband, who wants to leave her for Davis; Dolores Moran is Hopkins' rebellious daughter; Phillip Reed is a playboy seducer; and Gig Young is the young man who falls in love with the middle-aged Davis. With Esther Dale, Anne Revere, and Roscoe Karns. Directed by Vincent Sherman. (Regency; starting Nov. 24.)

One Sings, the Other Doesn't—Agnès Varda brings a Disney touch to this account of the evolution of modern women's consciousness between 1962 and 1976. It's a cheery, educational feminism-can-be-fun movie, centering on two young women's abortions, careers, babies. The sunshiny, mass-cult-hip simplicity of the feminist movement celebrated here is so laughable that you can't hate the picture. You just feel that some of your brain cells have been knocked out. In French. (11/14/77) (Plaza; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Art, Gramercy, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 18.)

Outrageous!—A shock-the-bourgeois film from Canada about a friendship between a schizophrenic girl and a homosexual who is expert at drag entertainment. A cheap and false analogy is made between the states of the two characters, and it doesn't pass muster by miles. (9/12/77) (Cinema II.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A Western set in Nevada in 1885 that is also an attempt at a poetic tragedy about mob violence. Two cowboys (Henry Fonda and Harry Morgan) ride into a small, lonely cattle town and become involved in the hysteria of a lynch mob. Three innocent men (Dana Andrews, Anthony Quinn, and Francis Ford) are hanged, while we see not only their fear and despair but the varied motives of the members of the posse who take justice into their hands. It's easy to be put off by the studio sets and lighting and by the forties approach to a "serious" subject, but the director, William Wellman, has made the characters so vivid that after many years people may still recall Frank Conroy as the sadistic Southern major, and the rapid changes of expression of William Eythe, as his son. With Harry Davenport, Leigh Whipper, and Jane Darwell as the raucous old lady who enjoys the excitement. Lamar Trotti's script omits some of the more interesting ambiguities of the Walter Van Tilburg Clark novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 21.)

The Parallax View (1974)—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about the political assassination of a Presidential aspirant. The film skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were organized political murders or the madness of lone men. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, and Hume Cronyn. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 22.)

Pete's Dragon—From the Disney studios, with Helen Reddy, Jim Dale, and Mickey Rooney. Directed by Don Chaffey. (Music Hall.)

A Piece of the Action—With Sidney Poitier, *Bill Cosby, and James Earl Jones; directed* by Mr. Poitier. (U.A. East. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Nov. 23.)

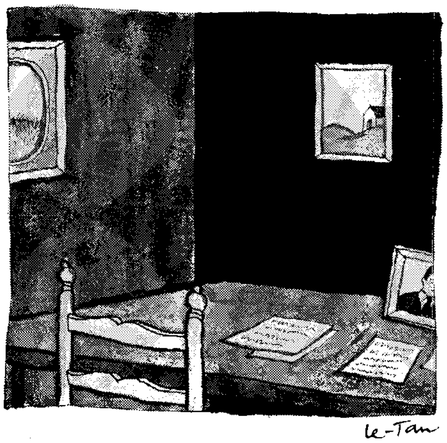
The Prisoner of Second Avenue (1975)—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sit-com. (Olympia; starting Nov. 23.)

Roseland—With Teresa Wright, Lou Jacobi, Geraldine Chaplin, Helen Gallagher, Lilia Skala, and David Thomas; directed by James Ivory. (Columbia I; through Nov. 22.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

Semi-Tough—With Burt Reynolds, Kris Kristofferson, Jill Clayburgh, Robert Preston, and Bert Convy; directed by Michael Ritchie. (Baronet; starting Nov. 18.)

Shane (1953)—The Western stranger in town consciously turned into Galahad on the range. Superficially this is a Western, but from Shane's knightly costume, from the way his horse canters, from the Agincourt music, it's all too recognizable as an attempt to create a myth—though this particular myth was ready for the remainder counter before the director, George Stevens, picked it up. With chivalric purity as his motivation, the enigmatic Shane (Alan Ladd) defeats enemies twice his size—the largest is the Prince of Darkness himself, Jack Palance. The earth-loving Wyoming homesteaders befriended by Shane include Van Heflin, Jean Arthur as his wife, and Brandon deWilde as their child. The film is overplanned and uninspired; Westerns are better when they're not so self-importantly self-conscious. However, audiences wept over the scene in which a dog mourns at his master's coffin, and Jean Arthur's farewell handshake to Shane—whom she loves—brought forth some sniffles. Brandon deWilde's final cry, "Shane," was heard for years wherever kids played. With Edgar Buchanan, Elisha Cook, Jr., Ben Johnson, and Emile Meyer. The screenplay is by A. B. Guthrie, Jr., from Jack Schaefer's novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 22.)



Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—A comedy about melancholia—probably the *only* comedy about melancholia. Charles Aznavour is Charlie the Piano Player, who just wants to be "*out of it*" *in François Truffaut's poetic*, nihilistic gangster picture. A modern classic. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 18.)

Short Eyes—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). Parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be. Shot entirely in the Tombs. (9/26/77) (Sutton. . . . ¶ Paramount. Evening performances only on Friday, Nov. 18.)

A Special Day—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. Directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (10/17/77) (Beekman.)

The Spy Who Loved Me—This time around in the James Bond cycle, Roger Moore is 007, and his girl-object, a coldly luscious Russian spy, is Barbara Bach. Much ingenuity of blood lust. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (8/8/77) (*Gramercy; through Nov. 17.*)

Star Wars—A film, written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

The Story of Adèle H. (1975)—A François Truffaut film to rank with "Shoot the Piano Player," "Jules and Jim," and "The Wild Child"—and perhaps his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

Strange Cargo (1940)—Strange is putting it mildly. Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are the amorous stars of this melodrama set in a French penal colony, and Peter Lorre and Paul Lukas are the villains. There's also a Mysterious Stranger, played by Ian Hunter. You might as well know the worst: right in the middle of a convict's escape, with his girl friend bustling along, up turns the Messiah. The Presence, in human guise, leads to the most untoward spiritual spasms; even the most hardened mystics may blush. Frank Borzage directed this adaptation of the novel "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep." Well, not too deep, anyway. (Regency; starting Nov. 24.)

Summerdog—With James Congdon and Elizabeth Eisenman, directed by John Clayton. (Guild; starting Nov. 17. All performances on Thursday, Nov. 17, will be benefits. A limited number of tickets will be available at the box office.)

Sweet Bird of Youth (1962)—Paul Newman as the gigolo Chance Wayne and Geraldine Page as the battered, fading star Alexandra Del Lago, in Richard Brooks's slicked-up version of Tennessee Williams' flamboyant pop fantasy. When Newman's bare chest isn't being fumbled at and crooned over by Miss Page, it's being pawed and picked at by Shirley Knight, who plays his fresh-faced girl friend, Heavenly Finley. This hysterical twaddle features a sadistic attack on Newman, engineered by Heavenly's father (Ed Begley), a crooked political boss, and a climactic telephone soliloquy by Miss Page (we hear her part of a long-distance conversation with Walter Winchell, who convinces her that, far from being a flop in her last picture, she has scored her greatest hit). Rip Torn and Mildred Dunnock are also involved in the madness. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 19.)

THAT OBSCURE OBJECT OF DESIRE—With Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; directed by Luis Buñuel. In French. (Columbia II.)

THIEVES—New York ghetto schoolteacher Marlo Thomas lectures her sell-out husband, Charles Grodin, about the glories of a mad, carefree existence—with full dedication to the underprivileged. The author, Herb Gardner (he also took over the direction from John Berry), specializes in the urban poetry of craziness; the characters don't talk—they make speeches, every one of them profound. Not a believable minute. (2/28/77) (Olympia; through Nov. 22.)

THE TURNING POINT—With Anne Bancroft, Shirley MacLaine, Tom Skerritt, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Leslie Browne; directed by Herbert Ross. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

VALENTINO—There is no artistry left in the director Ken Russell's work, but by attaching the names of actual people to his sadomasochistic fantasies, he gives the picture a nasty inside-joke appeal. The only redeeming element is Rudolf Nureyev in the title role; he doesn't evoke Valentino, but from time to time he has a captivating, very funny temperament of his own. His eagerness to please is at war with Russell's spitefulness—Russell turns the camera *against* his own performers. (11/7/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Nov. 22.)

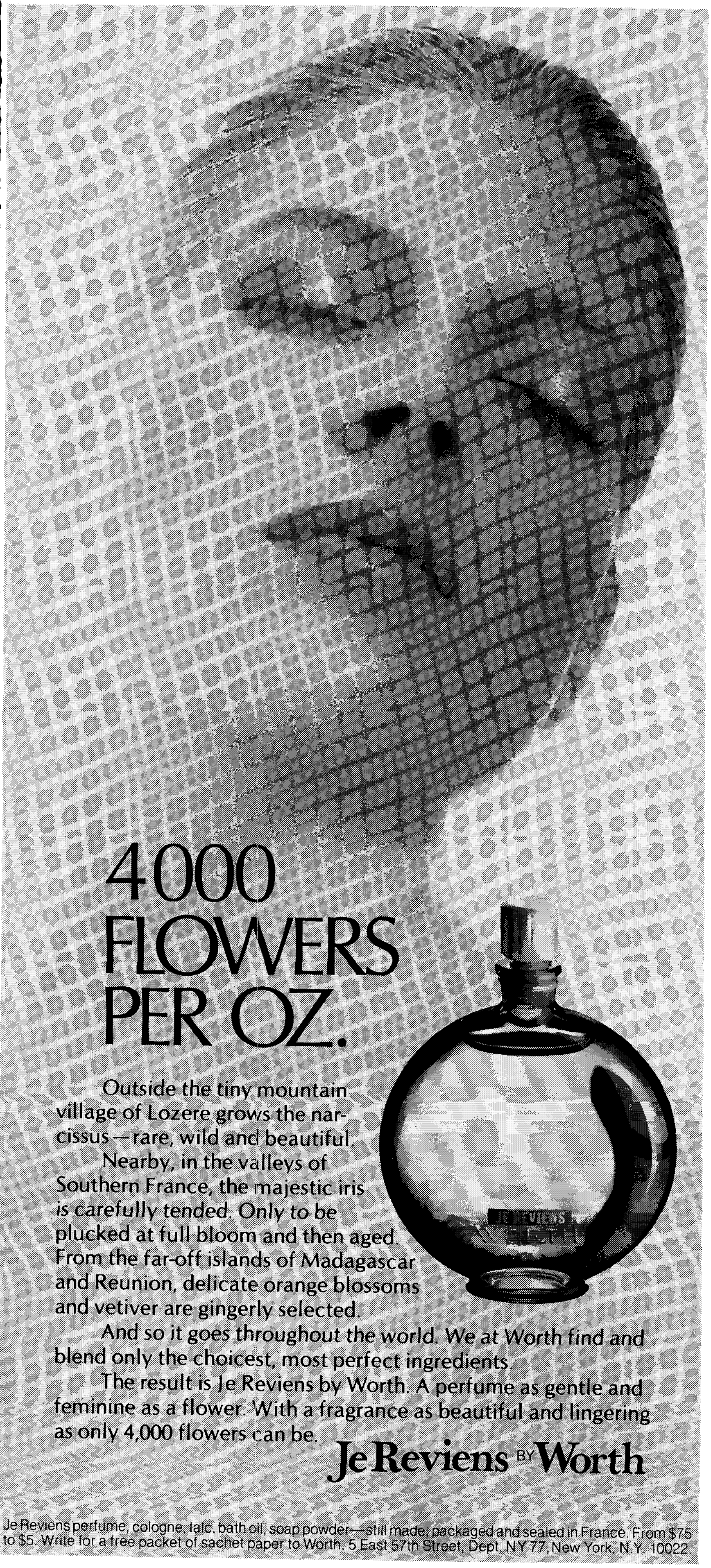
WE'RE NOT DRESSING (1934)—Light, easygoing Paramount musical comedy about the wreck of a yacht on a desert island, taken (very loosely) from J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," one of the most serviceable of screen sources. Bing Crosby is the sailor; he doesn't bat the spoiled heiress, Carole Lombard, around the way the hero of the shrill "Swept Away" does. The other passengers are lecherous Ethel Merman (who sings "It's Just an Old Spanish Custom"), and Ray Milland and Leon Errol as rich prigs. The island, fortunately, isn't deserted; Gracie Allen and George Burns turn up, as naturalists living there. Norman Taurog directed; the Harry Revel and Mack Gordon songs include "Love Thy Neighbor" and "She Reminds Me of You." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 20-21.)

WHICH WAY IS UP?—With Richard Pryor, directed by Michael Schultz. (Loews Ciné.)

WHY DOES HERR R. RUN AMOK?—With Kurt Raab, Lilith Ungerer, and Hanna Schygulla; directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Cinema Studio; starting Nov. 17.)

A WOMAN'S DECISION—A Polish picture (awful title), directed by Krzysztof Zanussi, that has a touch of "Brief Encounter." An impetuous woman is married to a strict-faced, hidebound man, and she foreseeably falls for a physical-education instructor who is the very symbol of spontaneity and ease. In Polish. (9/19/77) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 17.)

YOU AND ME (1938)—A paroled convict (Sylvia Sidney) gives a lecture at the blackboard in which she proves to an abashed group of thugs that crime does not pay; damned if they don't reform. The hero of this botched gangster-comedy fairy tale is George Raft, also a paroled convict, and he and Sylvia Sidney get into trouble because they get married. Bertolt Brecht had great influence on the director, Fritz Lang, at the time, and in several episodes, Lang, with the help of the composer Kurt Weill, tried to escape from the pedestrian script (Virginia Van Upp, from Norman Krasna's story) with musical numbers in the pedagogic Brecht vein. Lang later explained that he didn't get to work out his ideas with Weill, and that with Boris Morros on the scoring, he couldn't get what he'd hoped for. With Robert Cummings, Roscoe Karns, Barton MacLane, George E. Stone, Warren Hymer, Guinn Williams, Jack Mulhall, Cecil Cunningham, and Carol Paige as the torch singer. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 23.)



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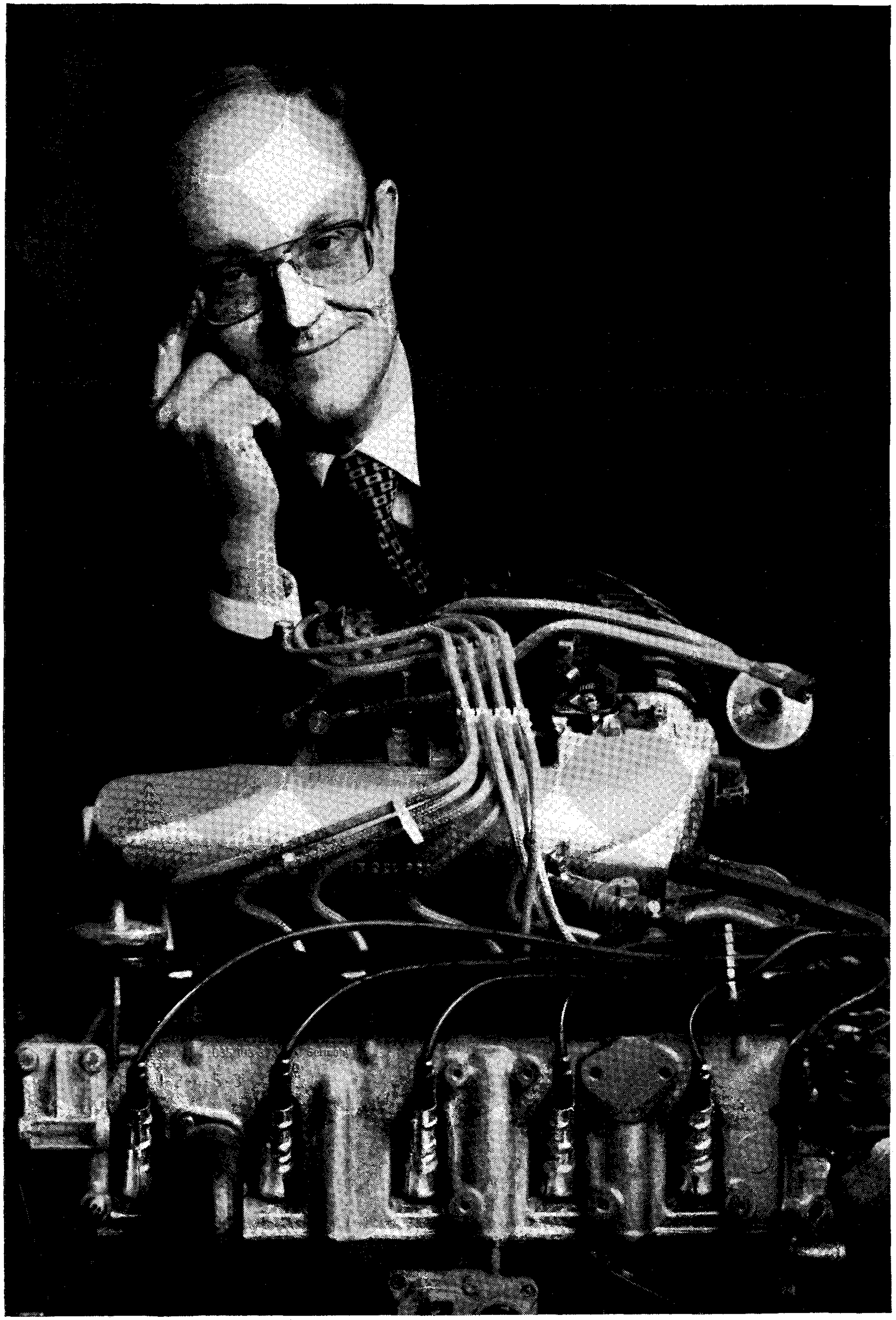
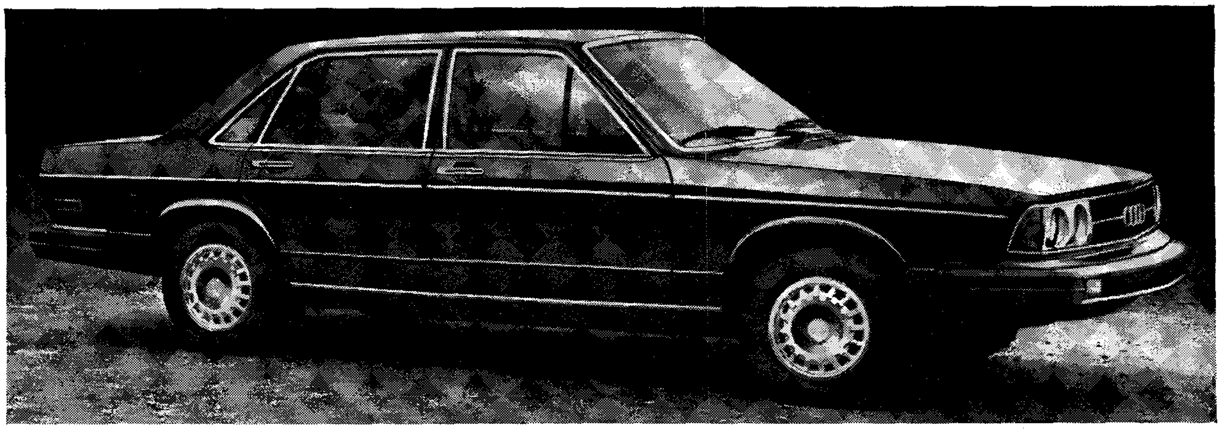


"WHEN I PROPOSED A 5-CYLINDER ENGINE FOR THE AUDI 5000, THEY SMILED."

AN INTERVIEW WITH FRANZ HAUK, ENGINE DESIGNER



Why a 5 cylinder engine? Hauk: Our new model, being larger, requires more power than a 4. Also, we wanted a very quiet car. But I felt it unnecessary to resort to the extreme of a 6. With a 6, properly designed, I could move a house. So everything pointed to a 5.

Was it hard to sell your management on this project? Hauk: No, not as hard as you might think. Here at Audi we have a saying: "When a man has a big idea, we put him in a room and leave him alone." They left me alone for three and a half years. Of course, that was after they stopped smiling.

Was the big problem keeping the engine in balance? Hauk: No, why? Because of the odd number? Nowhere is it written that an engine must have an even number of cylinders in order to be balanced. The plain fact is that engineers just automatically think in terms of 4, or 6, or 8, or 12. Our engine is balanced, I assure you. And it wasn't so difficult, really.

You're modest, I'm sure. But wasn't there some problem? Hauk: Yes, but you'd never guess what it was. Attaching the gearbox to the engine was a little problem that had nothing to do with the concept of 5 cylinders. But it took us months of hard work to get it exactly right. Big ideas fall right into place. It's always the little problems that are annoying.

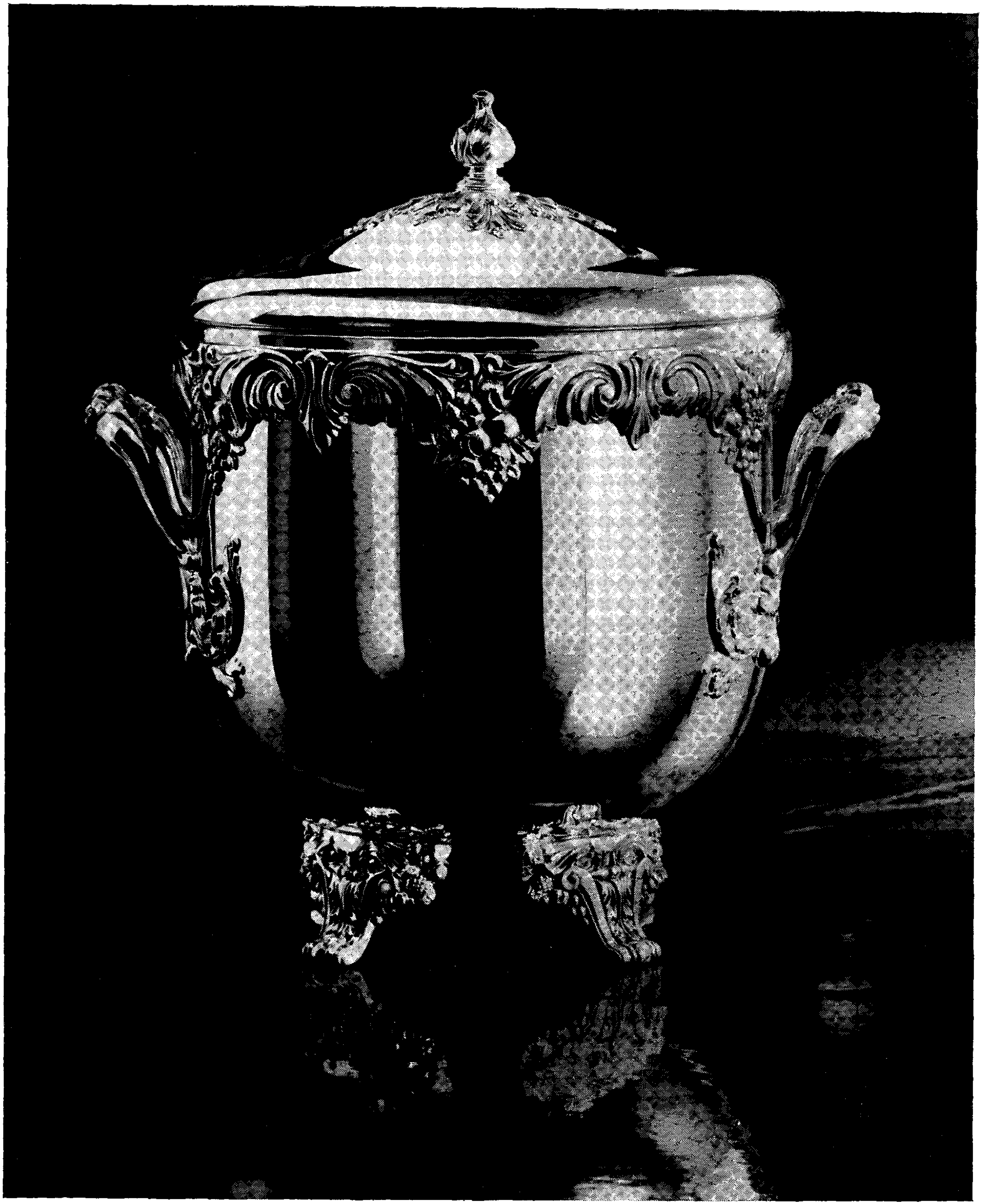
Were there any advantages to dropping a cylinder? Hauk: You still don't understand, do you? I didn't drop a cylinder. I wanted 5 cylinders from the start. But yes, there were several other advantages. For one thing, the shorter engine allowed for a lower look up front. It made me very popular with the styling department, however briefly. But a lower nose also has the advantage of cutting wind resistance and putting less strain on the engine. One less cylinder also means less weight and greater efficiency.

What is the firing order of the cylinders? Hauk: The firing order? It's 1,2,4,5,3. It took many months of computations to decide. But it's a detail; nothing more. With a new car, one has thousands of decisions to make. If I were to tell you all the details that took us months, it would take months.

It's still awfully new, this engine. How do you know the bugs are out of it? Hauk: We tested 100 cars in the U.S. and Canada for so many months, we learned to order eggs "over easy." To my knowledge, no imported car manufacturer has ever done so much testing on such a large scale before. It was the only way we could truly know how the engine and the entire car perform under all your driving and weather conditions.

Why would American drivers spend $8,500* for the Audi 5000? Hauk: Well, not all American drivers would. But we feel sure that there are enough Americans who have come to know craftsmanship, fine machinery and clean design when they see it. They will also recognize that the Audi 5000 is the largest German car for the money. Yet, for all its size, it is surprisingly lively. Also, there's the room and comfort and quiet that Americans traditionally appreciate. All these things, yes. And maybe even because of my 5-cylinder engine.

*Suggested 1978 retail price $8450, P.O.E., transp., local taxes, and dealer delivery charges, additional.



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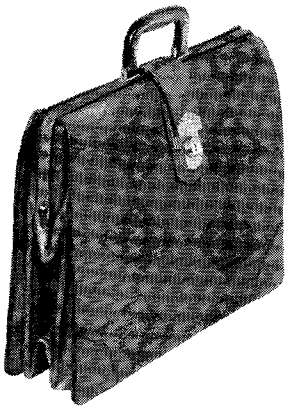
Legal-sized canvas envelope with zippered center compartment, two outside pockets, disappearing handles, removable shoulder strap. By Schlesinger. Natural or Olive, both Suntan trimmed. $43.

Belting leather brief case with two partitions and zippered compartment inside, open pocket outside. By Renwick of Canada. Legal size. $110.

Sixteen-inch envelope in supple steerhide. Two gusseted partitions inside. Full back pocket. Brass lock. By Renwick of Canada. Available in Chocolate, Bright Green, Scarlet or Moss. $75.



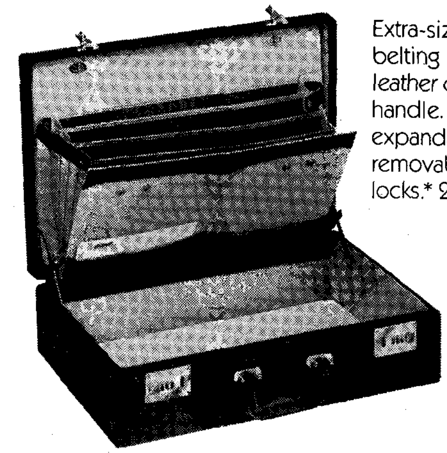
Supple cowhide 18" brief bag. Three expandable pockets, reinforced corners, solid leather handle. Suntan, Black or Olive. Legal size. $89.50

Belting leather brief case. Roomy front gusseted pocket. Full back pocket. Securing flap with combination lock.* By Renwick of Canada. 17" x 12". $112.50

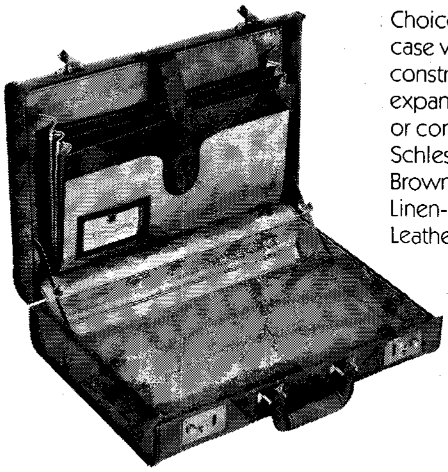
Sturdy belting leather envelope with two outside pockets. Removable shoulder strap. Disappearing handles. 17" x 11-1/2". $80.

Select cowhide jumbo brief bag, 20" long. Three expandable pockets, securing outside straps, combination lock.* Suntan, Black or Olive. $145.

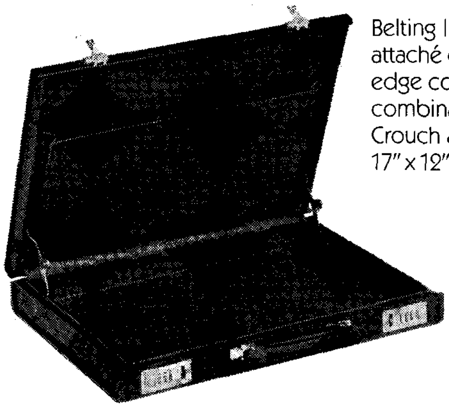
Also available in belting leather, $165.



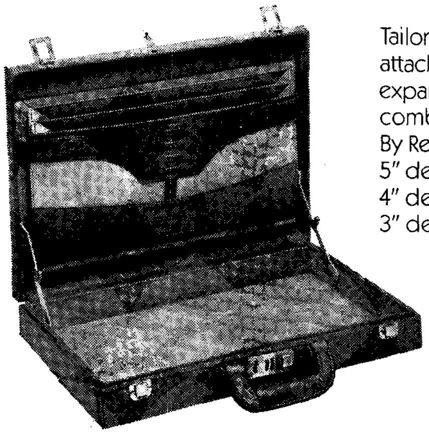
Extra-size attaché case in belting leather with turned leather corners and padded handle. Five-pocket expandable file is completely removable. Combination locks.* 20" x 13-1/2" x 6". $135.



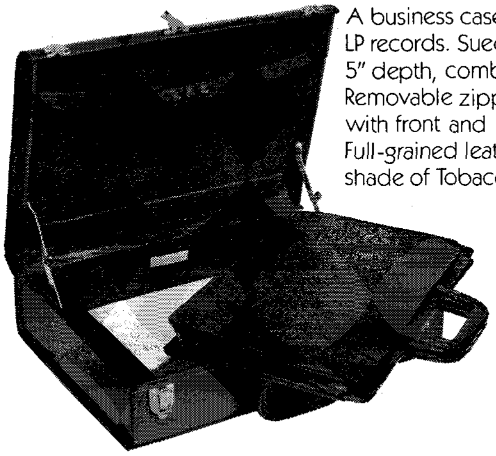
Choice cowhide executive case with extended edge construction. Three expandable file pockets. Key or combination lock.* By Schlesinger. Suntan, Black or Brown.
Linen-lined, $180.
Leather-lined, $225.



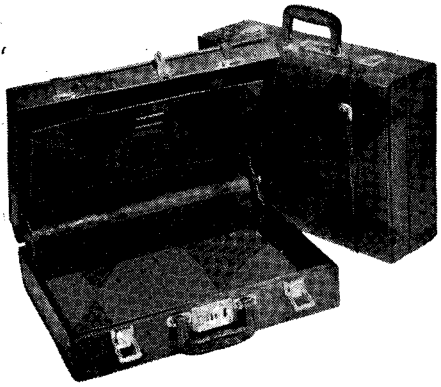
Belting leather slimline attaché case with extended edge construction. Two combination locks.* A Crouch & Fitzgerald exclusive! 17" x 12" x 2-1/2". $145.



Tailored belting leather attaché case with three expandable file pockets, combination lock.*
By Renwick of Canada.
5" depth, $167.50
4" depth, $160.
3" depth, $152.50

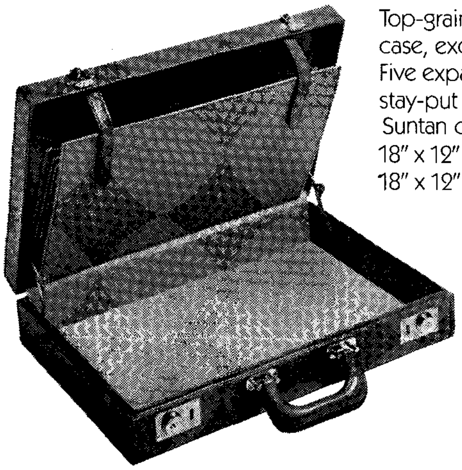


A business case designed for LP records. Suede leather-lined, 5" depth, combination lock.* Removable zippered portfolio with front and back pockets. Full-grained leather in a rich shade of Tobacco. $310.

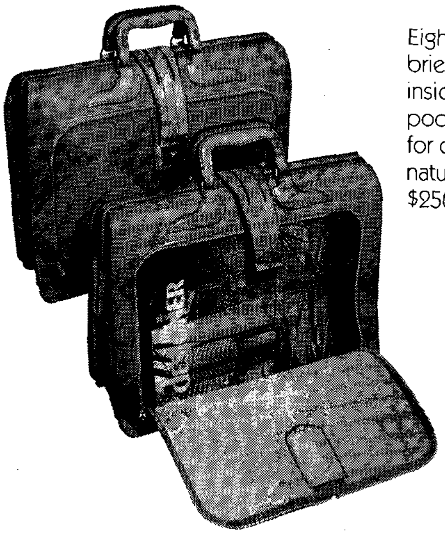


Belting leather bellows case with expanding gusseted lid. Twin leather securing straps. Five file pockets. Combination lock.* Two side catches. $200.

Also available in cowhide, in Suntan, Black or Olive. $135.



Top-grain cowhide attaché case, exceptionally priced. Five expanding file pockets, stay-put hinges.
Suntan or Black.
18" x 12" x 4", $39.50
18" x 12" x 5", $45.



Eighteen-inch legal sized brief bag. Three sections inside, plus front zippered pocket outside. Suitable for overnight travel. In natural belting leather. $250.

Belting leather envelope.
Open back pocket,
removable shoulder strap.
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Accountant's case. Belting
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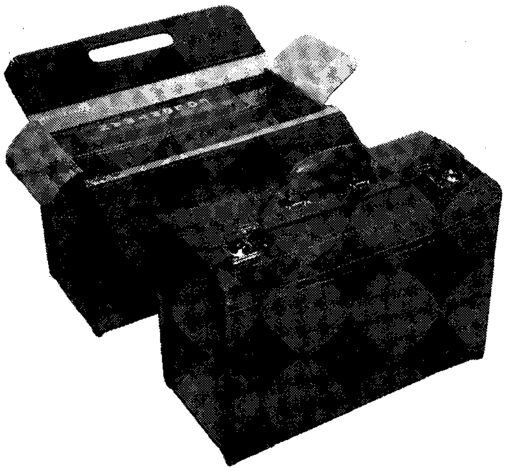
roomy sections. All-around
straps. Solid brass swivel
graduating closures. $245.



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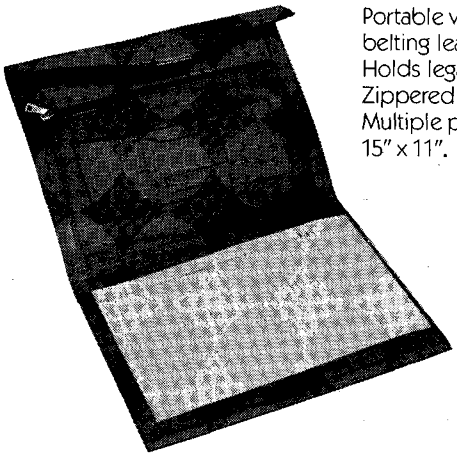

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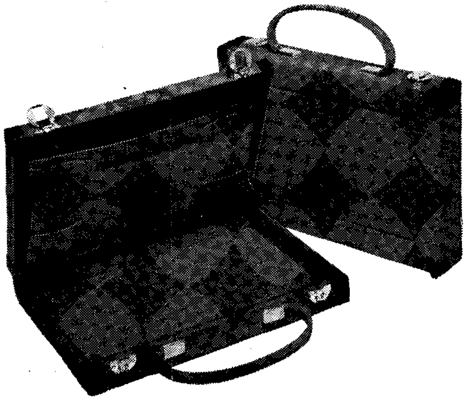

Women's attaché case.
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Lightweight.
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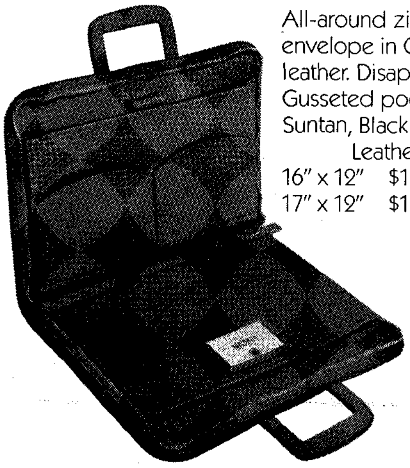

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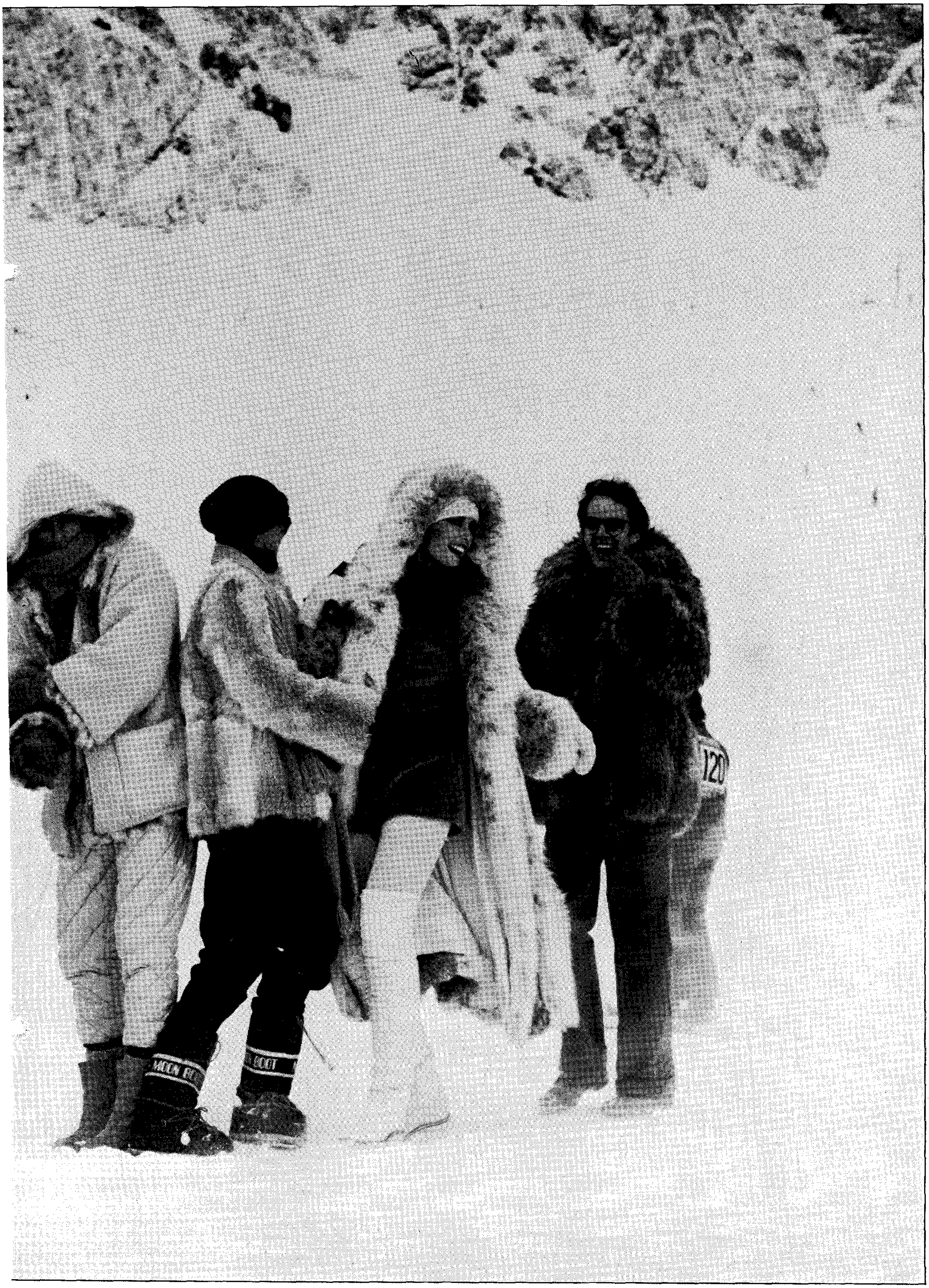

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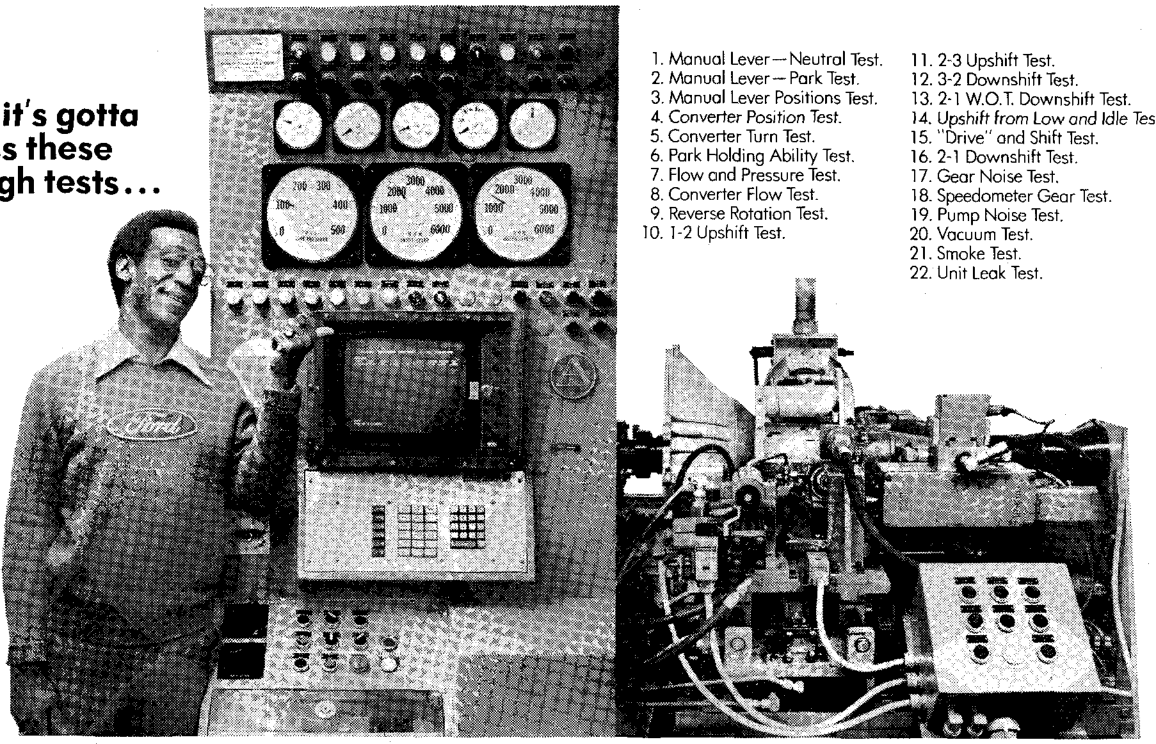

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11. 2-3 Upshift Test.
12. 3-2 Downshift Test.
13. 2-1 W.O.T. Downshift Test.
14. Upshift from Low and Idle Test.
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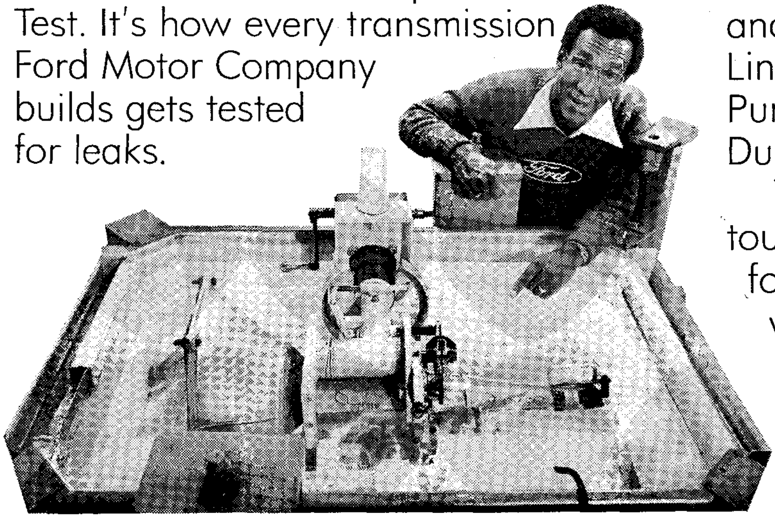

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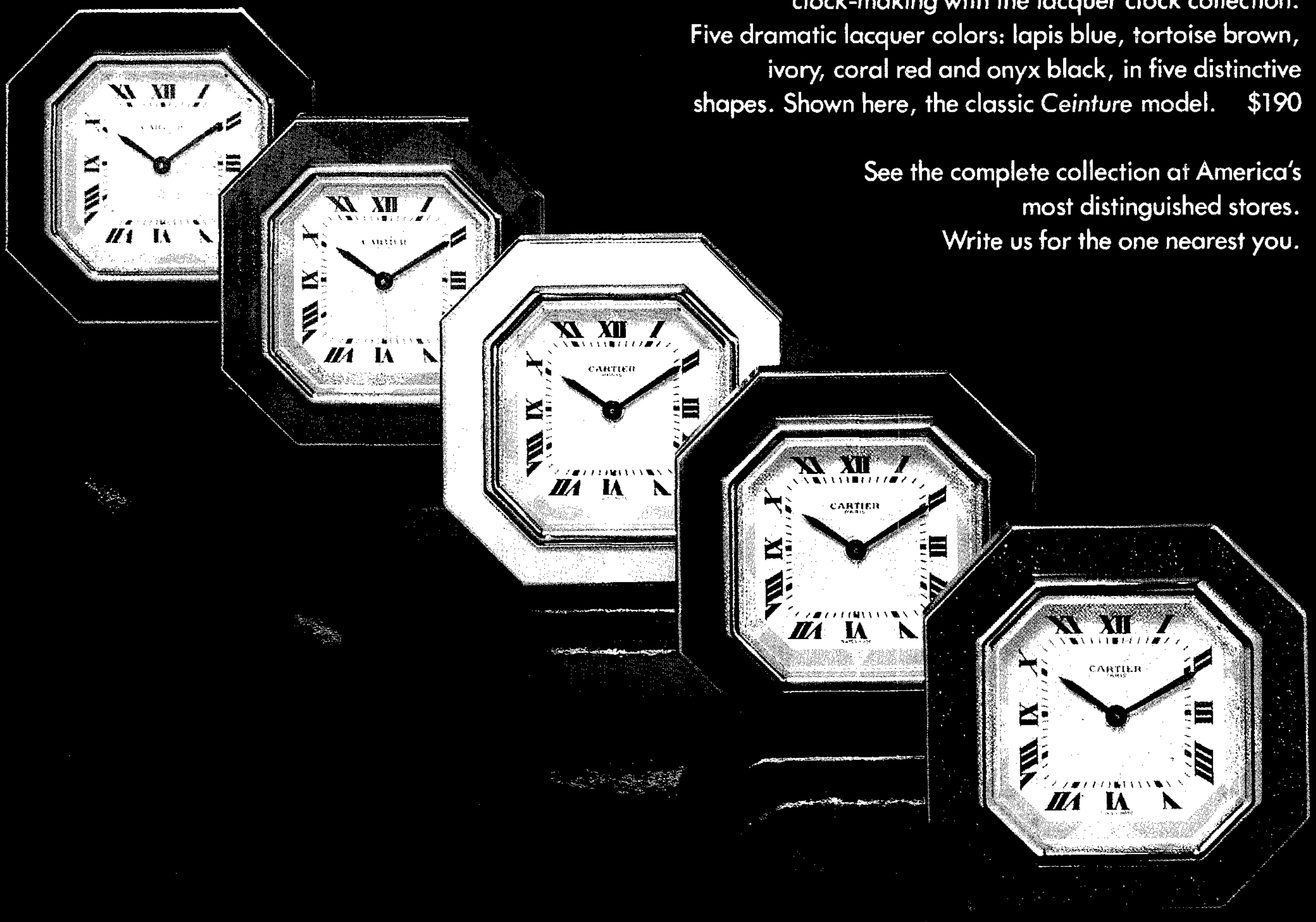

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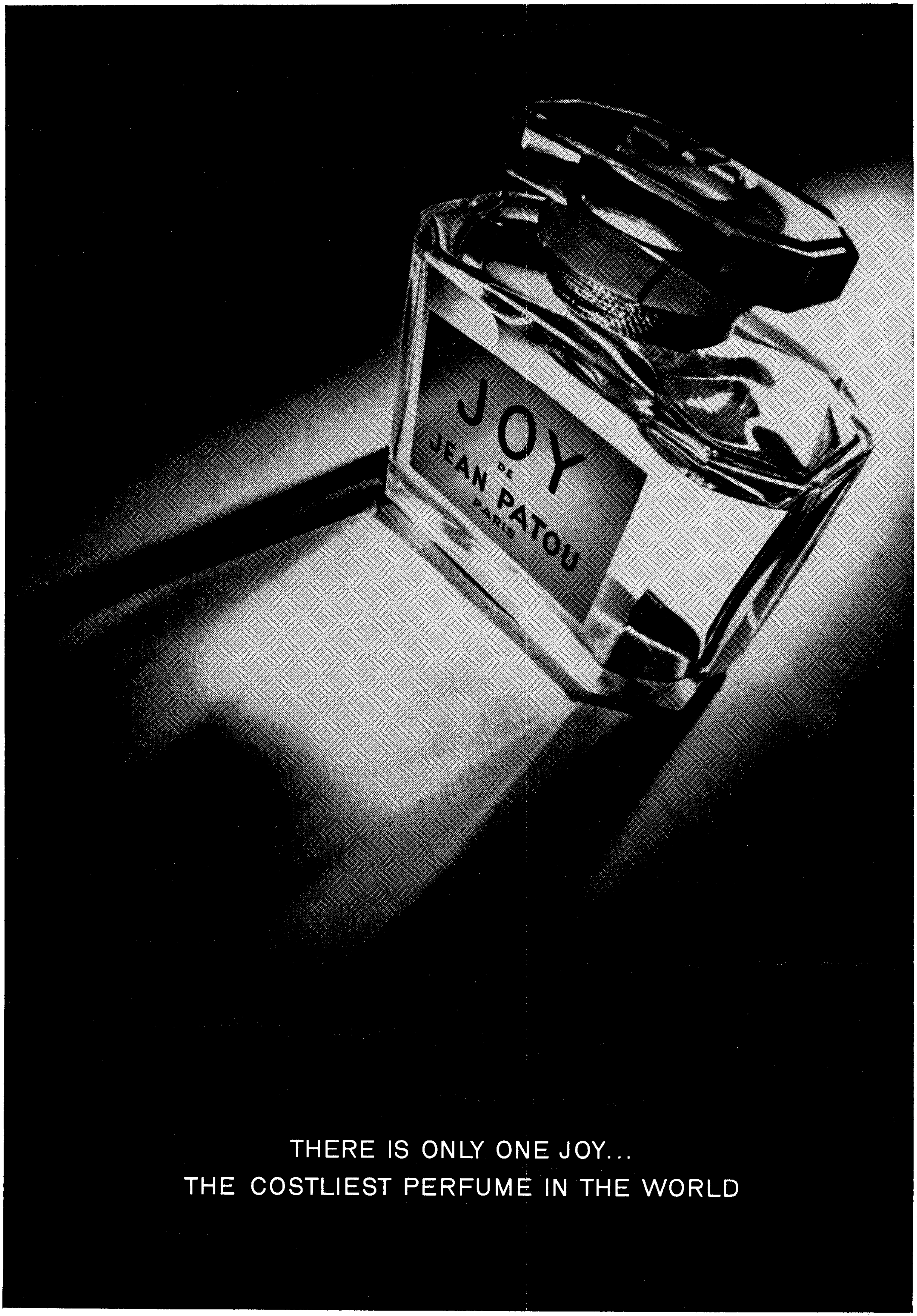
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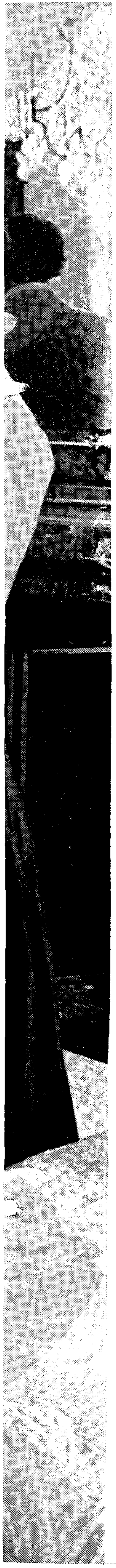

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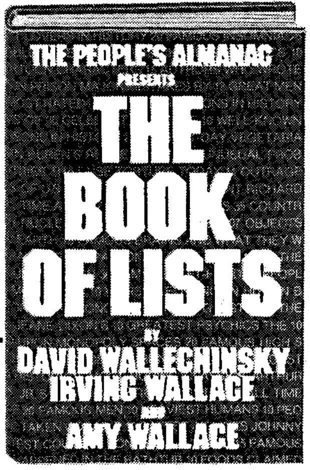
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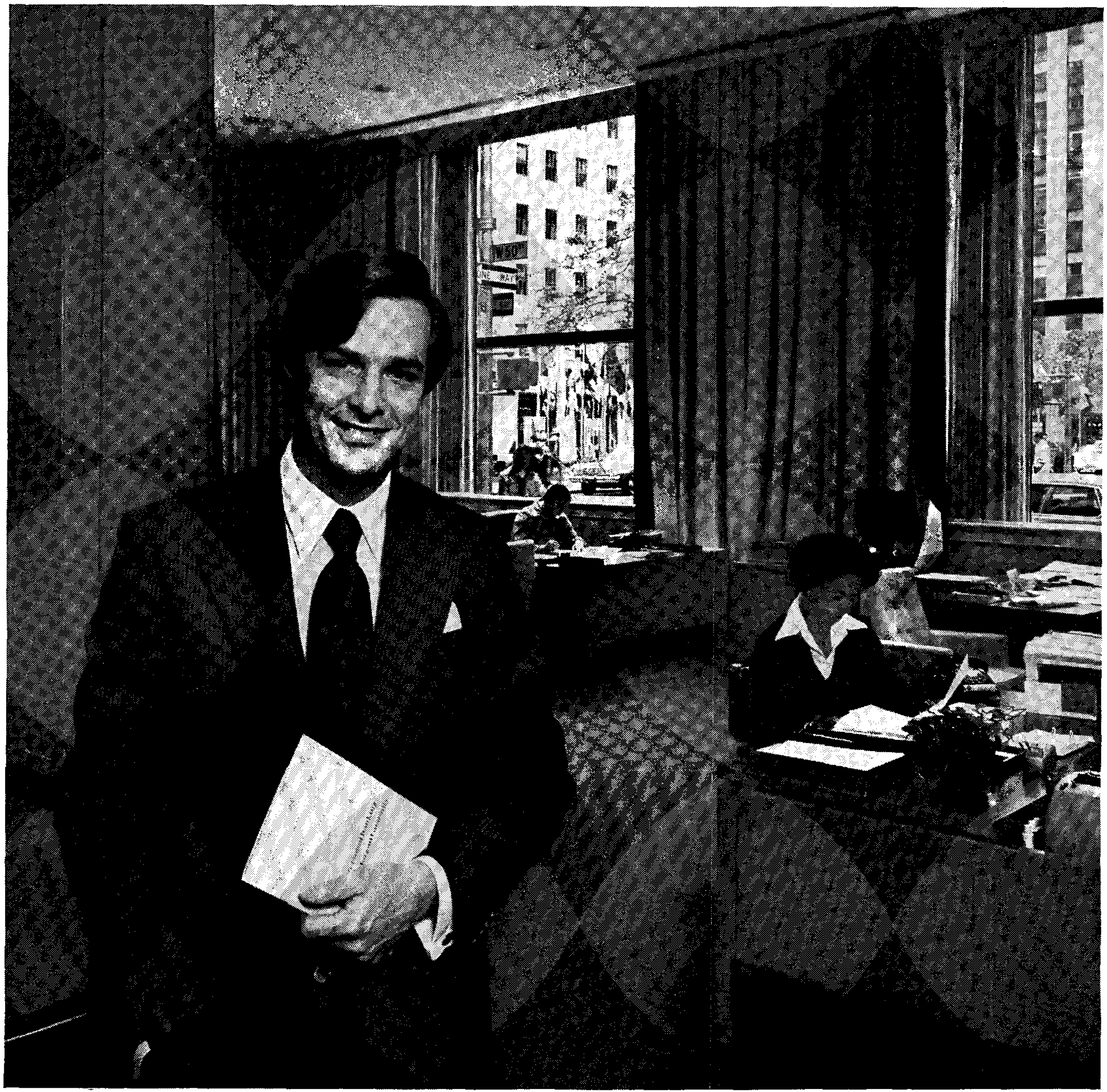

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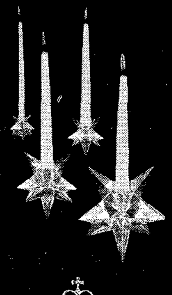

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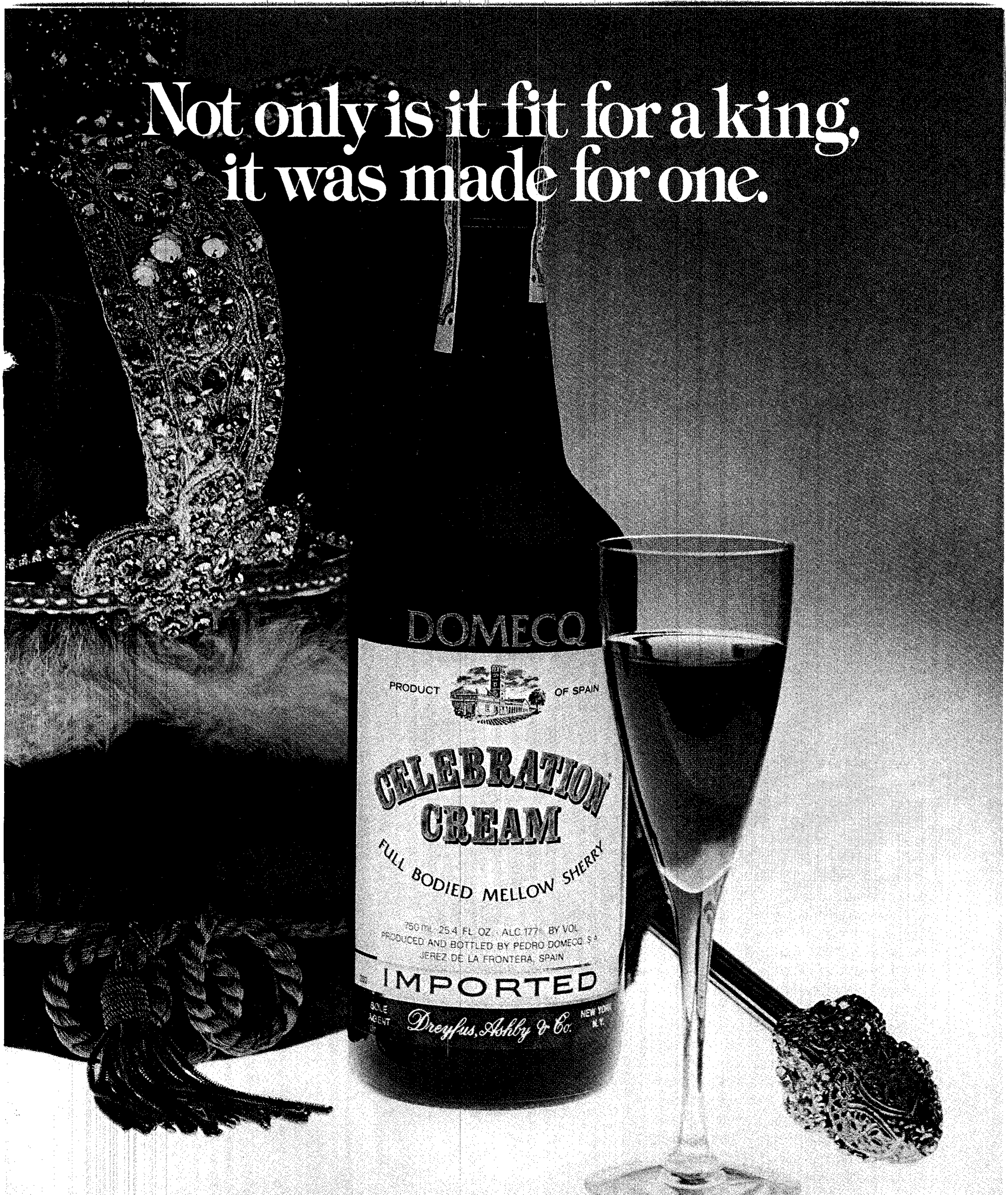
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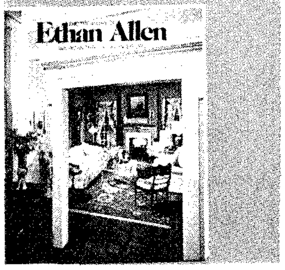

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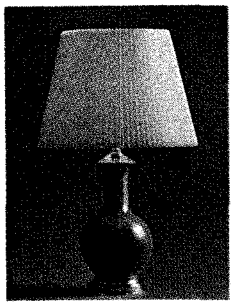

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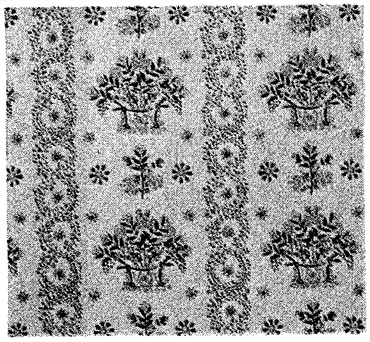

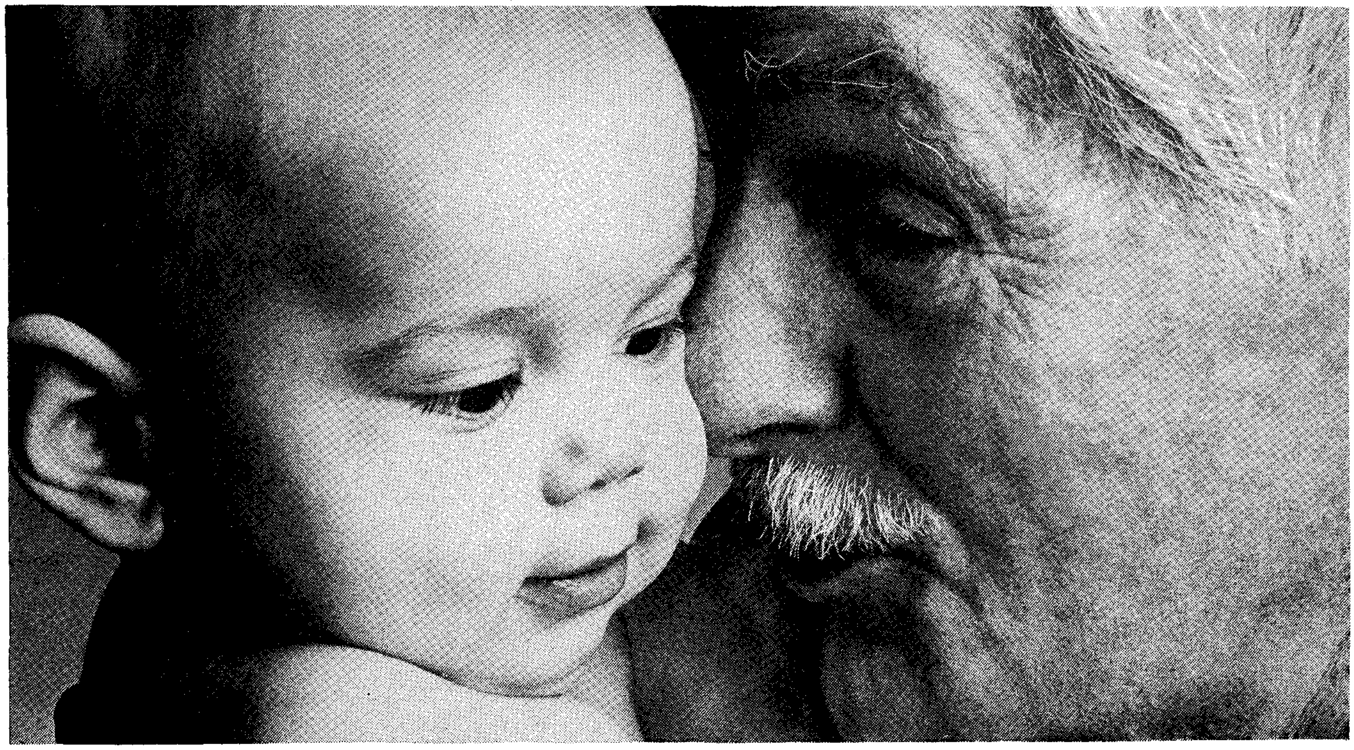

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WAKING up in an apartment on the upper West Side on a November morning, with the day invisible but damp, feeling yesterday recede and wondering about today, hearing a garbage truck whine over its breakfast on a street nearby, we raise the yellowed window shade. It rattles upward, and reveals back yards and puddles, bare trees, brick houses, the black silhouettes of water towers, chimneys, TV aerials. Against the backdrop of a brown apartment house, light-gray smoke is emerging steadily, diligently, from a stack on a roof below. Once it rises past the brown building, the smoke is no longer visible: while we slept, it filled the sky.

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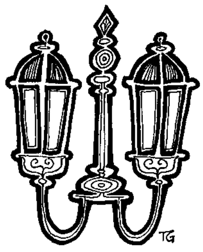
Indentations in Space

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, has always struck us as an urbane town—steel-and-glass office buildings, first-rate museum (the Wadsworth Atheneum), echoes of Mark Twain and Wallace Stevens. We were surprised, therefore, to learn that Hartford's equilibrium had been upset by a work of art called "Stone Field Sculpture," which was installed last August on a public green at the corner of Gold and Main Streets, downtown. Quite a few Hartford citizens seemed to feel that the work, a grouping of thirty-six glacial boulders ranging in weight from a thousand pounds to eleven tons, was not a work of art at all, and a number of them were of the opinion that eighty-seven thousand dollars, which is what Carl Andre, the New York sculptor, was to receive for the piece, was an excessive fee for a grouping of boulders. The Republican candidate for mayor, Edwin Ray Maher, called it "another slap in the face for the poor and elderly." Mayor George Athanson, not to be outdone, described it angrily as "just a bunch of rocks," and said he disliked it even more than "Stegosaurus," the fifty-foot-high, orange-painted Calder stabile donated to the city in 1973. (Athanson was reëlected.) Efforts were made to hold up payment of Andre's fee—it had been raised in equal parts by the Hartford Foundation for Public Giving, which commissioned the work, and the National Endowment for the Arts, which put up a matching grant—and residents of the apartment tower across the street from "Stone Field Sculpture" held meetings to discuss having the boulders removed.

It is a pleasure to report that Hartford and Carl Andre seem to have worked things out. We went up to hear the artist address a large audience at the Atheneum one evening recently, and in the question period that followed we counted only one mildly critical remark—about the fee. The next morning, we spent an hour with Andre himself at the "Stone Field" site, where concord reigned virtually supreme. It was a misty, warm day. People kept passing by or through the site, which is a long, narrow triangle running parallel to the three-hundred-year-old graveyard of Center Church (Congregational; first minister, Thomas Hooker, from 1633 to 1647) and ending at a point opposite the church entrance. A man with shoulder-length brown hair and a chest-length brown beard who habitually wears Farmer Brown overalls and a black fedora, Andre is easily recognizable in Hartford these days. Several of the passersby (or through) made a point of saying something friendly to him, and Andre invariably said something friendly back.



"There was a lot of real hostility during the installation," he told us. "People would come up and start screaming at me—really screaming. People from all social and economic classes. I was quite startled by the vehemence. Now I suspect they were just using this as a vent for their rage in other areas, sort of a handy target. Nobody's *that* interested in art."

A middle-aged woman in a dark suit called over from the sidewalk, "I still like your rocks! And I live in the building!" She pointed to the high-rise apartment across the street.

"Thank you," said Andre, waving back.

Andre told us that when he paid his initial visit to the site, last December, before submitting his proposal, he had immediately got the idea of trying to extend some of the serenity of the churchyard, with its ancient gravestones, to the adjoining area. As one of New York's leading Minimal artists, Andre had stopped cutting into or otherwise shaping his materials some years back, preferring simply to build "structures" out of identical and interchangeable units such as timbers, Styrofoam planks, hay bales, and, more recently, square metal plates laid flat on the floor in larger squares. For a while, he considered using quarry-cut stones for the Hartford commission. Additional thinking *in situ* led him to decide on uncut, natural boulders instead, and, with the help of one of the state geologists, a very aptly named Mr. Quarrier, he found what he needed in the sand and gravel pits of NHTR/Tomasso, in Bristol, Connecticut, about twenty miles southwest of Hartford. From eighty or more available boulders he selected thirty-six—about a third of them Connecticut sandstone of the type used in many Hartford buildings, and the rest an assortment of granite, basalt, schist, gneiss, and serpentine. The crew from NHTR/Tomasso trucked them in and deposited them, under Andre's direction, in eight rows on the triangular site, with the biggest stone at the narrow apex of the triangle, the two next-biggest in the second row, and so on. His total expenditure on the project, he estimated, was about twelve thousand dollars, for labor, machinery, insurance, and his own transportation and living costs.

A young woman angled through the "Stone Field" carrying four containers of coffee and three Danish in a box top. "Ask him why if it's Minimal art it isn't minimal pay," she advised us, rather tartly.

We did so.

Andre took off his black fedora and ran a hand through his flowing locks. "The Hartford Foundation for Public Giving wanted something to commemorate its fiftieth anniversary," he said. "If the foundation had taken one minute of prime time on television to do that, it would have cost a hundred thousand dollars. This way, it's getting something that will last for centuries. And it only cost eighty-seven thousand."

It was not easy for us to see "Stone Field Sculpture" as Minimal art, we said, maybe because there was so much of it.

Andre explained that he looked upon the entire site as the sculpture, and the individual stones as his "cuts" into the sculptural space; one had to see the whole space as though it were a solid body, and the stones as indentations in that body. He added that on his first trip to England, in 1954, he had seen Stonehenge, and it had impressed him enormously.

"Stone Field Sculpture" being Andre's first public commission, we asked whether he would be interested in doing others.

He said he would. "Of course, everything that's public in America is imposed on people from above," he continued. "Nothing ever gets generated by the public. My work is imposed as much as any architectural monstrosity, but that's the social order we have. What I really hate, though, is to see a piece of abstract art in a public space that's nothing more than a disguised man-on-horseback. That just doesn't interest me at all."

It was getting on toward noon, and several office workers had come out to sit on the stones to eat their lunch. Two white-haired elderly women in the front seat of a station wagon smiled approvingly as they drove by; a sticker on their rear window read "Help Save Our Squirrels." A girl in a pink shirt told Andre that she loved his work, and that she had seen more people in the little park these last few months than she had over the previous six years she had lived in Hartford.

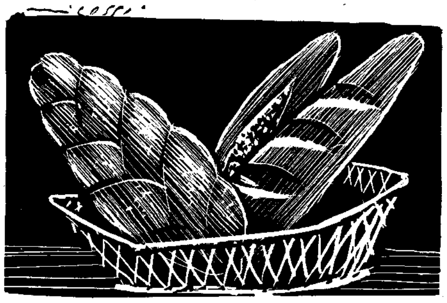
We asked Andre what he thought Frederick Law Olmsted, the Hartford-born father of American urban-landscape design, would have thought of "Stone Field Sculpture."

Andre laughed. "He would have said, 'Fine, but you need more than that to civilize a city.' "

A Family Game

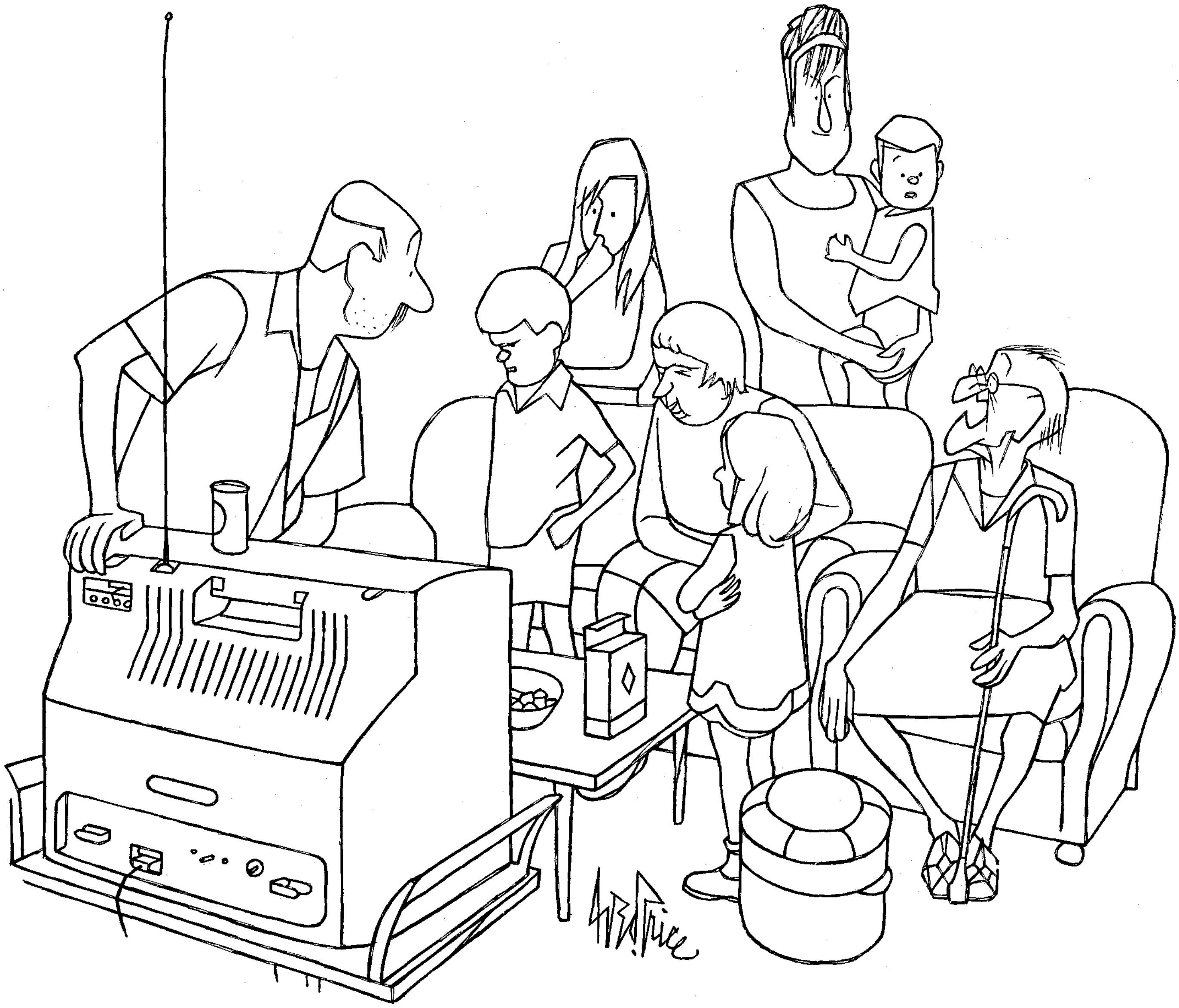
THE other Sunday, on the most beautiful autumnal afternoon we can remember, the Central Park Tennis Court regulars wound up their season with the final match of the Second Annual Muriel Ressler Memorial Mixed Doubles Tournament. Tennis is a friendly and familial business at the Central Park courts. It was especially friendly and familial this time, because three of the active participants were members of the Fenton family: Hank Fenton, the umpire; his wife, Pat; and their fourteen-year-old daughter, Jill. (Another Fenton player, twelve-year-old Bobby, was a spectator this time.) Hank and Pat, both of whom are tennis pros, had run the Tennis Shop at the courts for about twenty years between them, until this year, when the city, for the first time, put the concession up for bids: after the Fentons heard how high some of the early bids were, they decided not to bid themselves. The regulars at the tournament were all smiles, and one reason was that they remembered scenes in the Tennis Shop of Pat giving Jill her baby bottle with one hand and stringing a racquet with the other, or of Hank and Pat putting Jill through daily exercises and lessons from the time she was six years old right up to the present. Most of the regulars have been playing at the Central Park courts for ten or twenty or thirty years. Mrs. Ressler, who, like many of the players, lived a few blocks away from the courts, was one of the thirty-year veterans. When she died, in 1975, her former partners and opponents in mixed doubles decided to hold the Memorial Tournament.

The tennis regulars feel very close to one another, even though tennis may be all they have in common. They talk a lot about each other in ways that imply intimate knowledge, but actually that talk is sometimes romantic and not always accurate. For example, Jean Mariani, an elderly, gallant gentleman who lost in the first round of the tournament, and who plays wearing frayed Keds, long white ducks, and a French-blue pullover sweater with a shawl collar, is a mathematician who once worked with Albert Einstein. The regulars like to tell each other that Jean Mariani "used to play on the French Davis Cup team." Actually, Mr. Mariani informed us, he once won a set—in a Christmas tournament in 1932—from Jacques Brugnon, who *was* a member of the French Davis Cup team. Among the steadiest of the regulars are Greta Goldin; her daughter Anita Auerbach; and Greta's college-age grandson Paul. Accompanied by their dog, a disreputable apricot miniature poodle named Peaches, they showed up for the tournament with a folding beach chair and a blanket and established themselves at the crest of a hill overlooking Court 13, on which the final match was going to be played.



Pat Fenton's partner in the tournament was Douglas Waterman, a tall, scholarly-looking young man who is in the business of manufacturing sports shirts. They had won the First Memorial Tournament, held last year, and were seeded first in this one. Pat is a tall, strong, handsome California-type blonde. For the finals, she had on a white tennis dress and old Tretorns. Jill, who is a ninth-grader at the Marymount School of New York, has honey-colored hair hanging straight to her shoulders. She was wearing a baby-blue T-shirt with the word "BOAST" in black letters across the front, a baby-blue skirt with a white belt, baby-blue socks, and a new pair of Chris Evert sneakers. Jill's partner—they were seeded fifth in the tournament—was David Werchen, a wiry, tightly built young man who is a lawyer. He and Waterman had on standard white shorts. Jill had started playing in tournaments around the country, mostly in her own age group, at the age of eleven, but this was the first tournament in which she had to play opposite her mother.

As the players came onto the court, Hank Fenton, a jaunty-looking gentleman with a mustache, was already seated, rather stiffly, in the umpire's high chair at the side of the net. He was dressed in neatly pressed gray flannels and a navy-blue blazer with the official patch of the United States Tennis Umpires Association on the breast pocket. As Pat and Jill took their racquets out of their covers, they seemed to avoid looking at each other. Their male partners exchanged a few pleasant words. About a hundred and fifty spec-



"How about some sex and violence for poor ol' Granny?"

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tators were on hand, including a number of the regulars: Doc Wylan, a retired dentist; Walter Mandel, a trumpet player who used to work with the Meyer Davis and Lester Lanin dance bands; Frederica Menzel, a former horse-show rider; Alan Elliot, a lawyer; and Jean Mariani. Greta Goldin, a slow-speaking woman with a deep tan, who was wearing a purple crocheted beret, invited us to share her blanket on the grass at the crest of the hill. The sky was a glorious blue. The foliage, in its many shades of gold, orange, and red, looked as good as Vermont's. The sunshine was hitting the faces of the spectators, all of whom seemed animated and in high spirits. They looked like central-casting representatives of the great city of New York. Children and dogs of all sizes were tumbling around and running free on the grass near us.

"A bee stung my thumb," Greta Goldin said to us as the players flipped a coin for the serve. "I can't clap. I don't know who I hope will win anyway."

Pat Fenton and Doug Waterman won the serve. Doug got his first serve in to Jill, who returned the ball with a neat, strong forehand drive to Doug, who passed Jill's partner, David, with a fast backhand. First point: 15–love. For the second point, Jill sent a shot right between her two opponents: 15–all. Pat and her partner then won the next three points in a row. One game to love. In the second game, David lost on his service, but it turned out to be the longest game of the match, with the score going from deuce to ad and back to deuce several times before Pat hit an overhead smash. Games were two to love. In the third game, on Pat's service, Jill hit long, perfect drives, playing to Doug, who couldn't return them. Two games to one. In the fourth game, Jill's service was broken. But Doug lost on his service, and the score went to three to two.

Behind us, a couple of the regulars shifted their attention from the game to the trophies—four wooden bowls of walnut and birch, hand-turned by David Ross, who, with his wife, Helga, had organized the tournament. Ross was holding the bowls. When he is not concerned with tennis, he is the voice-over for commercials on television and radio for Windex and Purina Kitten Chow. He watched the players happily. The score in games now was three all.

"I can't clap," Greta Goldin said to him. "A bee stung my thumb."

"It's all right," David Ross said, in a loud whisper. "We're all people who play with intensity but with *enjoyment*."

It was Pat's service. She double-faulted: love–15. Then Pat's partner hit out of the court: love–30. Jill returned her mother's next serve into the net: 15–30. But Pat and her partner lost the next two points. Jill and her partner went out in front, four games to three. The teams changed sides. Jill and her mother passed each other as they changed, and still did not look at each other. Pat had a serious expression. Jill walked rigidly, her arms hanging straight at her sides. Her expression was pokerish. A young boy among the spectators yelled, "Yay! Jill!" Jill didn't move her head; only her eyes glanced to the side to reveal that she had heard the boy.

Nearby, some of the spectators were having a philosophical discussion about who was under the greater pressure, Pat or Jill. One said it was Pat, since she played competitively in a number of tournaments in addition to giving lessons, and how would it look for her to lose to her fourteen-year-old daughter? Another said Jill was under the greater pressure, because Pat had taught, and was still teaching, Jill, and, besides, practically all the people around watching Jill were like *relatives* watching her every move.

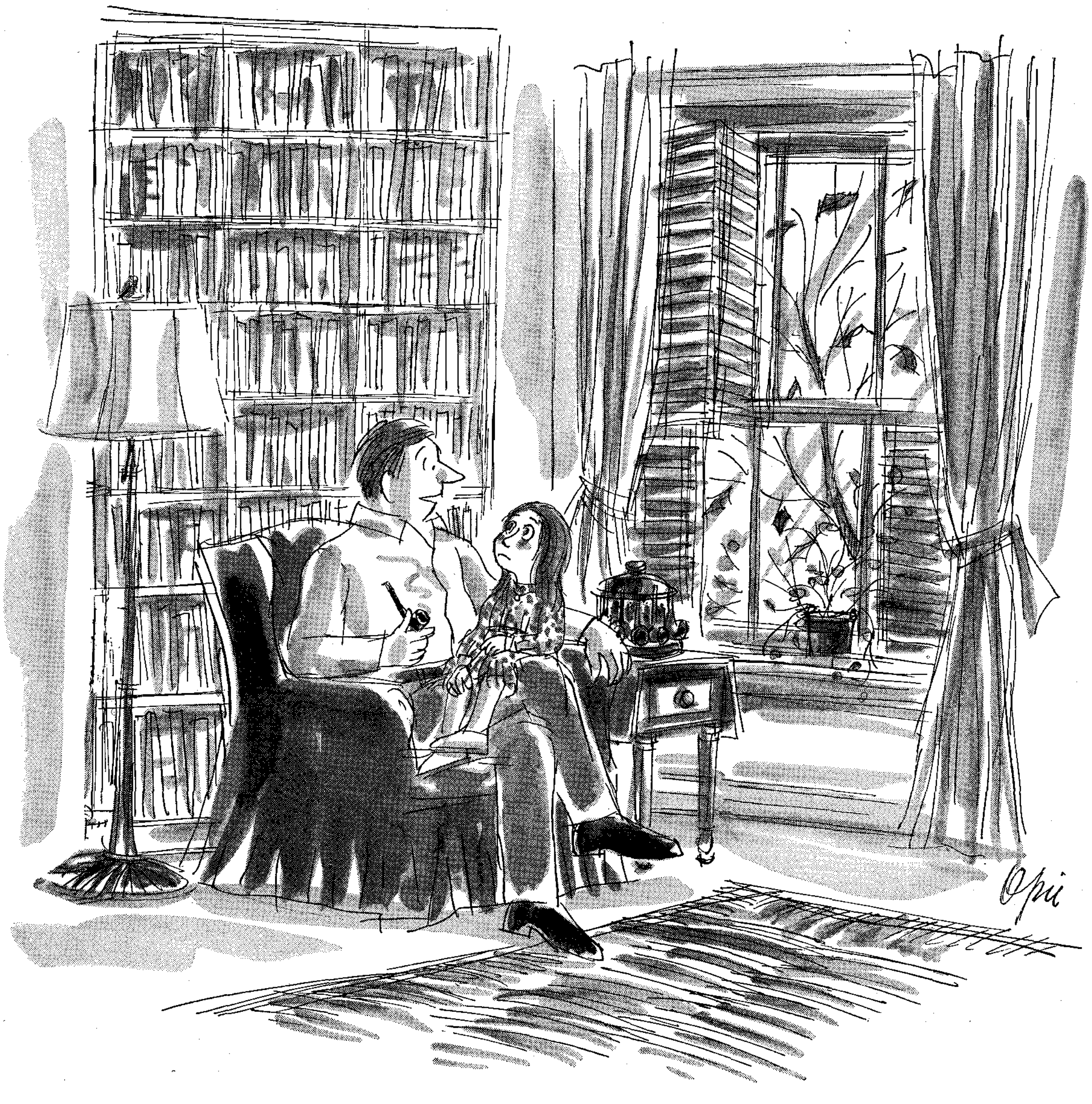
Jill won the next game on her serve, and the score was five to three. On Doug's serve, however, Pat's team came back to win the game. With Jill's partner, David, serving to Pat, she made a sharp drive in return. David hit the ball, and, for an instant, it seemed to be stopped by the top of the net. Then, ever so slowly, it rolled over the net into the opposing court, much to the players' surprise: 15–love. With Jill and David leading at 40–30, Pat hit out, and she and her partner lost the first set, four to six.

In the first game of the second set, Jill became businesslike, using an Evert-style two-handed backhand. At 40–15 for Pat and Doug, there were at least a dozen volley exchanges at net, but Pat and Doug prevailed, and won the game. In the second game, with Jill serving, Pat at one point smashed the ball in a drive that landed at Jill's feet. Jill couldn't return it. "That's the I'm-still-your-mother shot!" a woman near us called out. Jill then started fighting back with smashes of her own. She and her partner won three games in succession. Then, with Doug Waterman serving, at 15–all, Jill hit into the net, and in the final point she hit out. But Jill and David still led, three to two. Jill served next, to Pat, who returned the ball into the net, then to Doug, who also returned the ball into the net. Then Jill double-faulted and afterward hit out, and the games stood at three all. In the next game, after Jill sent a sharp forehand drive to Pat's feet, Jill and her partner went out in front. After another game, they led five to three. Then Jill and David lost the next game, and the score became five to four. Jill served: 15–love. Then it was 30–love. And 40–love. Set and match point. Pat hit out. The set was lost to her, and so was the match. All the spectators applauded—even Greta Goldin, with her stung thumb. Everybody was smiling. The trophies were handed out.

"You played great," Pat said to Jill, who responded with a little pleased, self-conscious smile.

Everybody congratulated the Fenton family. Everybody—players and spectators alike, regulars or not—was then invited to have a glass of wine, courtesy of Alice Youngman, Muriel Ressler's daughter, whose car, with the wine, was parked near the courts. Jean Mariani, taking a sip of wine, told us he was now going to play an hour of tennis himself and then was going home to work on a paper he had started working on with Einstein, and had been working on for the past thirty years. The title of the paper, he said, was "Relativity, *Eigen*-Values, and Isotropy."

"It needs a great



"For what it's worth, Jane, I, too, found first grade a drag. But I hung in there, and now, needless to say, I'm mighty glad I did."

maturity of mind," Mr. Mariani told us. "Playing tennis helps me to think."

We congratulated Jill, and then we congratulated Pat.

"I used to serve to her backhand," Pat said. "I can't do that anymore."

Birthday Party

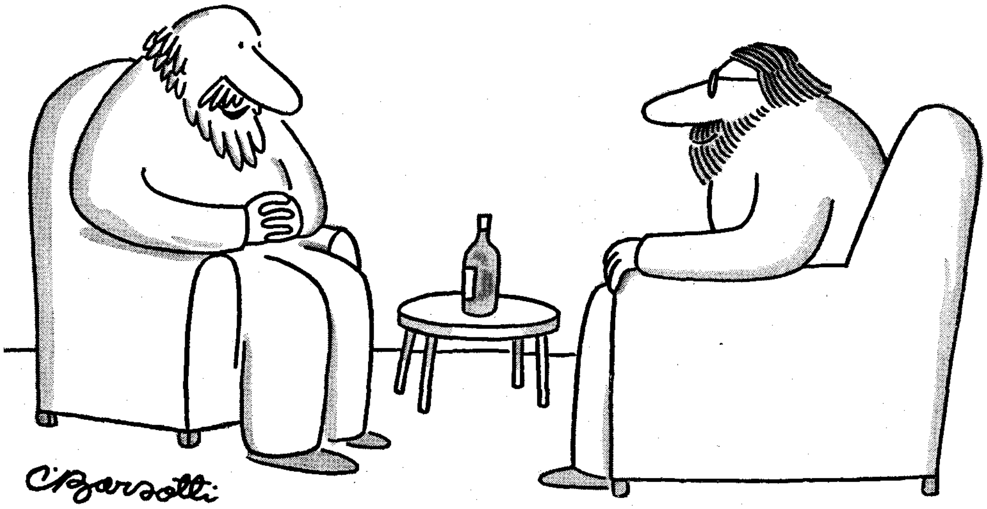
TO celebrate its first birthday, the Museum of Broadcasting, an archival institution at 1 East Fifty-third Street which is much visited these days by, among others, school groups born too late for the "Ed Sullivan Show," gave a small party the other afternoon. The guests were about a score of trustees and administrators of older institutions around town, and also the ballet stars Mikhail Baryshnikov and Gelsey Kirkland. We were greeted on our arrival, promptly at four, by Martin Segal, chairman of the city's Commission for Cultural Affairs. "When Robert Saudek, the president of this museum, and I were sending out the invitations," Mr. Segal said, "we were afraid that nobody would come just to see us, so we let it be known that Baryshnikov and Kirkland would be on hand." The dancers were indeed obligingly present, and among the dignitaries we spotted sipping and nibbling were Charles Ryskamp, of the Morgan Library; Frank Taplin, of the Metropolitan Opera; Carlos Moseley, of the New York Philharmonic; John Mazzola, of Lincoln Center; Beth Straus, of the Museum of Modern Art; Charles McWhorter, of the American Ballet Theatre; and the architect Gordon Bunshaft, who belongs to practically everything. "Television has become the cradle of all the arts, and we thought we ought to introduce some of our cultural leaders to that cradle," Mr. Segal told us. "When you're involved with a museum or an orchestra or an opera company, or whatever, you tend to get so bothered with your own problems that now and then you need to be given a lift by visiting some other place."

At four-thirty, Mr. Saudek rang a bell and directed all hands to a viewing room, where, he said sternly, there would be no smoking. Mr. Baryshnikov put away a cigarette he was on the point of lighting. The guests were presently seated around eight consoles and being treated to eleven snippets from the museum's collection of twelve hundred radio and television programs. (It has nine hours' worth of Apollo XI, Mr. Saudek told us introductorily, and seventeen hours of the Great Depression, to say nothing of eighty-eight hours of the Second World War. "The dilemma is what to save," he said.) We heard the voice of President Roosevelt at the opening of the Modern's present home, in 1939; we saw, ten years after that, Richard Tucker delivering a snatch from "Aida," with Toscanini conducting; we watched Picasso shape a blob of clay into a dove, David Oistrakh play his violin, and Horowitz play his piano. The two longest tidbits served up were duets: Isaac Stern and Jack Benny performing a double violin concerto in Carnegie Hall, and, as the climax of our brief show, Baryshnikov and Kirkland themselves, in excerpts from Delibes's "Coppélia." Baryshnikov looked at his partner and himself with a half smile; Miss Kirkland put a hand over her mouth. After the adagio of the pas de deux, both audiences—the original television one and our live one—burst into applause. "We've seen enough!" muttered Baryshnikov at our side. "Enough! Enough!" The console ignored him and brought him back on in a leaping, spinning solo. Then came a graceful Kirkland solo. Baryshnikov—*our* Baryshnikov—patted Miss Kirkland on the cheek. She blindfolded herself with a shawl. Then came the coda of the pas de deux, eliciting a loud "Bravo!" from someone in the back of the room.

When the lights went up, Mr. Saudek said that the re-created performance must have been something of an ordeal for the couple to sit through.

"You can say that again," Baryshnikov said to Miss Kirkland.

A moment later, we asked her how she felt about observing, or not observing, herself in action. She groaned. "Please! *Please!*" she said. "I liked the other programs. I especially liked Jack Benny."



"So you've read my books and you've brought wine. Good."

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Yabba-Yabba, Doodle-Doodle

AS soon as Antoinette and Clem Blafford get around to building a prototype of their new invention, an automatic dog washer, they will be in a position to establish their reputations as the Bell and Watson of canine hygiene. At the moment, the Blaffords, who live in Bensonhurst, along with their dog, Max, have just made the leap from the drawing board to the United States Patent and Trademark Office. Patent No. 4,056,078, which was issued a couple of weeks ago, recognizes the Blaffords as the developers of Doggie Washer, a device that the inventors frankly believe is inferior only to the self-cleaning dog. We have no quibble with the Blaffords' basic concept, but it has occurred to us that before they set out to market thousands of the Doggie Washers they might want to consider changing the name. A doggie, as we envision it, is a little animal that sits in the kitchen sink and behaves during a bath. A creature worthy of machine-cleaning runs closer to the proportions of Max, a full-grown red Doberman pinscher, who in greeting us at the door of the Blaffords' home the other day rested his forepaws upon our shoulders and rendered a totally convincing portrayal of a difficult-to-wash dog. We soon learned, however, that Max had not inspired the Doggie Washer. That honor belongs to the late Duke Blafford, a German shepherd who was in the family for eleven years before he died, last winter.

"Oh, washing Duke, don't even ask," said Mrs. Blafford, a small, fair-

"Of course you have strengths, dear. It's just that you don't communicate them."

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haired woman in her forties, who first told Max to calm himself and then invited us to sit down at the kitchen table along with her husband and their fourteen-month-old grandson, Michael. "Giving Duke a bath was a big ritual. He weighed a hundred pounds, and first you had to get him to go down to the basement and into an old-fashioned four-legged bathtub. Then came the soap-and-water part—maybe a half hour of scrubbing and rinsing, plus all the towels it took to dry him. Don't ask."

"Not to mention the floor getting completely wet," said Mr. Blafford, lighting a cigarette.

"Not to mention the floor," she agreed. "And not to mention that when he got out of the tub and shook himself he gave the person washing him a shower. Then, if it was summertime, he had to stand outside in the sun to dry. During the winter, we used a hair dryer. It took about two hours in all, which gave me time to think, and one day about three years ago I thought, Dogs are wonderful to hug and kiss, but they often discourage you by seeming to need a bath—right? So I thought of a dog-washing machine. Then I took my idea to an engineering firm. They did the drawings for the machine."

"It's really my wife's invention," Mr. Blafford said with a mixture of pride and sheepishness. "When I first heard the idea, I thought it was ridiculous. But I used to help her wash Duke, so when we applied for the patent she named me as co-inventor."

"He helps me to wash Max now," said Mrs. Blafford. "And Max is as much trouble as Duke was."

"It took us five months to replace Duke," said Mr. Blafford, exhaling smoke in Max's direction. "I finally went to see Mr. Lucky, the A No. 1 dog trainer in all of Brooklyn. His first name is Lester, but he goes by Mr. Lucky. You could say that Max is attack-trained."

"But he has a very good disposition," Mrs. Blafford quickly pointed out. "He's wonderful with the baby."

The baby, Michael, had finished eating a bowl of pasta and was now walking around the kitchen, subtly avoiding Max. Mrs. Blafford watched Michael for a moment and then picked up an envelope that had been lying on the table, and removed a copy of her patent application, which included a technical description of the Doggie Washer and a schematic drawing done by the engineering firm. The machine resembles a squat, front-loading automatic clothes washer. However, it actually loads from the rear, and instead of a glass window in front there is an opening for the dog to stick his head through while the rest of him is being bathed. "It's got pipes in the walls and overhead—see?" she said. "And the water comes out like a shower spray and gets him wet, then the detergent sprays hit him, then a rinse cycle, and then there are pipes that blow hot air to dry him."

"You forgot to mention the soap," said her husband.

"The detergent," she said. "The soap is the detergent."

"About the dryer," said Mr. Blafford. "Right now, we see it as being in the same compartment as the washer, but there might be a separate dryer for people who wish it. Either way, when you get him out, he's clean and dry." Mr. Blafford paused a second, then continued, "I can see these things all over Brooklyn—all over the world, even. I envision this as an international invention, because there are dog lovers everywhere. We need a few Arabs to buy these things. How about twenty coin-operated dog-washing machines in a row in a store? You get your change from a change machine, put your dog in the Doggie Washer, do your yabba-yabba, doodle-doodle—you know, whatever you do while you're waiting in a laundromat—and then go home with a clean dog."

By this time, we felt that we were beginning to understand automatic dog washers pretty well, and our only remaining question concerned the Blaffords' listing in the Brooklyn telephone directory, in which their name is misspelled. "Oh, yes," said Mrs. Blafford. "We purposely had them spell it B-l-a-f-f-a-r-d, instead of B-l-a-f-f-o-r-d, to discourage unwanted calls. We could have had an unlisted number, but you know they charge for those. I didn't want to pay the extra fee. But this way my friends can look it up and they know they've got the right Blafford."

Clem Blafford was smiling now. "My wife is an extremely unusual person," he said. "She thinks of everything."

THE CONDEMNED

BRISSEAU was asleep in the moonlight. Lying on his back in bed, with his fat stomach jutting into the air and his mouth forming an inane smile, he appeared to be some kind of inanimate object, like a large football or two tickets to the opera. A moment later, when he rolled over and the moonlight seemed to strike him from a different angle, he looked exactly like a twenty-seven-piece starter set of silverware, complete with salad bowl and soup tureen.

He's dreaming, Cloquet thought, as he stood over him, revolver in hand. *He's* dreaming, and I exist in reality. Cloquet hated reality but realized it was still the only place to get a good steak. He had never taken a human life before. True, he had once shot a mad dog, but only after it had been certified as mad by a team of psychiatrists. (The dog was diagnosed as manic-depressive after it had tried to bite off Cloquet's nose and then could not stop laughing.)

In his dream, Brisseau was on a sunlit beach and running joyously toward his mother's outstretched arms, but just as he began to embrace the weeping gray-haired woman, she turned into two scoops of vanilla ice cream. Brisseau moaned and Cloquet lowered the revolver. He had entered through the window and stood poised over Brisseau for more than two hours, unable to pull the trigger. Once, he had even cocked the hammer and placed the muzzle of the gun right in Brisseau's left ear. Then there was a sound at the door, and Cloquet leaped behind the bureau, leaving the pistol sticking out of Brisseau's ear.

Madame Brisseau, who was wearing a flowered bathrobe, entered the room, turned on a small lamp, and noticed the weapon protruding straight up out of the side of her husband's head. Almost maternally, she sighed and removed it, placing it beside the pillow. She tucked in a loose corner of the quilt, snapped off the lamp, and left.

Cloquet, who had fainted, awoke an hour later. For one panicky moment, he imagined he was a child again, back on the Riviera, but after fifteen minutes went by and he saw no tourists it came to him that he was still behind Brisseau's chest of drawers. He returned to the bed, seized the pistol, and again pointed it at Brisseau's head, but he was still unable to squeeze off the shot that would end the life of the infamous Fascist informer.

STILL FOR CARTER

Gaston Brisseau came from a wealthy, right-wing family, and decided early in life to become a professional informer. As a young man, he took speech lessons so that he could inform more clearly. Once, he had confessed to Cloquet, "God, I enjoy tattling on people."

"But why?" Cloquet said.

"I don't know. Getting them in Dutch, squealing."

Brisseau ratted on his friends for the pure sake of it, Cloquet thought. Unredeemable evil! Cloquet had once known an Algerian who loved smacking people on the back of the head and then smiling and denying it. It seemed the world was divided into good and bad people. The good ones slept better, Cloquet thought, while the bad ones seemed to enjoy the waking hours much more.

Cloquet and Brisseau had met years before, under dramatic circumstances. Brisseau had gotten drunk at the Deux Magots one night and staggered toward the river. Thinking he was already home in his apartment, he removed his clothes, but instead of getting into bed he got into the Seine. When he tried to pull the blankets over himself and got a handful of water, he began screaming. Cloquet, who at that moment happened to be chasing his toupee across the Pont-Neuf, heard a cry from the icy water. The night was windy and dark, and Cloquet had a split second to decide if he would risk his life to save a stranger. Unwilling to make such a momentous decision on an empty stomach, he went to a restaurant and dined. Then, stricken with remorse, he purchased some fishing tackle and returned to fish Brisseau out of the river. At first he tried a dry fly, but Brisseau was too clever to bite, and in the end Cloquet was forced to coax Brisseau to shore with an offer of free dance lessons and then land him with a net. While Brisseau was being measured and weighed, the two became friends.

Now Cloquet stepped closer to Brisseau's sleeping hulk and again cocked the pistol. A feeling of nausea swept over him as he contemplated the implications of his action. This was an existential nausea, caused by his intense awareness of the contingency of life, and could not be relieved with an ordinary Alka-Seltzer. What was required was an Existential Alka-Seltzer—a product sold in many Left Bank drugstores. It was an enormous pill, the size of an automobile hubcap, that, dissolved in water, took away the queasy feeling induced by too much awareness of life. Cloquet had also found it helpful after eating Mexican food.

If I choose to kill Brisseau, Cloquet thought now, I am defining myself as a murderer. I will become Cloquet who kills, rather than simply what I am: Cloquet who teaches Psychology of Fowl at the Sorbonne. By choosing my action, I choose it for all mankind. But what if everyone in the world behaved like me and came here and shot Brisseau through the ear? What a mess! Not to mention the commotion from the doorbell ringing all night. And of course we'd need valet parking. Ah, God, how the mind boggles when it turns to moral or ethical considerations! Better not to think too much. Rely more on the body—the body is more dependable. It shows up for meetings, it looks good in a sports jacket, and where it really comes in handy is when you want to get a rubdown.

Cloquet felt a sudden need to reaffirm his own existence, and looked into the mirror over Brisseau's bureau. (He could never pass a mirror without sneaking a peek, and once at a health club he had stared at his reflection in a swimming pool for so long that the management was forced to drain it.) It was no use. He couldn't shoot a man. He dropped the pistol and fled.

Out on the street, he decided to go to La Coupole for a brandy. He liked La Coupole because it was always bright and crowded, and he could usually get a table—quite a difference from his own apartment, where it was dark and gloomy and where his mother, who lived there, too, always refused to seat him. But tonight La Coupole was filled. Who are all these faces, Cloquet wondered. They seem to blur into an abstraction: "The People." But there are no people, he thought—only individuals. Cloquet felt this was a brilliant perception, one that he could use impressively at some chic dinner party. Because of observations such as this, he had not been invited to a social gathering of any sort since 1931.

He decided to go to Juliet's house.

"Did you kill him?" she asked as he entered her flat.

"Yes," Cloquet said.

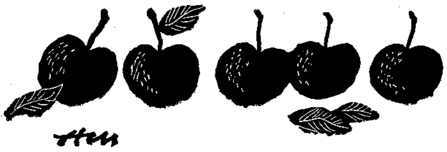
"Are you sure he is dead?"

"He seemed dead. I did my imitation of Maurice Chevalier, and it usually gets a big hand. This time, nothing."

"Good. Then he'll never betray the Party again."

Juliet was a Marxist, Cloquet reminded himself. And the most interesting type of Marxist—the kind with long, tanned legs. She was one of the few women he knew who could hold two disparate concepts in her mind at once, such as Hegel's dialectic and why if you stick your tongue in a man's ear while he is making a speech he will start to sound like Jerry Lewis. She stood before him now in a tight skirt and blouse, and he wanted to possess her—to own her the way he owned any other object, such as his radio or the rubber pig mask he had worn to harass the Nazis during the Occupation.

Suddenly he and Juliet were making love—or was it merely sex? He knew there was a difference between sex and love, but felt that either act was wonderful unless one of the partners happened to be wearing a lobster bib. Women, he reflected, were a soft, enveloping presence. Existence was a soft, enveloping presence, too. Sometimes it enveloped you totally. Then you could never get out again except for something really important, like your mother's birthday or jury duty. Cloquet often thought there was a great difference between Being and Being-in-the-World, and figured that no matter which group he belonged to the other was definitely having more fun.



He slept well after the lovemaking, as usual, but the next morning, to his great surprise, he was arrested for

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NIGHT PIECE

(After Dickens)

A fine bright moon and thousands of stars!
It is a still night, a very still night,
and the stillness is everywhere.

Not only is it a still night
on deserted roads and hilltops
where the dim, quilted countryside seems to doze
as it fans out into clumps of trees dark and unbending
against the sky, with the gray dust of moonlight upon them,

not only is it a still night
in back yards overgrown with weeds, and in woods,
and by tracks where the rat sleeps under the garnet-crusted rock,
and in the abandoned railroad station that reeks of mildew and urine,
and on the river, where the oil slick rides the current
sparkling among islands and scattered weirs,

not only is it a still night
wherever the river winds through marshes and mud flats fouled
by bottles, tires, and rusty cans, and where it narrows
through the sloping acres of higher ground covered with plots
cleared and graded for building,

not only is it a still night
wherever the river flows, where houses cluster in small towns,
but farther down where more and more bridges are reflected in it,
where wharves, cranes, warehouses make it black and awful,
where it turns from those creaking shapes and mingles with the sea,

and not only is it a still night
at sea and on the pale glass of the beach,
where the watcher stands upright in the mystery and motion of his life
and sees the silent ships move in from nowhere he has ever been,
crossing the path of light that he believes runs only to him,

but even in this stranger's wilderness of a city
it is a still night. Steeples and skyscrapers grow
more ethereal, rooftops crowded with towers and ducts
lose their ugliness under the shining of the urban moon,
street noises are fewer and are softened, and footsteps
on the sidewalks pass more quietly away.

In this place where the sound of traffic never ceases
and people move like a ghostly traffic from home to work and home,
and the poor in their tenements speak to their gods
and the rich do not hear them, every sound is merged,
this moonlit night, into a distant humming, as if
the city, finally, were singing itself to sleep.

—Mark Strand

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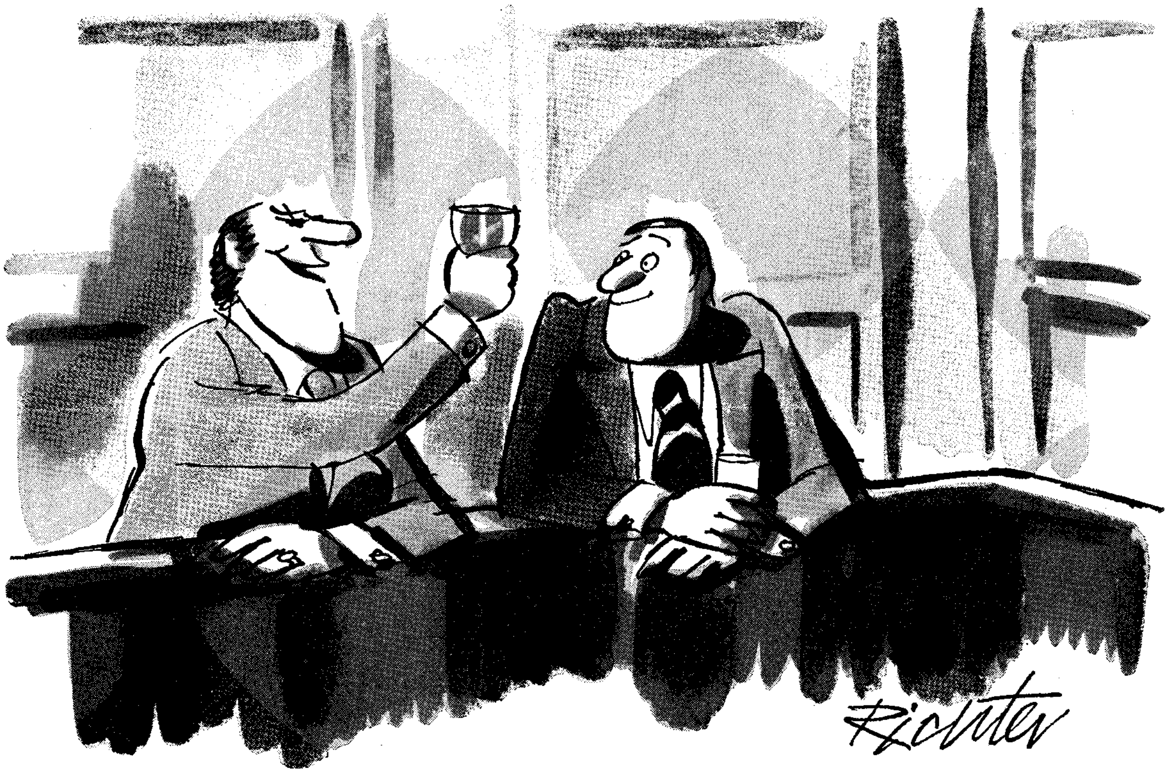

"*To recombinant DNA!*"

the murder of Gaston Brisseau.

At police headquarters, Cloquet protested his innocence, but he was informed that his fingerprints had been found all over Brisseau's room and on the recovered pistol. When he broke into Brisseau's house, Cloquet had also made the mistake of signing the guestbook. It was hopeless. The case was open-and-shut.

The trial, which took place over the following weeks, was like a circus, although there was some difficulty getting the elephants into the courtroom. At last, the jury found Cloquet guilty, and he was sentenced to the guillotine. An appeal for clemency was turned down on a technicality when it was learned Cloquet's lawyer had filed it while wearing a cardboard mustache.

Six weeks later, on the eve of his execution, Cloquet sat alone in his cell, still unable to believe the events of the past months—particularly the part about the elephants in the courtroom. By this time the next day, he would be dead. Cloquet had always thought of death as something that happened to other people. "I notice it happens to fat people a lot," he told his lawyer. To Cloquet himself, death seemed to be only another abstraction. Men die, he thought, but does Cloquet die? This question puzzled him, but a few simple line drawings on a pad done by one of the guards set the whole thing clear. There was no evading it. Soon he would no longer exist.

I will be gone, he thought wistfully, but Madame Plotnick, whose face looks like something on the menu in a seafood restaurant, will still be around. Cloquet began to panic. He wanted to run and hide, or, even better, to become something solid and durable—a heavy chair, for instance. A chair has no problems, he thought. It's there; nobody bothers it. It doesn't have to pay rent or get involved politically. A chair can never stub its toe or misplace its earmuffs. It doesn't have to smile or get a haircut, and you never have to worry that if you take it to a party it will suddenly start coughing or make a scene. People just sit in a chair, and then when those people die other people sit in it. Cloquet's logic comforted him, and when the jailers came at dawn to shave his neck, he pretended to be a chair. When they asked him what he wanted for his last meal, he said, "You're asking furniture what it wants to eat? Why not just upholster me?" When they stared at him, he weakened and said, "Just some Russian dressing."

Cloquet had always been an atheist, but when the priest, Father Bernard, arrived, he asked if there was still time for him to convert.

Father Bernard shook his head. "This time of year, I think most of your major faiths are filled," he said. "Probably the best I could do on such short notice is maybe make a call and get you into something Hindu. I'll need a passport-sized photograph, though."

No use, Cloquet reflected. I will have to meet my fate alone. There is no God. There is no purpose to life. Nothing lasts. Even the works of the great Shakespeare will disappear when the universe burns out—not such a terrible thought, of course, when it comes to a play like "Titus Andronicus," but what about the others? No wonder some people commit suicide! Why not end this absurdity? Why go through with this hollow charade called life? Why, except that somewhere within us a voice says, "Live." Always, from some inner region, we hear the command, "Keep living!" Cloquet recognized the voice; it was his insurance salesman. Naturally, he thought—Fishbein doesn't want to pay off.

Cloquet longed to be free—to be out of jail, skipping through an open meadow. (Cloquet always skipped when he was happy. Indeed, the habit had kept him out of the Army.) The thought of freedom made him feel simultaneously exhilarated and terrified. If I were truly free, he thought, I could exercise my possibilities to the fullest. Perhaps I could become a ventriloquist, as I have always wanted. Or show up at the Louvre in bikini underwear, with a fake nose and glasses.

He grew dizzy as he contemplated his choices and was about to faint, when a jailer opened his cell door and told him that the real murderer of Brisseau had just confessed. Cloquet was free to go. Cloquet sank to his knees and kissed the floor of his cell. He sang the "Marseillaise." He wept! He danced! Three days later, he was back in jail for showing up at the Louvre in bikini underwear, with a fake nose and glasses.

—Woody Allen

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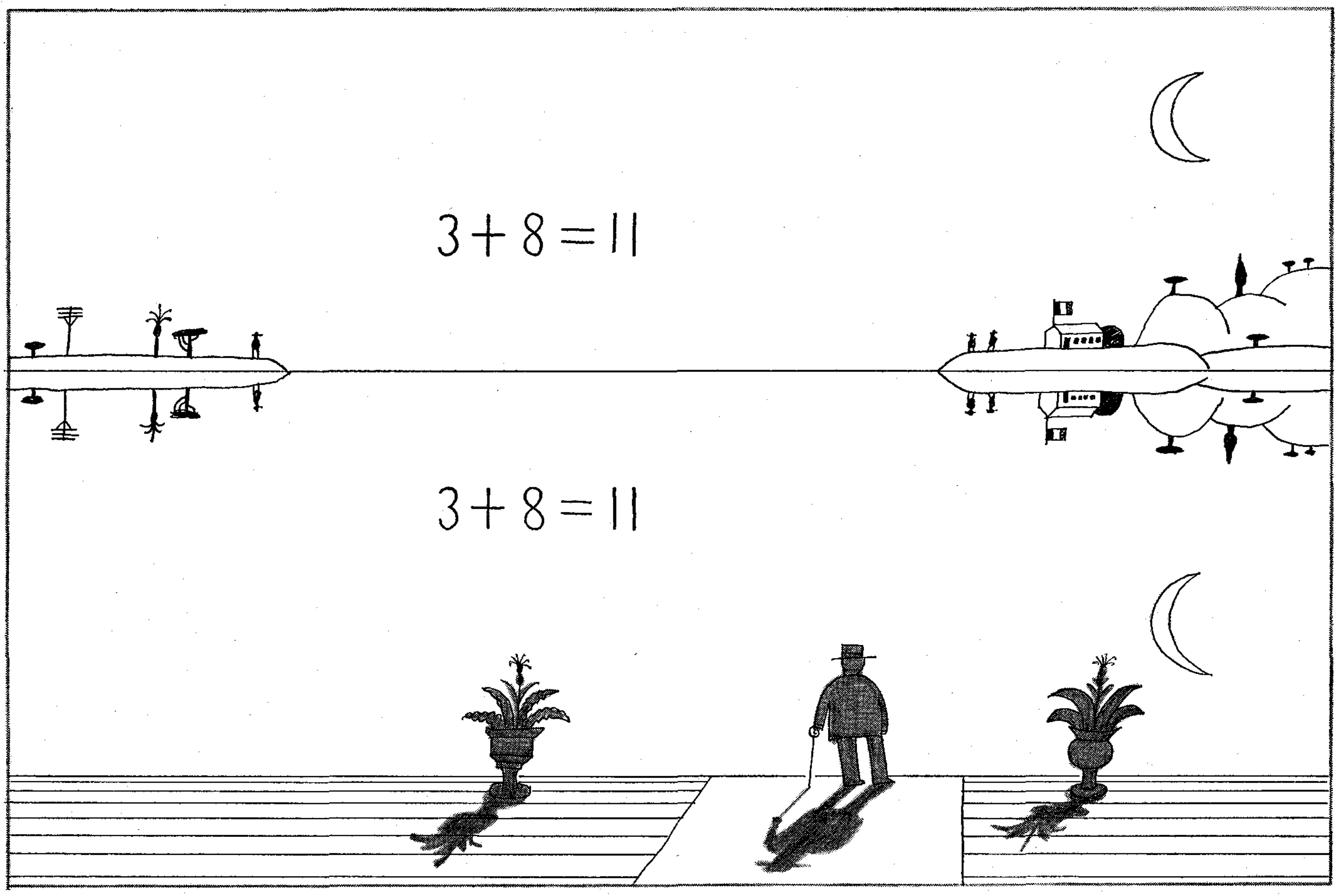
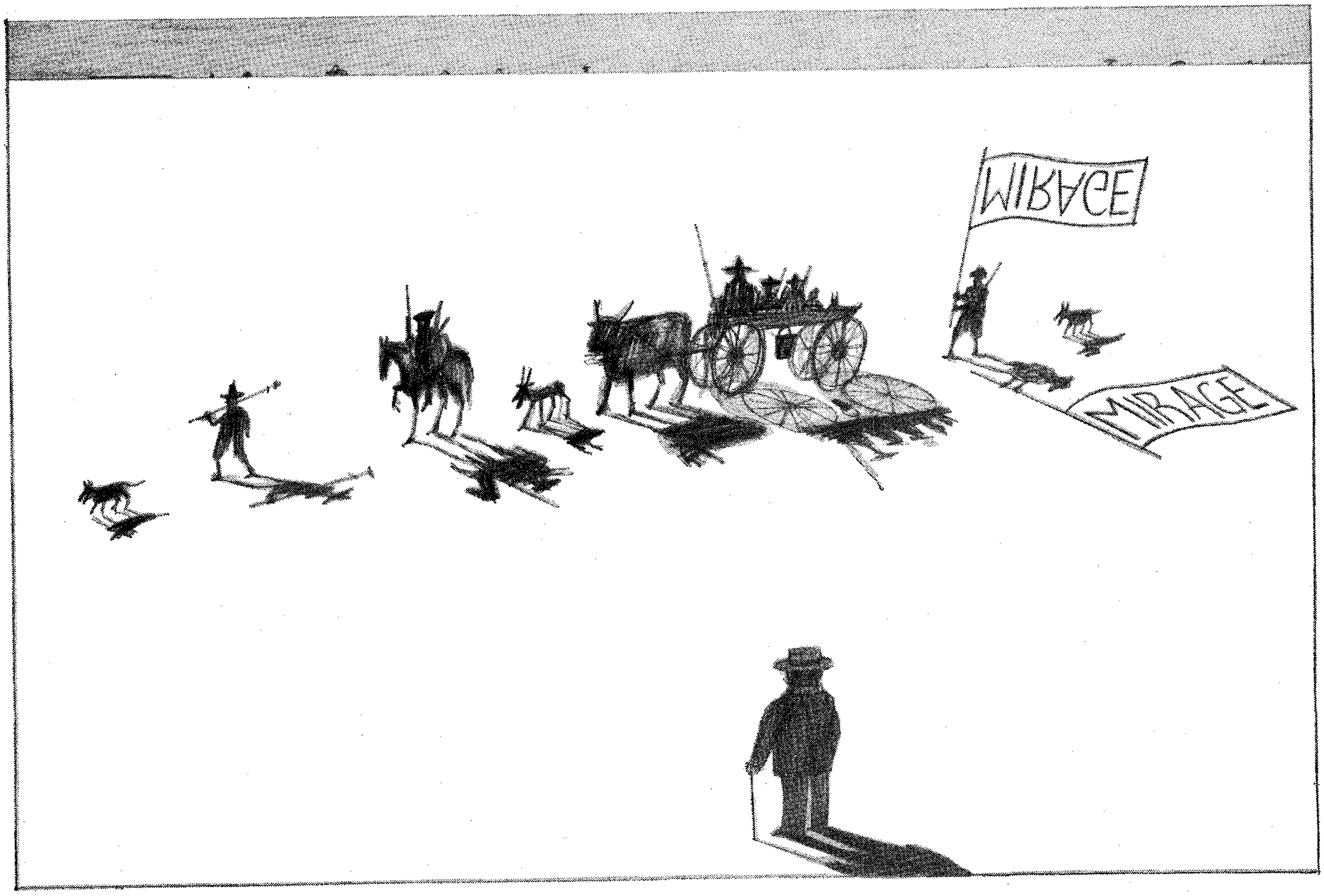
SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Kent School Alumni News*]

Sidney Goldsmith had lunch with John Elliott recently.

SHADOWS AND REFLECTED IMAGES

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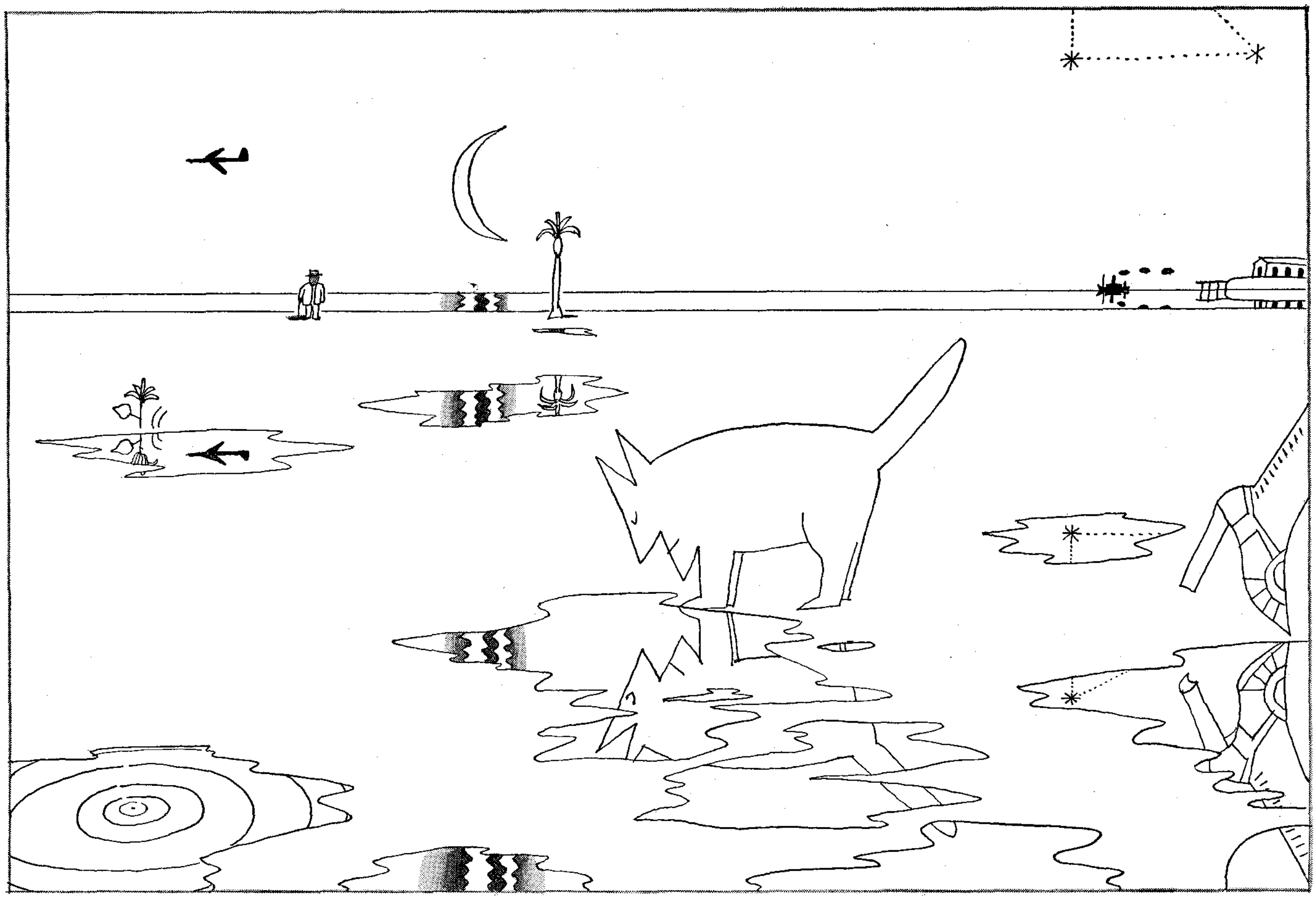
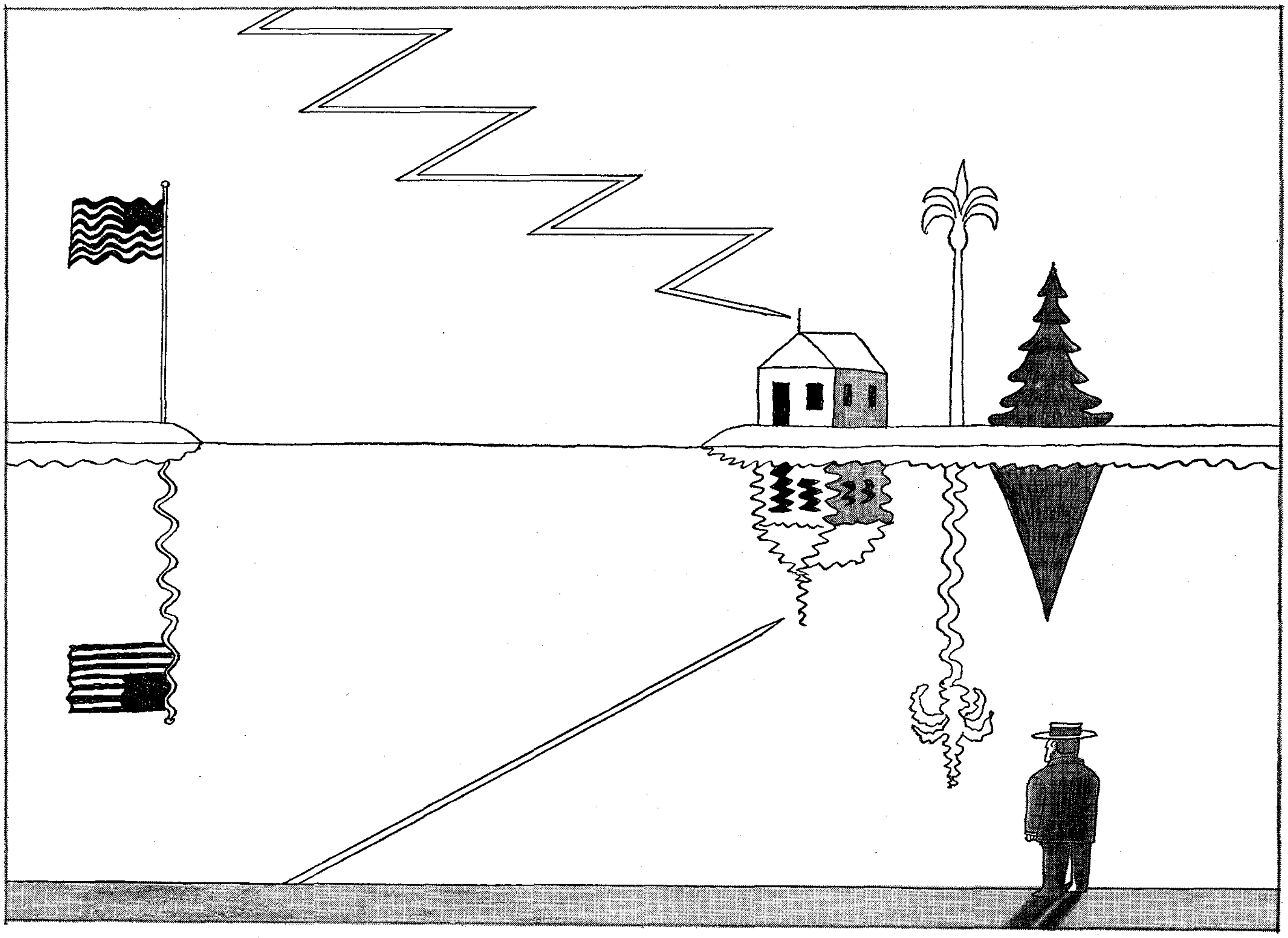
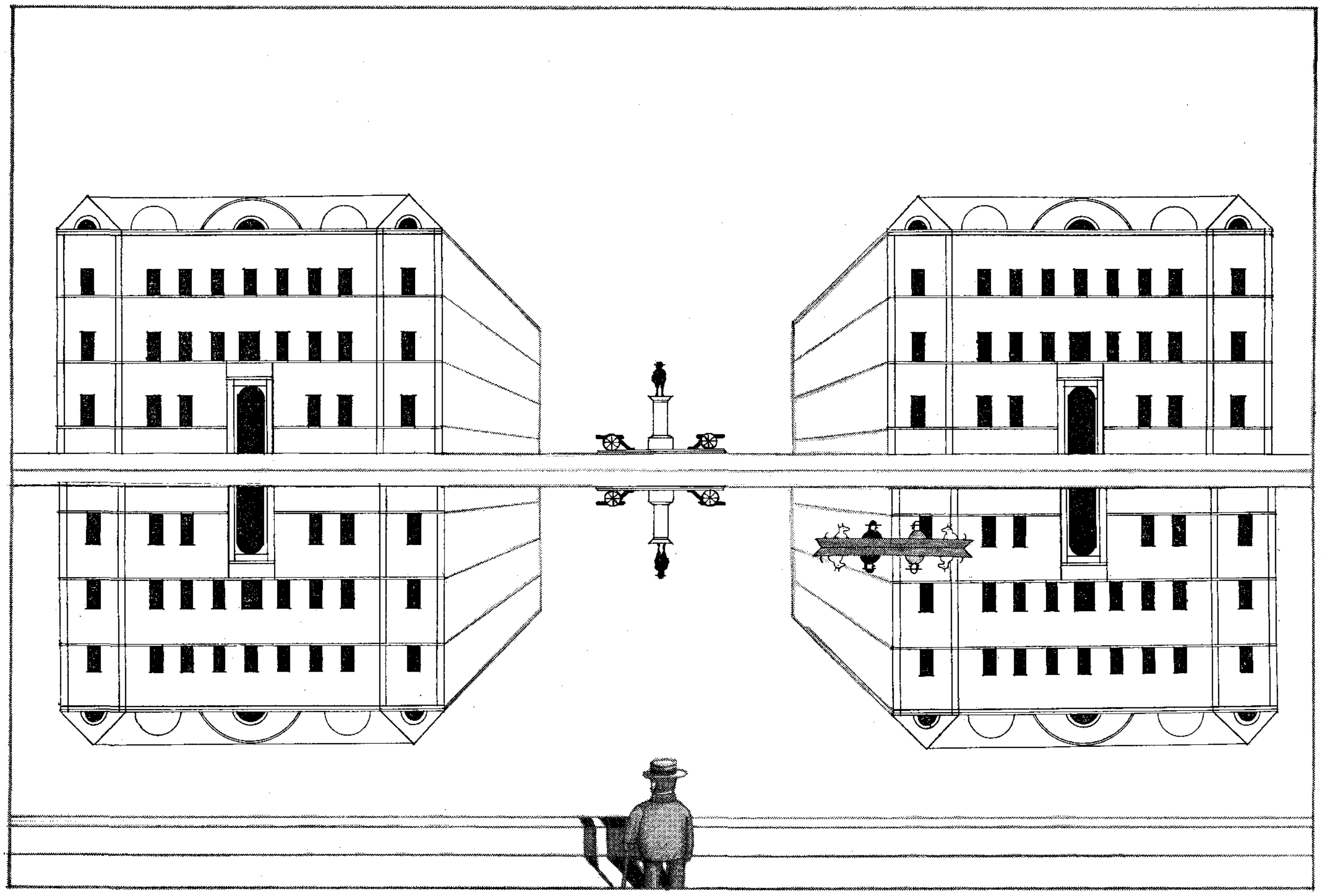
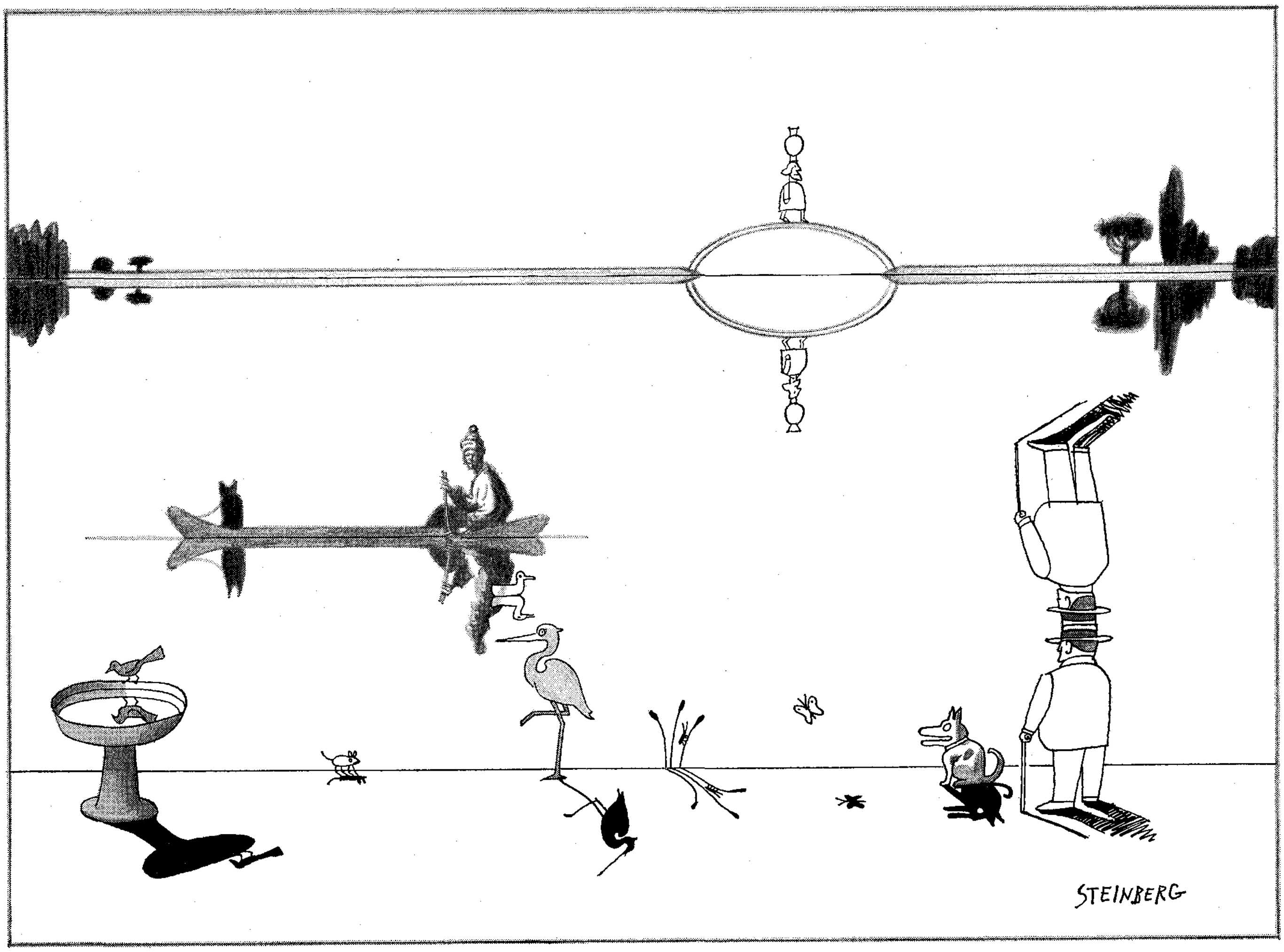







STEINBERG

KITE AND PAINT

OCEAN CITY. It was the last day of August, and everybody was waiting for Hurricane Carla. Don was outside the house he shared with Charlie Nunn, poking at the roses with an umbrella. The cuffs of Don's pants were soaked with dew. His morning coughs were deep, and with each round of coughs he straightened up and clutched his cardigan at his throat.

Charlie Nunn was watching Don from an old glider on the porch. He had taken apart the morning paper, and had the sports section open on his khakis. Both men were in their sixties.

"You don't sound good," Charlie said.

"I know it," Don said. He paused in the roses and whacked at a spoke of weed with his umbrella.

A green car pulled up at the curb in front of the house. Charlie nodded at a face in the window of the car. The car door opened, and Don's former wife, Holly, got out. She was all dressed up—a pale-green crocheted dress, nylons, and alligator shoes. She came up the path of flat stones that led to the house, with one hand on her red straw hat.

"Come in, come in, Holly," Charlie said. He folded his newspaper and tucked it under his thigh. "Do sit down," he said.

"Thank you, no," Holly said. "I'm just here to check on my piano." She stepped onto the porch, and her hand dropped from her hat to one hip. She smiled at Charlie.

"I could kick myself for not moving it out of here long ago," she said. "Don can't play it. Unless he learned to play."

"No, he didn't," Charlie said. "But the piano's safe. I got it on top of the meat freezer, believe it or not. I built a frame for it so it won't warp if we get flooded, and it's shrouded in polyethylene."

"On a meat freezer?" Holly said. "My goodness. It's really nice of you, Charlie. Or did you even know the piano belonged to me?"

"I guess I did," Charlie said. "I used to keep track of what was whose. Last evening, I just decided everything had to be protected."

"Well, what are you going to do?" Holly said. "Are you two going anywhere for the hurricane?"

"Not that I know of," Charlie said. "I guess almost everyone else already left."

"Yes, a lot of them are staying over at the grade school," Holly said. "It's high ground." She turned and looked toward Don. "I wonder if he should be out there," she said. "What's he doing?"

"Picking mint, it looks like," Charlie Nunn said. "What can I do?"

"Nothing at all," Holly said. She tapped one of her shoes against the other.

"Let's go look at the piano," Charlie said. He got off the glider and led Holly by the wrist through the front door.

They went through the parlor and the kitchen to a small storage room at the back of the house. Charlie gestured at the piano, an upright, which was lying on one side on top of a low freezer. Inside its slatted frame, it was swathed in plastic wrappings.

"It looks like a coffin," Holly said. "It should be fine. It looks great. How in the world—"

"I got in some beach kids, and they gave me a hand with it," Charlie said.

"What are those?" Holly said, pointing to some flat shapes stacked in one corner.

"Sized canvases," he said. "I don't know why I'm keeping them safe. Don won't use them. He hasn't worked since he had the flu."

"He hasn't?" Holly said.

"No."

"Well," she said, "you know the only time he painted with me was when we were first married—oh, twenty years ago. Back when he was friends with some of the big names."

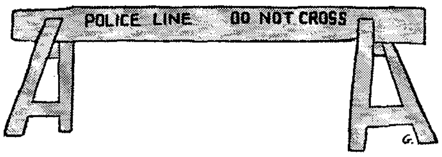
Charlie followed her back into the parlor.

"Oh, God, look at that," Holly said. "He left the caps off his oils. They're all clotted." She went over to Don's drawing table, in one corner of the room, and stared at the metal trays that held his paint tubes.

"I would at least like to see the canvases stay dry," Charlie said, half sitting on an arm of the couch. "They were work."

"They predict fourteen-foot waves," Holly said.

"I heard that," he said. "If we flood out, I swear I'm taking the canvases first. I had to cut the stretchers with a mitre box. They're black oak. The sizing's made with white lead from Germany and glue from Japan."



He got off the couch and went over to a closet. "Let me show you something. This makes me furious," he said over his shoulder. He knelt and eased a square of illustration board from between some storage envelopes on the closet floor.

Charlie showed Holly the illustration board. It had childish doodles of a warplane dropping a row of finned bombs, and beneath the bombs there was a pencil sketch of a pelican.

"Do you see this part?" Charlie said, circling the pelican with the tip of his index finger. "Feather-perfect," he said. "It could buy us food."

"How bad is the financial situation with you two?" Holly said.

Charlie said, "I have a pension from teaching."

"You taught? I never knew that," Holly said.

"Sure. I taught shop at the junior high for twenty-three years."

"This junior high? Then you're from here."

"Oh, yeah," Charlie said. "My dad was with the shore patrol. My mother's still alive. She lives on Decker Street. I'm told somebody already drove her to Philadelphia for the blow. One of my nieces, I think."

Don came into the parlor, carrying a handful of mint. "Aren't you scared?" he said to Holly.

"No, I'm not scared," she said. "Just exhausted is all."

"I think I'll take some of my kites down to the beach," Don said. "It's getting sort of windy already." He dropped the mint on the seat of an armchair.

"In fourteen-foot waves?" Holly said. "How smart would that be?"

Don pointed the end of his umbrella at Holly's hat. "What a thing on your head," he said.

Holly's face reddened. She said, "I'm on my way to Philadelphia, Don. I'll be at Mary Paul's." She turned to Charlie. "Maybe I'll see your mother," she said.

"Maybe you will," Charlie said, rocking forward on the soles of his shoes.

"Goodbye, Charlie," Holly said, heading for the door.

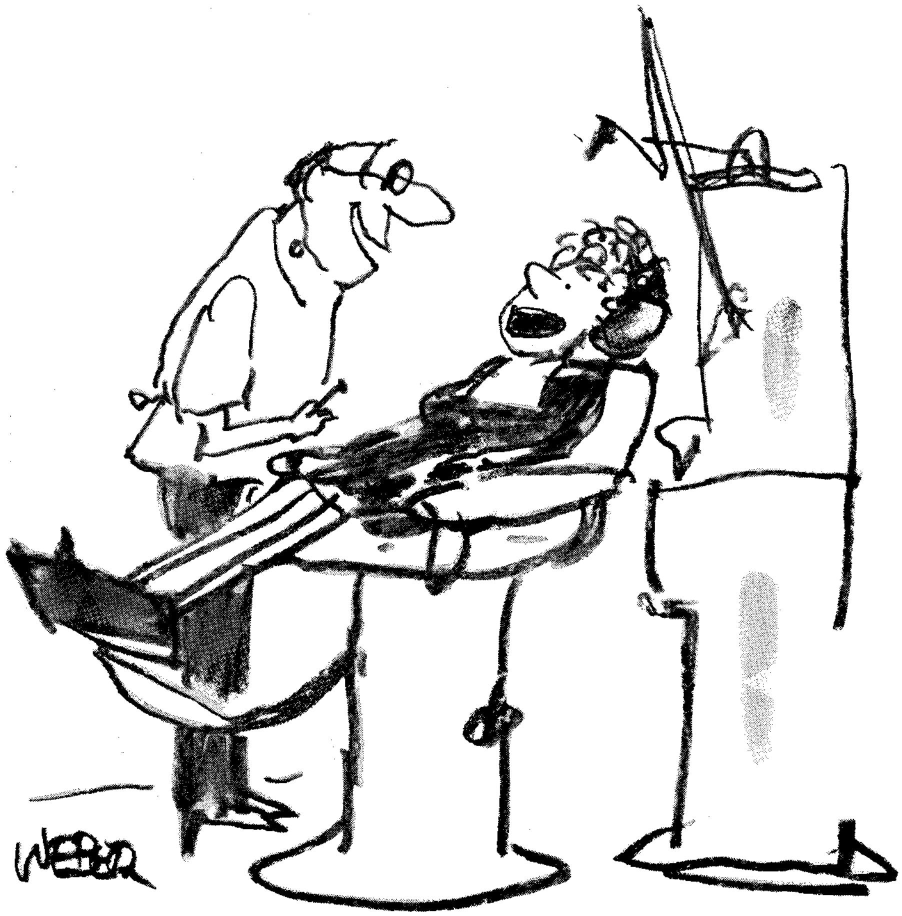
"Goodbye, Don," said Don.

"Yes, goodbye, Don," Holly said.

"I DON'T feel good," Charlie said, in the next hour. He and Don were in the parlor.

"Go outside and take some breaths," Don said.

Charlie frowned at the couch, which was heaped with cardboard boxes he



"We have the same teeth."

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had just brought up from the basement. He got down and lay on his back on the parlor rug. He put his left fingers on his right wrist, and cocked his arm to read his pulse against his watch.

Don had switched his pants and sweater for a bathrobe and sandals. He was sitting in an armchair and drinking from a bottle of gin. On his lap was a small wheel of cheese.

"The air is so bad in here it's making me cry," he said.

Charlie had a lighted cigarette in his mouth and was smoking it while he took his pulse. Some ashes had fallen on his unshaven chin.

Don snapped the switch on an electric fan that stood on a table beside his chair. The fan wagged slowly to and fro, cutting the smoke haze over Charlie's body.

"Chess?" Don said. "A quick game while we wait?"

Charlie stubbed out the cigarette in an ashtray he had balanced on his stomach. He glared at his watch. "No, I don't want to play chess," he said. "I just want to feel better."

"You would if you ate. Only you'd better get to it, because what you see here is about all there is, and it's nearly gone," Don said. He snapped off the fan.

"You're eating that cheese with the rind still on," Charlie said.

There was a gust of wind outside, and the parlor curtains billowed against the windowsills. "You should see it out there," Don said. "From here, it looks like the sky is beige."

Charlie rubbed his stomach.

"I'll let you see what I did last night," Don said. He got up and stepped over Charlie on the way to the closet. He brought out a shopping bag and put it on the rug by Charlie's head.

"Looky here," Don said. He pulled a half-dozen kites from the bag. The kites were made of rice paper, balsa-wood strips, and twine, and were decorated with poster paints in bright primary colors.

"They look like flags," Charlie said.

"I made drawings of each one in a notebook, beforehand," Don said. "I gave them titles. These are called 'Comet' and 'Whale.' " He showed Charlie a blue kite and a yellow one with an orange diagonal stripe.

"Yeah. What else?" Charlie said.

"This is 'Boastful,' " Don said, handing Charlie a kite. "Stay still a minute." He crossed the room, with a kite in each hand.

"I'm not going anywhere," Charlie said.

Don propped the kites against the boxes on the sofa, where the light from one of the parlor windows fell on them. "These are the next to the best," he said, standing back. " 'My Beauty' and 'Moon.' "

"Right, right," Charlie said. "Let's see the best."

"This one—'Reddish Egret,' " Don said. "It's my favorite." He held the last kite flat above Charlie's face. "See?" he said, touching a stencilled figure in the center of the kite. "It's a bird."

"Why don't you send them to Zack, in the city?" Charlie said as Don took the last kite away. "He could get you some gallery space or something, I bet."

"I fired Zack," Don said. "It'd be fun to waste them in the blow."

"Not a chance," Charlie said.

"Why can't we?"

"I'm not getting off this floor," Charlie said, "unless it's to get in hot bathwater, and I mean up to my chin."

Don collected his kites and dropped them one by one into the shopping bag. He threw himself into the armchair and turned on the fan again.

"Holly was shocked at the mess your oils are in," Charlie said after a while.

"Oh, don't even tell me," Don said. "Holly! Her very presence is dispiriting to me."

"I don't know why you say that," Charlie said. "All she hopes for is to see you do an occasional day's work."

"I never liked to paint," Don said.

Charlie turned on his side on the floor and braced his head on his palm. "Would you turn off that fan? I can't hear myself," he said. "You liked painting when you had a model. Especially that one model."

The fan quit by itself, in mid-glance, and the noise from the refrigerator stopped.

"Uh-oh," Charlie said. "That means the hot water, too." He got off the rug and went to the window, and stood holding back the curtain. "It looks like a good one," he said. "How about flying your kites from the porch roof, if I rip up an old bedsheet? For the tails, I mean. You want to climb out there and try it?"

"I do," said Don.

—MARY ROBISON

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Ra·ma (rä′mə) [Sans. *Rāma*] any of three of the incarnations of the Hindu god Vishnu, esp. the seventh.—*Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language.*

There's nothing like a dictionary at one's side.

REFLECTIONS

THINKING—I

Numquam se plus agere quam nihil cum ageret, numquam minus solum esse quam cum solus esset.—Cato.

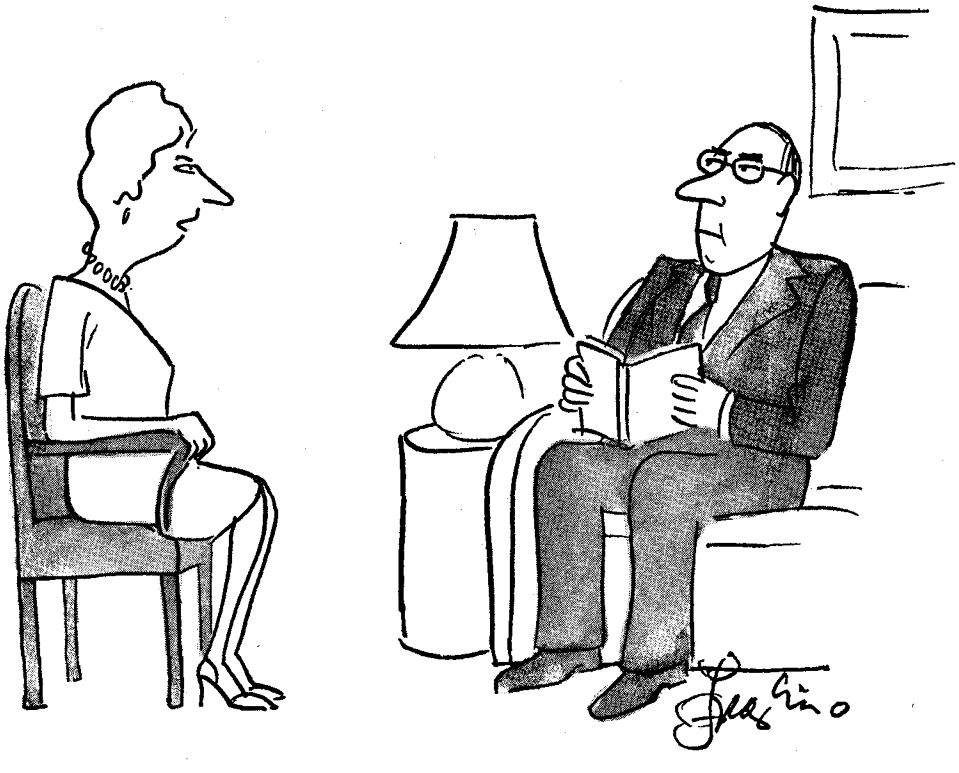
Every one of us is like a man who sees things in a dream and thinks that he knows them perfectly and then wakes up to find that he knows nothing.—*Plato.*

Thinking does not bring knowledge as do the sciences.
Thinking does not produce usable practical wisdom.
Thinking does not solve the riddles of the universe.
Thinking does not endow us directly with the power to act.—*Martin Heidegger.*

TO talk about Thinking seems to me so presumptuous that I feel I should start less with an apology than with a justification. No justification, of course, is needed for the topic itself. What disturbs me is that *I* try my hand at it, for I have neither claim nor ambition to be a "philosopher," or be numbered among what Kant called, not without irony, "*Denker von Gewerbe*" ("professional thinkers"). The question is, then, should I not have let this problem remain in the hands of the experts, and the answer will have to show what prompted me to venture from the relatively safe fields of political science and political theory into these awesome matters, instead of leaving well enough alone.

Factually, my preoccupation with mental activities has two rather different origins. The immediate impulse came from my attending the trial of Adolf Eichmann, in Jerusalem. In my report on it, I spoke of "the banality of evil." Behind that phrase I held no thesis or doctrine, although I was dimly aware that it went counter to our tradition of thought—literary, theological, or philosophical—about the phenomenon of evil. Evil, we have learned, is something demonic. Its incarnation is Satan, a "lightning fall from heaven" (St. Luke 10:18), or Lucifer, the fallen angel (Unamuno: "The devil is an angel, too") whose sin is pride ("proud as Lucifer"); namely, that *superbia* of which only the best are capable—what they want is not to serve God but to be like Him. Evil men, we are told, act out of envy; this may be resentment at not having turned out well through no fault of their own (Shakespeare's Richard III), or the envy of Cain, who slew Abel because "God had regard for Abel and his offering, but for Cain and his offering he had no regard." Or they may be prompted by weakness (Macbeth). Or, on the contrary, by the powerful hatred that wickedness feels for sheer goodness (Iago's "I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted;" Claggart's hatred for Billy Budd's "barbarian" innocence, a hatred considered by Melville to be "a depravity according to nature"), or by covetousness, "the root of all evil" ("*radix omnium malorum cupiditas*"). However, what I was confronted with was utterly different and still undeniably factual: I was struck by a manifest shallowness in the doer which made it impossible to trace the incontestable evil of his deeds to any deeper level of roots or motives. The deeds were monstrous, but the doer—at least, the very effective one now on trial—was quite ordinary, commonplace, and neither monstrous nor demonic. There was no sign in him of firm ideological convictions or of specific evil motives, and the only notable characteristic one could detect either in his past behavior or in his behavior during the trial and throughout the pre-trial police examination was something entirely negative: it was not stupidity but *thoughtlessness*. In the setting of Israeli court and prison procedures, he functioned as well as he had functioned under the Nazi regime, but when confronted with situations for which such routine procedures did not exist he was helpless, and his cliché-ridden language produced on the stand, as it had evidently done in his official life, a kind of macabre comedy. Clichés, stock phrases, adherence to conventional, standardized codes of expression and conduct have the socially recognized function of protecting us against reality; that is, against the claim on our thinking attention which all events and facts make by virtue of their existence. If we were responsive to this claim all the time, we would soon be exhausted; Eichmann differed from the rest of us only in that clearly he knew of no such claim at all.

It was this absence of thinking—which is so ordinary an experience in our everyday life, where we have hardly the time, let alone the inclination, to *stop* and think—that awakened my interest. Is evildoing—the sins of omission as well as the sins of commission—possible in default not just of "base motives" (as the law calls them) but of any motives whatever, of any particular prompting of interest or volition? Is wickedness, however we may define it—this being "determined to prove a villain"—*not* a necessary condition for evildoing? Might the problem of good and evil, our faculty for telling right from wrong, be connected with our faculty of thought? To be sure, not in the sense that



"You're always telling me you know exactly how I feel. Well, this time I'm calling your bluff. Exactly how do I feel?"

thinking would ever be able to produce the good deed as its result, as though "virtue could be taught" and learned; only habits and customs can be taught, and we know only too well the alarming speed with which they are unlearned and forgotten when new circumstances demand a change in manners and behavior patterns. (The fact that we usually treat matters of good and evil in courses in "morals" or "ethics" may indicate how little we know about them, for the word "morals" comes from *mores* and the word "ethics" from *ethos*, the Latin and the Greek words for customs and habit, the Latin being associated with rules of behavior, whereas the Greek has to do with habitat, like our "habit.") The absence of thought I was confronted with sprang neither from forgetfulness of former, presumably good manners and ways nor from stupidity in the sense of inability to comprehend—not even in the sense of "moral insanity," for the absence was just as noticeable in instances that had nothing to do with so-called ethical decisions or matters of conscience.

The question that imposed itself was, *could the activity of thinking* as such, the habit of examining whatever happens to come to pass or to attract attention, regardless of the results and the specific content of the activity—could this activity be among the conditions that make men abstain from evildoing, or even actually "condition" them against it? The very word "con-science," at any rate, points in that direction, insofar as it means "to know with and by myself," a kind of knowledge that is actualized in every thinking process. And is not this hypothesis enforced by everything we know about conscience; namely, that "a good conscience" is enjoyed as a rule only by really bad people, criminals and such, while only "good people" are capable of having a bad conscience? To put it differently, using Kantian language: after being struck by a fact that, willy-nilly, "put me in possession of a concept" (the banality of evil), I could not help raising the *quaestio juris* and asking myself "by what right I possessed and used it."

As for the second source of my preoccupation, once I had raised those moral questions, springing from factual experience, and going counter to the wisdom of the ages—not only counter to the various traditional answers that "ethics," a branch of philosophy, has offered to the problem of evil but also counter to the much larger answers that philosophy has ready for the much less urgent question "What is thinking?"—they tended to renew in me certain doubts that had been plaguing me ever since I finished a study of what my publisher wisely called "The Human Condition," though I had intended it more modestly as an inquiry into "the *vita activa*." I had been concerned with the problem of Action, the oldest concern of political theory, and what had always troubled me about it was that the very term I adopted for my reflections on the matter—namely, *vita activa*—was coined by men who were devoted to the contemplative way of life and looked upon all kinds of being alive from that perspective.

Seen from that perspective, the active way of life is "laborious," the contemplative way sheer quietness; the active one goes on in public, the contemplative one in the "desert;" the active one is devoted to "the necessity of one's neighbor," the contemplative one to "the vision of God." ("*Duae sunt vitae, activa et contemplativa. Activa est in labore, contemplativa in requie. Activa in publico, contemplativa in deserto. Activa in necessitate proximi, contemplativa in visione Dei.*") I have quoted from an author of the twelfth century almost at random, because the notion that contemplation is the highest state of the mind is as old as Western philosophy. The thinking activity—according to Plato, the soundless dialogue we carry on with ourselves—serves only to open the eyes of the mind, and even the Aristotelian *nous* is an organ for seeing and beholding the truth. In other words, thinking aims at and ends in contemplation, and contemplation is not an activity but a passivity; it is the point where mental activity comes to rest. In Christian tradition, when philosophy had become the handmaiden of theology, thinking became meditation, and meditation again ended in contemplation, a kind of blessed state of the soul in which the mind was no longer stretching out to know the truth but, in anticipation of a future state, receiving it temporarily in intuition. Descartes, still influenced, characteristically, by this tradition, called the treatise in which he set out to demonstrate God's existence "Méditations." With the rise of the modern age, thinking became chiefly the handmaiden of science, of organized knowledge; and even though thinking then grew extremely active—following modernity's crucial conviction that I can know only what I myself make—it was Mathematics, the non-empirical science par excellence, wherein the mind appears to play only with itself, that turned out to be the science of sciences, delivering the key to those laws of nature and the universe which are concealed by appearances. If it was

THE TRANSFORMATION OF FATHER

The transformation of Father began
the spring they left the port.
His crocheted scarf dropped between the dock boards,
his skunk-fur cap plopped into a barrel
like a black banana peel.

That summer, grappling with the scrap lot
where he labored to collect
himself, he lost his suspenders
among hubcaps, odd buttons, cans of beer.
His vest slunk down the sewer.

The transformation of Father began
to speed up with the fall.
Hunched in a circle, the children stamped
around him, tugging at long underpants.
His face turned red as hell.

Stripped to the skin, he stooped, and threw his clothes
into the fireplace, poked
them three times with a steel-pronged fork.
The ash died white as snowflakes. It was time
to chuck the old regime.

—Florence Elon

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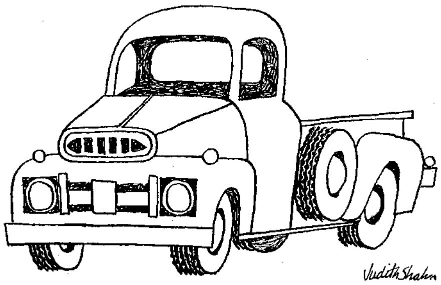

Donald Reilly

"En garde! A nut!"

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axiomatic for Plato that the invisible eye of the soul was the organ for beholding invisible truth with the certainty of knowledge, it became axiomatic for Descartes—during the famous night of his "revelation"—that there existed "a fundamental accord between the *laws* of nature and the laws of mathematics;" that is, between the laws of whatever lies behind mere semblance in nature and the laws of discursive thinking on the highest, most abstract level. And he actually believed that with this kind of thinking—what Hobbes called "reckoning with consequences"—he could deliver some knowledge about the existence of God, the nature of the soul, and similar matters.

What interested me in the *vita activa* was that the contrary notion of complete quietness in the *vita contemplativa* was so overwhelming that compared with this stillness all differences between the various activities in the *vita activa* disappeared. Compared with this quiet, whether you labored and tilled the soil, or worked and produced objects of use, or acted together with others in certain enterprises was no longer important. Even Marx, in whose thought the question of action played such a crucial role, "uses the expression '*Praxis*' [practice or exercise] simply in the sense of 'what man does' as opposed to 'what man thinks.'" I was, however, aware that one could look at this matter from a quite different viewpoint, and to indicate my doubts I ended this study of active life with a curious sentence that Cicero ascribed to Cato, who used to say, "Never is a man more active than when he does nothing, never is he less alone than when he is by himself" ("*Numquam se plus agere quam nihil cum ageret, numquam minus solum esse quam cum solus esset*"). And, if Cato was right, the questions are obvious: What are we "doing" when we do nothing but think? Where are we when we, normally always surrounded by our fellow-men, are together with no one but ourselves?

Obviously, to raise such questions has its difficulties. At first glance, they seem to belong to what used to be called "philosophy" or "metaphysics," two terms and two fields of inquiry that, as we all know, have fallen into disrepute. If this were merely a matter of modern positivist and neo-positivist assaults, we would perhaps have no need to be concerned. To be sure, Carnap's statement that metaphysics should be regarded in the same light as poetry does go counter to the claims usually made by metaphysicians; but these, like Carnap's own evaluation, may be based on an underestimation of poetry. Heidegger, whom Carnap singled out for attack, retorted by stating that philosophy and poetry were indeed closely related; they were not identical but sprang from the same source—which is thinking. And Aristotle, whom so far no one has accused of writing "mere" poetry, was of the same opinion: poetry and philosophy somehow belong together. Wittgenstein's famous aphorism "What we cannot speak of we must be silent about," which argues on the other side, would, if it were to be taken seriously, apply not only to what lies beyond sense experience but, even more, to objects of sensation. Nothing we see or hear or touch can be expressed in words that equal what is given to the senses. Hegel was right when he pointed out that “the This of sense . . . cannot be reached by language.” Was it not precisely the discovery of a discrepancy between words, the medium in which we think, and the world of appearances, the medium in which we live, that led to philosophy and metaphysics in the first place? Except that in the beginning it was thinking, in the form either of *logos* or of *noesis*, that was held to reach truth or true Being, while by the end of the metaphysical era the emphasis had shifted to what is given to perception, and to the implements by which we can extend and sharpen our bodily senses. It seems only natural that the former position will discriminate against appearances and the latter against thought.

Our difficulties with metaphysical questions are caused not so much by those to whom they are “meaningless” anyhow as by the party under attack. For, just as the crisis in theology reached its climax when theologians, as distinguished from the old crowd of non-believers, began to talk about the “God is dead” proposition, so the crisis in philosophy and metaphysics came into the open when the philosophers themselves began to declare the end of philosophy and metaphysics. By now, this is an old story. (The attraction of Husserl’s phenomenology sprang from the anti-historical and anti-metaphysical implications of the slogan “*Zu den Sachen selbst*” [“To the things themselves”]; and Heidegger, who “seemingly remained on the metaphysical track,” actually also aimed at “overcoming metaphysics,” as he has repeatedly proclaimed since 1930.)

It was not Nietzsche but Hegel who first declared “the sentiment underlying religion in the modern age” to be “the sentiment: God is dead.” Sixty years ago, the Encyclopædia Britannica felt quite safe in treating “metaphysics” as philosophy “under its most discredited name,” and if we wish to trace this disrepute further back, we encounter Kant prominently among the detractors—not the Kant of the “Critique of Pure Reason,” whom Moses Mendelssohn called the “all-destroyer” (“*alles Zermalmer*”), but Kant in his pre-critical writings, in which he quite freely admits, “It was [my] fate to fall in love with metaphysics,” yet also speaks of its “bottomless abyss,” its “slippery ground,” its utopian “land of milk and honey” (“*Schlaraffenland*”) where the “dreamers of reason” dwell as though in an “airship,” so that “there exists no folly which could not be brought to agree with a groundless wisdom.” All that needs to be said today on this subject has been admirably said by Richard McKeon: In the long and complicated history of thought, this “awesome science” has never produced “general conviction concerning the function of the science nor indeed much consensus of opinion concerning its subject matter.” In view of this history of detraction, it is rather surprising that the very word “metaphysics” has been able to survive. One almost suspects that Kant was right when, as a very old man, after dealing a deathblow to “the awesome science,” he prophesied that men would surely return to metaphysics, “as one returns to one’s mistress after a quarrel” (“*wie zu einer entzweiten Geliebten*”).

I do not think this very likely, or even desirable. Yet before we begin to speculate about the possible advantages of our present situation it may be wise to

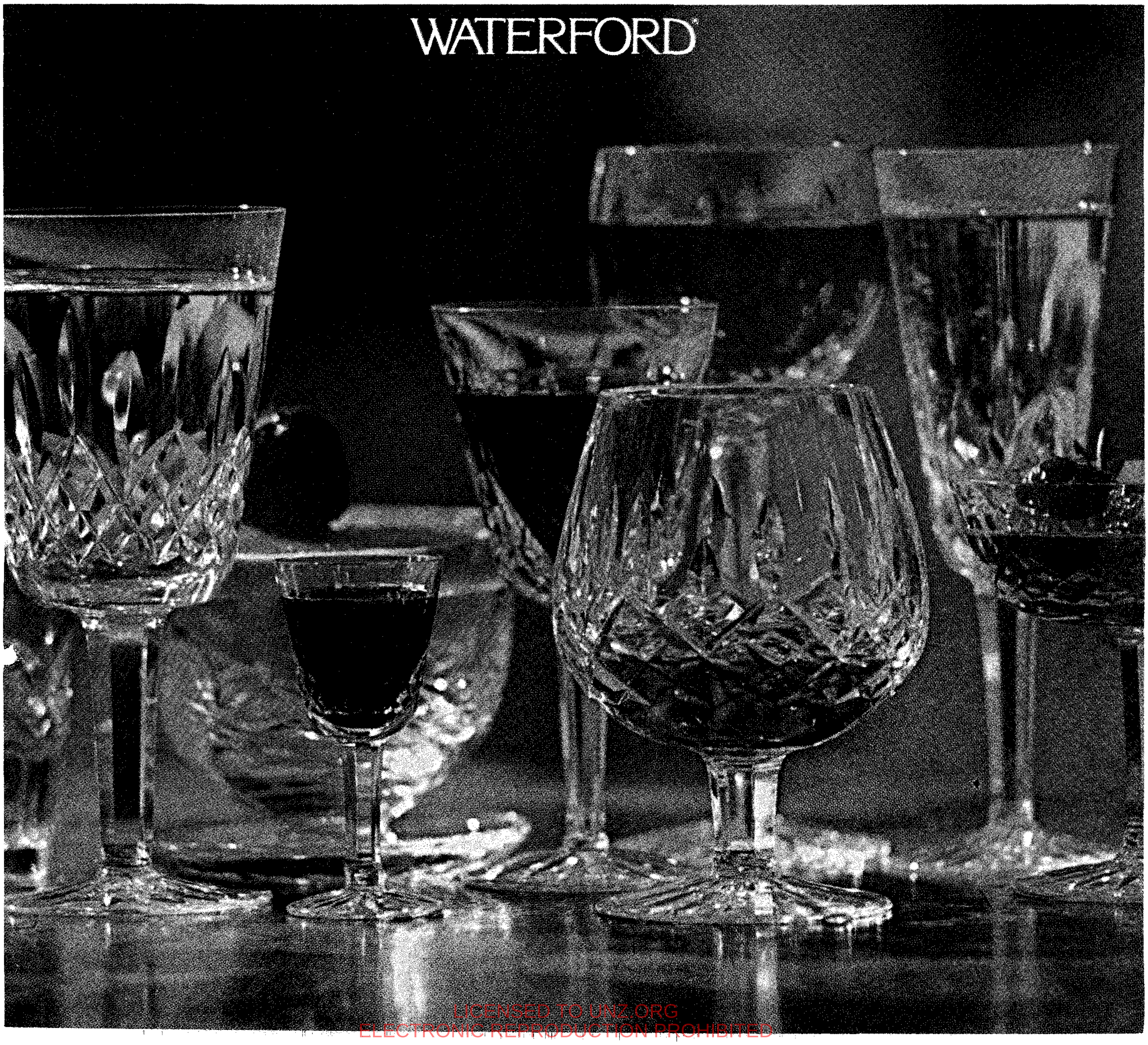
SANDWICHES
CORNED BEEF
PASTRAMI
TONGUE
HERO SANDWICH
FRESH COLESLAW
BEER
SPECIAL PASTRAMI
B TOBEY

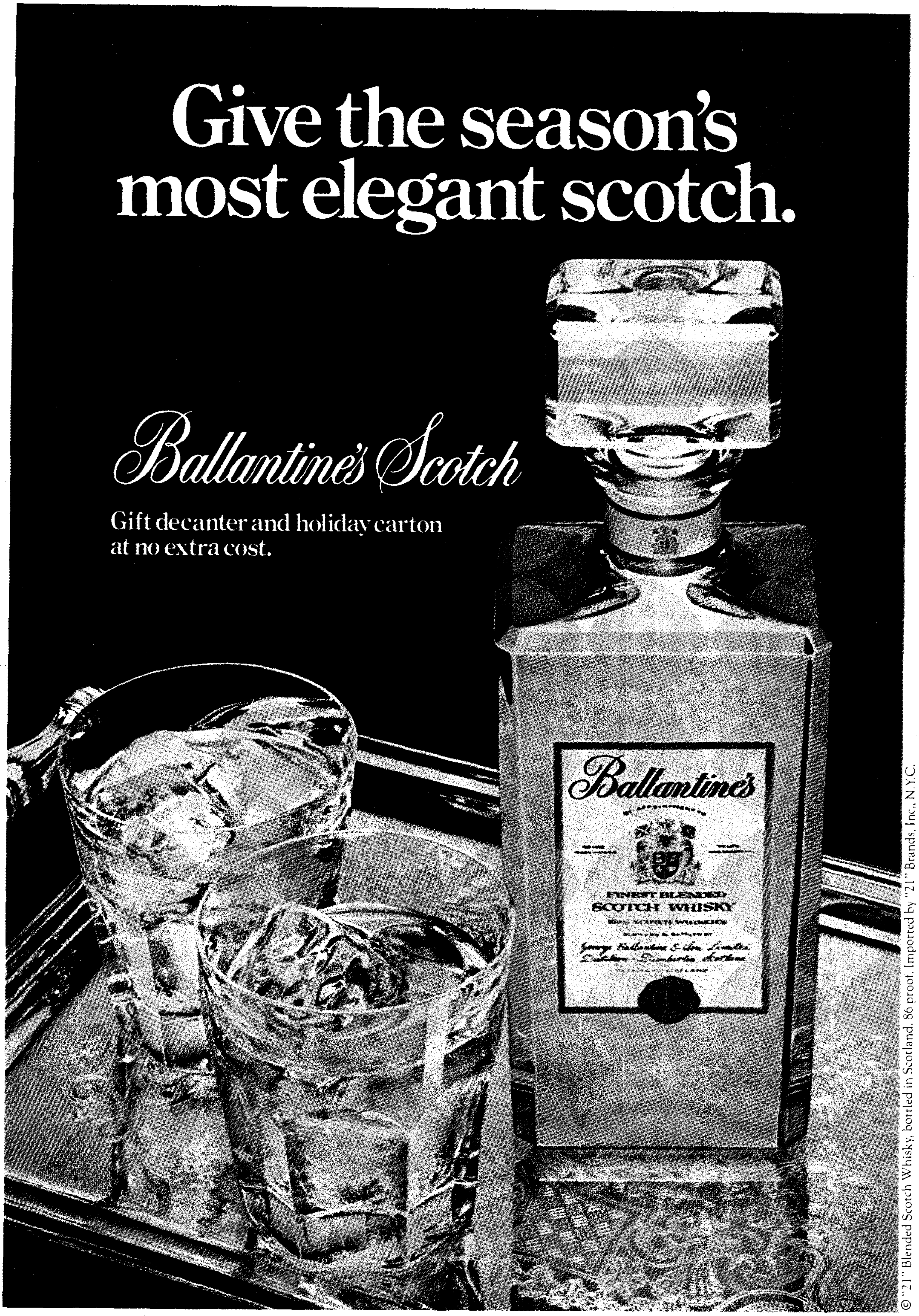
“Cream cheese and jelly on white, to take out.”

MAN LIVES
NOT BY WATER
ALONE.

Born in fire, blown by mouth and cut by hand (with heart), Waterford transforms a drink. Wine tastes better. Spirits taste better. Even water tastes better in Waterford. Complimentary booklet. Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010. The secret ingredient of every great drink.

Photo: Pesin

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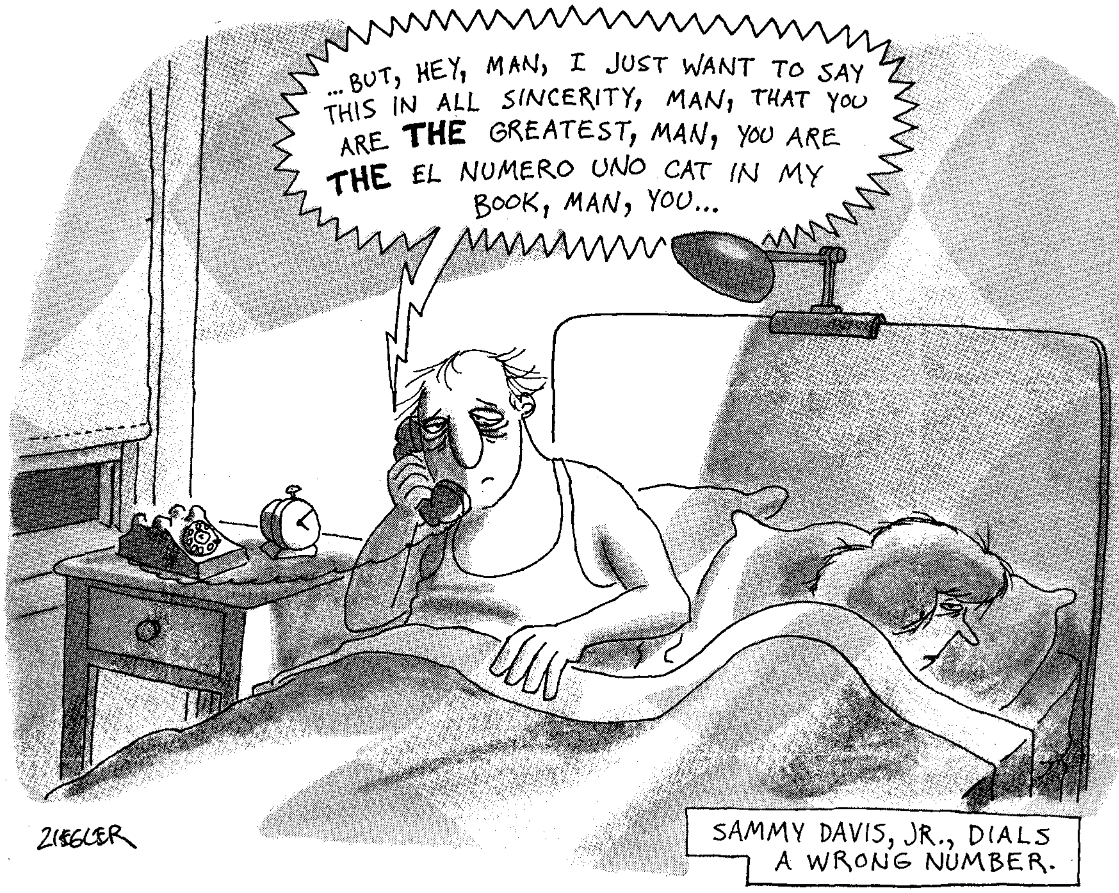
reflect upon what we really mean when we observe that theology, philosophy, metaphysics have reached an end: in the case of theology, certainly not that God has died—something about which we can *know* as little as about God's existence (so little, in fact, that even the word "existence" is inapplicable)—but that the way God had been thought of for thousands of years is no longer convincing; if anything is dead, it can only be the traditional *thought* of God. And something similar is true of the end of philosophy and metaphysics: not that the old questions which are coeval with the presence of men on earth have become "meaningless" but that the way they were framed and answered has lost plausibility.

What has come to an end is the basic distinction between the sensory and the suprasensory, together with the notion, at least as old as Parmenides, that whatever is not given to the senses—God or Being or the First Principles and Causes (*archai*) or the Ideas—is more real, more truthful, more meaningful than what appears; that it is not just *beyond* sense perception but *above* the world of the senses. What is "dead" is not only the localization of such "eternal truths" but also the distinction itself. Meanwhile, in increasingly strident voices the few defenders of metaphysics have warned us of the danger of nihilism which is inherent in this development; and although they themselves seldom invoke it, they have an important argument in their favor. It is indeed true that once the suprasensory realm is discarded, its opposite, the world of appearances as it was understood for so many centuries, is also extinguished. The sensory, as it is still understood by the positivists, cannot survive the death of the suprasensory. No one knew this better than Nietzsche, who, with his poetic and metaphorical description of the assassination of God ("The Madman" in "The Gay Science"), has caused so much confusion in these matters. In a significant passage in "The Twilight of Idols," he clarifies what the word "God" meant in the earlier story. It was merely a symbol for the suprasensory realm as this is understood by metaphysics; he now uses, instead of "God," the expression "true world," and says, "We have abolished the true world. What has remained? The apparent one, perhaps? Oh, no! With the true world we have also abolished the apparent one."

This insight of Nietzsche's—namely, that "the elimination of the suprasensory also eliminates the merely sensory and thereby the difference between them" (Heidegger)—is actually so obvious that it defies every attempt to date it historically; all thinking in terms of two worlds implies that the two are inseparably connected. Thus, all the elaborate modern arguments against positivism are anticipated by the unsurpassed simplicity of Democritus' little dialogue between the mind (the organ for the suprasensory) and the senses. Sense perceptions are illusions, the mind says: they change according to the conditions of our body; sweet, bitter, color, and so on exist only *nomo*, by convention among men, and not *physei*, according to true nature behind the appearances. Whereupon the senses answer, "Wretched mind! Do you overthrow us while you take from us your evidence [*pisteis*, everything you can trust]? Our overthrow will be your downfall." In other words, once the always precarious balance between the two worlds is lost, no matter whether the "true world" abolishes the "apparent one" or vice versa the whole frame of reference in which our thinking was accustomed to orient itself breaks down. Nothing in those terms seems to make much sense anymore.

These modern "deaths"—of God, metaphysics, philosophy, and, by implication, positivism—have become events of considerable historical consequence, since, with the beginning of our century, they have ceased to be the exclusive concern of an intellectual élite and, instead, are not so much the concern as the common unexamined assumption of nearly everybody. With this aspect of the matter we are not dealing here. In our context, it may even be better to leave the issue, which is actually one of political authority, outside our considerations, and to insist, rather, on the simple fact that, however seriously our ways of thinking may be involved in this crisis, our *ability* to think is not at stake; we are what men always have been—thinking beings. By this I mean no more than that men have an inclination, perhaps a need, to think beyond the limitations of knowledge, to do more with this ability than use it as an instrument for knowing and doing. To talk about nihilism in this context is perhaps just to evince unwillingness to part company with concepts and thought-trains that


...BUT, HEY, MAN, I JUST WANT TO SAY THIS IN ALL SINCERITY, MAN, THAT YOU ARE THE GREATEST, MAN, YOU ARE THE EL NUMERO UNO CAT IN MY BOOK, MAN, YOU...
ZIEGLER

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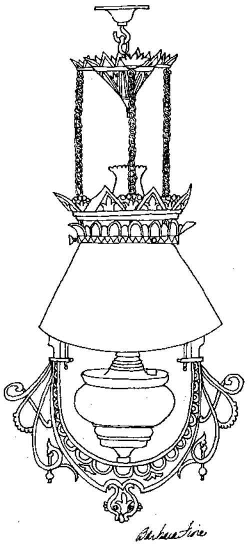
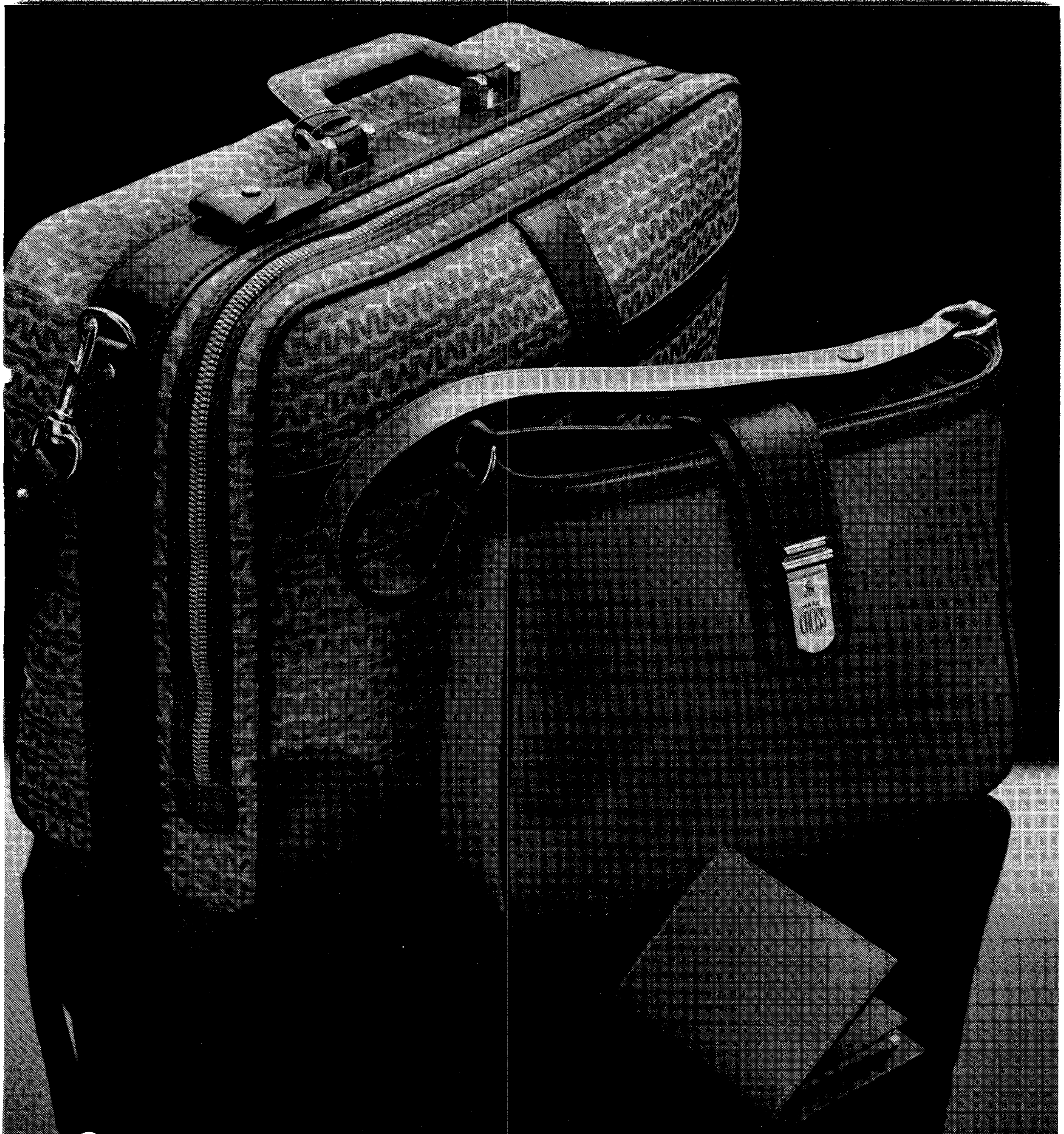
actually died quite some time ago, though their demise has not been publicly acknowledged until recently. If only, one would like to imagine, we could do in this situation what the modern age did in its early stage—that is, treat each and every subject "as though no one had touched the matter before me" (as Descartes proposes in his introductory remarks to "Les Passions de l'Âme")! This has become impossible, partly because our historical consciousness has been so enormously enlarged but primarily because the only record we possess of what thinking as an activity meant to those who had chosen it as a way of life is what we would call today "the metaphysical fallacies." None of the systems, none of the doctrines, transmitted to us by the great thinkers may be convincing, or even plausible, to modern readers; but none of them, I shall try to argue here, is arbitrary, and none can be simply dismissed as sheer nonsense. On the contrary, the metaphysical fallacies contain the only clues we have to what thinking means to those who engage in it—a matter of great importance today, and a matter about which, oddly enough, there exist few direct utterances.

Hence, the possible advantage of our situation following the demise of metaphysics and philosophy would be twofold. The first advantage is that it would permit us to look on the past with new eyes, unburdened and unguided by any traditions, and thus to dispose of a tremendous wealth of raw experiences without being bound by any prescriptions as to how to deal with these treasures. Or, as René Char put it: "*Notre héritage n'est précédé d'aucun testament*" ("Our inheritance comes to us by no will and testament"). The advantage would be even greater if it were not accompanied, almost inevitably, by a growing inability to move, on no matter what level, in the realm of the invisible—or, to put it another way, if it were not accompanied by the disrepute into which everything that is not visible, tangible, palpable has fallen, so that we are in danger of losing the past itself, together with our traditions.



For even though there has never been much of a consensus about the subject matter of metaphysics, at least one point has been taken for granted: that these disciplines dealt with matters that were not given to sense perception, and that their understanding transcended common-sense reasoning, which springs from sense experience and can be validated by empirical tests and means. From Parmenides until philosophy's end, all thinkers were agreed that, to deal with such matters, man had to detach his mind from the senses by detaching it both from the world as given by them and from the sensations—or passions—aroused by sense-objects. The philosopher, to the extent that he is a philosopher, and not (what, of course, he also is, as Plato said it) "a man like you and me," withdraws from the world of appearances, and the region he then moves in has always, since philosophy's beginning, been described as the world of the few. This age-old distinction between the many and "the professional thinkers" specializing in what was supposedly the highest activity that human beings could attain to (in Plato's words, the philosopher "shall be called the friend of the god, and if it ever is given to man to put on immortality, it shall be given to him") has lost its plausibility, and this would be the second advantage in our present situation. If, as I suggested before, the ability to tell right from wrong should turn out to have anything to do with the ability to think, then we must be able to "demand" its exercise from every sane person, no matter how erudite or ignorant, intelligent or stupid he may happen to be. Kant—in this respect almost alone among the philosophers—was much bothered by the common opinion that philosophy is only for the few, precisely because of its moral implications, and he once observed that "stupidity is caused by a wicked heart." This is not true. Absence of thought is not stupidity; it can be found in highly intelligent people, and a wicked heart is not its cause. It is probably the other way round: wickedness may be caused by absence of thought. In any event, the matter can no longer be left to "specialists," as though thinking, like higher mathematics, were the monopoly of a specialized discipline.

Crucial for our enterprise is Kant's distinction between *Vernunft* and *Verstand*, "reason" and "intellect" (not "understanding," which I think is a



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mistranslation; Kant used the German *Verstand* to translate the Latin *intellectus*, and *Verstand*, though it is the noun of *verstehen*, and hence is "understanding" in current translations, has none of the connotations that are inherent in the German *das Verstehen*). Kant drew this distinction between the two mental faculties after he had discovered "the scandal of reason"—the fact that our mind is not capable of certain and verifiable knowledge regarding matters and questions that it nevertheless cannot help thinking about—and for him such matters (that is, those with which mere thought is concerned) were restricted to what we now often call "the ultimate questions" of God, freedom, and immortality. But, quite apart from the existential interest that men once took in these questions, and although Kant still believed that no "honest soul ever lived that could bear to think that everything is ended with death," he was also well aware that "the urgent need" of reason is both different from and "more than mere quest and desire for knowledge." Hence, the distinguishing of the two faculties, reason and intellect, coincides with a distinction between two altogether different mental activities, thinking and knowing, and two altogether different concerns—in the first category, meaning, and, in the second, cognition. Kant, though he had insisted on this distinction, was still so strongly bound by the enormous weight of the tradition of metaphysics that he held fast to its traditional subject matter—that is, to those topics which could be *proved* to be unknowable—and, while he justified reason's need to think beyond the limits of what can be known, he remained unaware of the fact that man's need to reflect encompasses nearly everything that happens to him: things he knows, in addition to things he can never know. Kant remained less than fully aware of the extent to which he had liberated reason, the ability to think, by justifying it in terms of the ultimate questions. He stated defensively that he had "found it necessary to deny *knowledge* . . . to make room for *faith*." But he had not made room for faith; he had made room for thought. And he had not "denied knowledge;" he had separated knowledge from thinking. In the notes to his lectures on metaphysics he wrote, "The aim of metaphysics . . . is to extend, albeit only negatively, our use of reason beyond the limitations of the sensorily given world, that is, *to eliminate the obstacles by which reason hinders itself*" (italics added).

The great obstacle that reason (*Vernunft*) puts in its own way arises from the side of the intellect (*Verstand*) and the entirely justified criteria it has established for its own purposes; that is, for quenching our thirst, and meeting our need, for knowledge and cognition. The reason that Kant and his successors paid so little attention to thinking as an activity, and even less to the experiences of the thinking ego, is that, all distinctions notwithstanding, they were demanding the kind of results and applying the kind of criteria for certainty and evidence which are the results and the criteria of cognition. But if it is true that thinking and reason are justified in transcending the limitations of cognition and the intellect—justified by Kant on the ground that the matters they deal with, though unknowable, are of the greatest existential interest to man—then the assumption must be that thinking and reason are not concerned with what the intellect is concerned with. To anticipate, and put it in a nutshell: *The need of reason is inspired not by the quest for truth but by the quest for meaning. And truth and meaning are not the same.* The basic fallacy, taking precedence over all specific metaphysical fallacies, is to interpret meaning on the model of truth. The latest and in some respects the most striking instance of this occurs in Heidegger's "Being and Time," which starts out by raising "anew *the question of the meaning of Being*." Heidegger himself, in a later interpretation of his own initial question, says explicitly, " 'Meaning of Being' and 'Truth of Being' say the same."

The temptations to make the equation—which comes down to a refusal to accept and think through Kant's distinction between reason and intellect, between "the urgent need" to think and "the desire to know"—are very great, and are by no means due only to the weight of tradition.

•

Does God ever judge
us by appearances? I
suspect that he does.
—*W. H. Auden*

THE world men are born into contains many things, natural and artificial, living and dead, transient and sempiternal, all of which have in common that they *appear* and hence are meant to be seen, heard, touched, tasted, and smelled—to be perceived by creatures endowed with the appropriate sense organs. Nothing could appear, the word "appearance" would make

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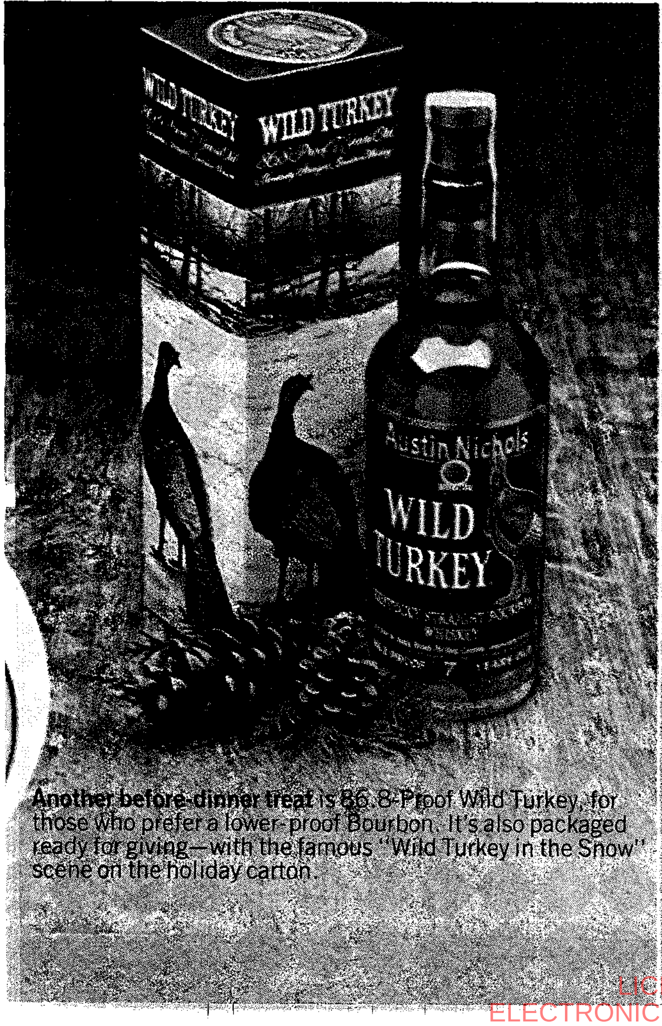
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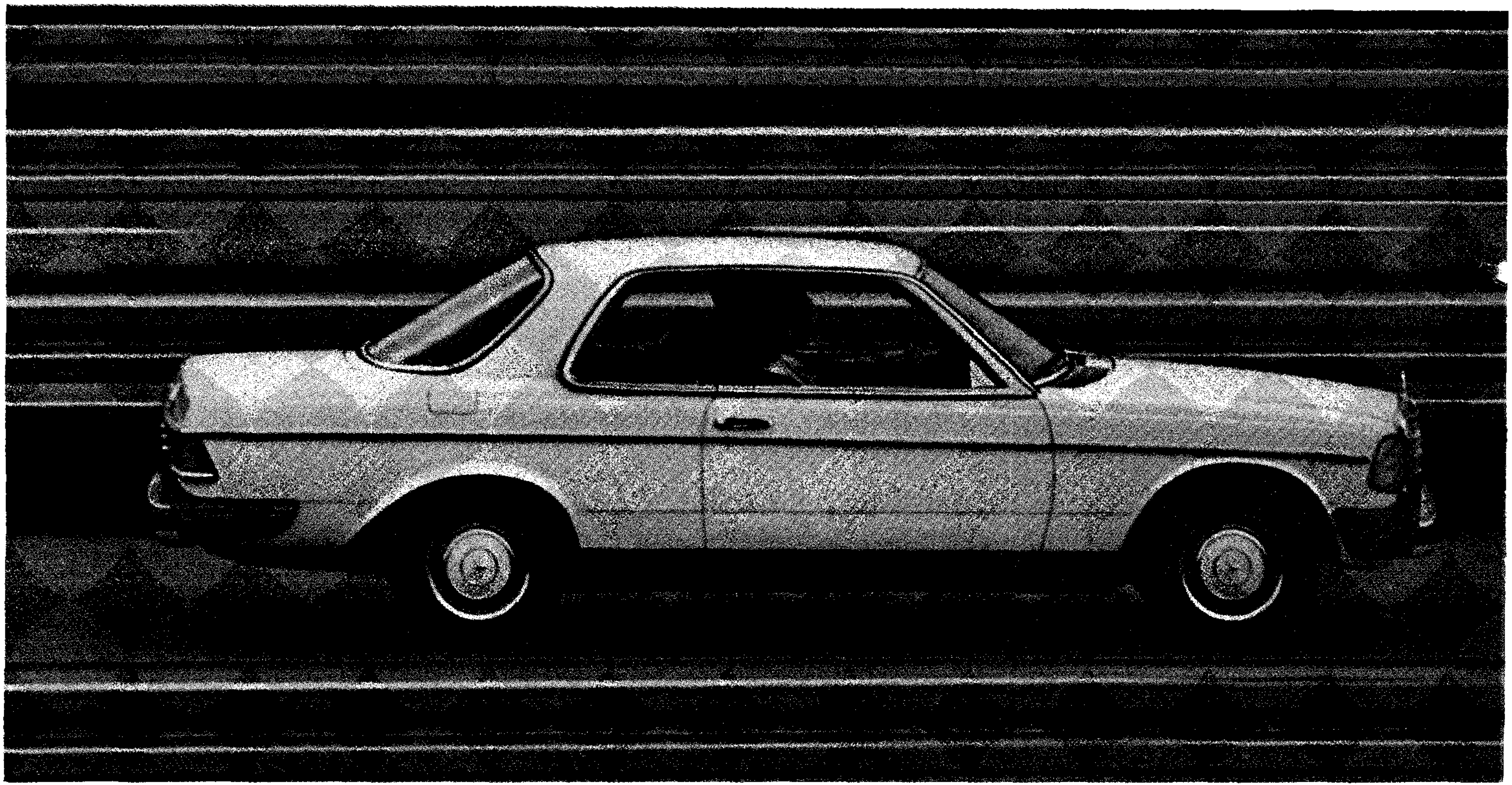
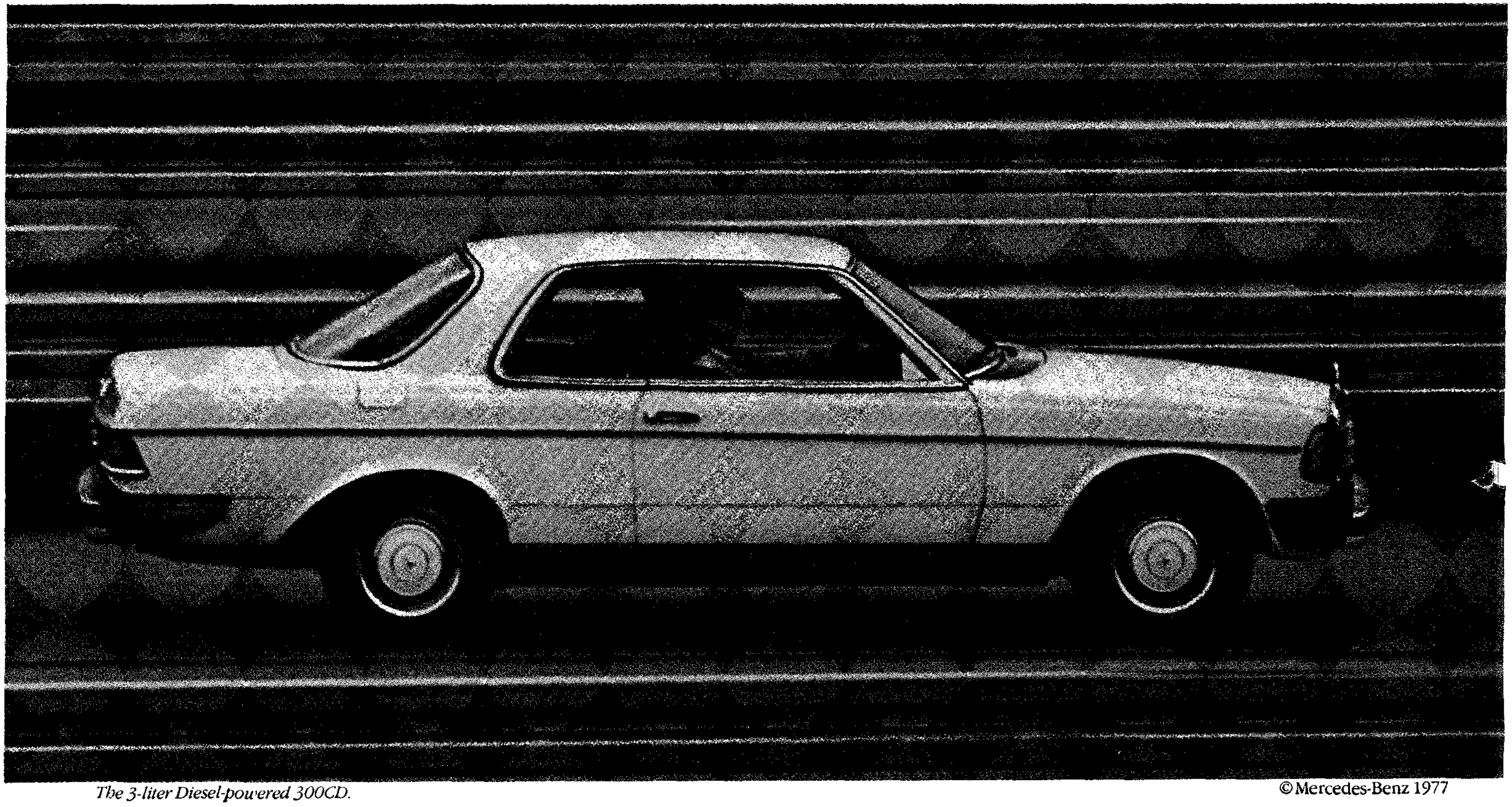
Mercedes-Benz announces a new Coupe



The 2.8-liter gasoline-powered 280CE.

plus an extraordinary new Coupe



The 3-liter Diesel-powered 300CD.

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The new Coupe *is the 280CE and it is powered by a fuel-injected, 2.8-liter Six.*

The extraordinary new Coupe *is the 300CD, and it merits the term by introducing Diesel power to a class of Mercedes-Benz from which Diesels were previously excluded.*

Thus the Mercedes-Benz Diesel has fully come of age. It stands today at such a peak of refinement that a limited-production Diesel sports Coupe is not sacrilege but logic. Meanwhile, savor your new luxury of choice.

No boulevard sports car

Gasoline- or Diesel-powered, this new Coupe is no faddish "personal" car but a lithe five-passenger machine you will prize as much for its quick reflexes as for its elegant lines.

You sit cradled within a wheelbase of only 106.7 inches, less than a foot longer than the close-coupled 450SL Roadster. You should find yourself negotiating even tight mountain curves with a sense of ample road to spare, slipping through city traffic like a fish. Chances are, within a few days you will stop having to envy sports car drivers forever.

But family men can rest assured. There is not only a full rear seat but a rear seat that nearly equals the 280E Sedan for headroom. And there is not only a full trunk but a trunk with the same 12.6 cubic feet of space as the 280E.

Some people don't understand how Mercedes-Benz builds such space-efficient cars. Mercedes-Benz doesn't understand how to build anything else.

Worth its weight in strength

The new Coupe's taut profile is aerodynamically "clean." Put under an X ray, it would be revealed as the skin over a steel cage welded at 4900 points to a steel platform, forming a monocoque structure.

The engineers braced that sheet-steel floor with cross members to help stiffen the midsection. And although the side windows are pillarless, the concealed "B" pillar provides additional structural integrity.

Straight-line braking stability

Engineers and not stylists are the heroes behind the Coupe. If this 1¾-ton, five-passenger machine seems to corner flatter and grip the road more tenaciously than you're accustomed to, credit them.

They in turn would credit technological nuggets like fully independent suspension, and *zero offset* steering with straight-line stability, *even* in panic stops.

Panic stops are further softened by 4-wheel disc brakes. Mercedes-Benz would never build a Coupe or any other car without them.

But *handling brilliance* is only half the tale. The other half is the ride: Over-the-road decorum worthy of an expensive motor car. *A clue:* The shock absorbers' lower chambers are pumped full of *nitrogen* gas as an extra cushion against vibration.

Power assists a purist can love

No brute force is needed to pilot your Coupe about. Power steering, power brakes, and a 4-speed automatic transmission slightly smoother than the human hand are standard features. Wives will approve. And so will driving purists–because these laborsaving devices have been designed to preserve driving "feel" at all costs.

Not a superficial ounce of chrome

Doors over four feet wide swing open to reveal a meticulously ordered cockpit. Electric windows, bi-level climate control and AM/FM stereo radio are all built in, but the mood is less opulent than crisply businesslike.

For instance, the interior has no dazzling chrome knickknacks to confuse the driver's field of vision. Glare-free gauges are placed so you can check them without breaking visual contact with the road.

The anatomically contoured twin front seats are thickly padded, their springs tuned to the car's suspension. The backrests lock in place *pneumatically.*

And the walnut-root veneer that trims the instrument panel and covers the console is *real* walnut-root veneer.

A delicious dilemma

Which engine version belongs in your Coupe?

Classicists will feel most at home with the 280CE and the familiar traits of its gasoline power plant–supple and responsive in the sporting Coupe manner. And hardly a mundane choice: The 280CE marks the zenith of Mercedes-Benz six-cylinder engine development.

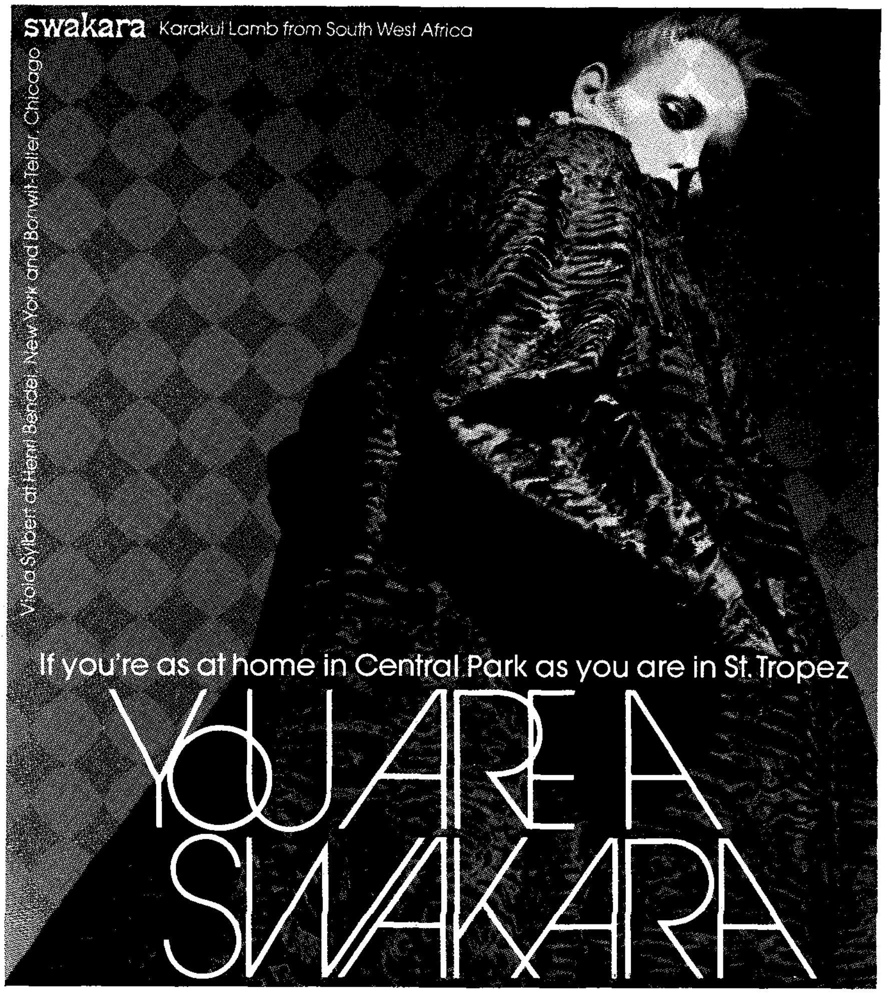
The 300CD allows Coupe devotees to combine their love for elegance with common-sense motoring, and Diesel devotees to combine their love for common-sense motoring with elegance. The power of its 5-cylinder engine is one surprise, the lack of noise and roughness is another. That it offers the established advantages of a Diesel should be no surprise.

But there is ultimately only one way to decide which Coupe best suits your needs. See your Mercedes-Benz dealer and experience them both.

no sense, if recipients of appearances did not exist: living creatures able to recognize, acknowledge, and react to—in flight or desire, approval or disapproval, blame or praise—what not merely is there but appears to them and is meant for their perception. In this world which we enter by appearing from a nowhere, and from which we disappear into a nowhere, *Being and Appearing coincide.* Dead matter, natural and artificial, changing and unchanging, depends in its being—that is, in its appearingness—on the presence of living creatures. Nothing and nobody exists on this planet whose very being does not presuppose a *spectator.* In other words, nothing that is, insofar as it appears, exists in the singular; everything that is is meant to be perceived by somebody. Not Man but men inhabit the earth. Plurality is the law of the earth.

Since sentient beings—men and animals, to whom things appear and who as recipients guarantee their reality—are themselves also appearances, meant and able to both see and be seen, hear and be heard, touch and be touched, they are never mere subjects and can never be understood as such; they are no less "objective" than stone and bridge. The worldliness of living things means that there is no subject that is not also an object and appears as such to somebody else, who guarantees its "objective" reality. What we usually call "consciousness"—the fact that I am aware of myself and therefore in a sense can appear to myself—would never suffice to guarantee reality. (Descartes's "*Cogito me cogitare ergo sum*" is a non sequitur, for the simple reason that this *res cogitans* never appears at all unless its *cogitationes* are made manifest in sounded-out or written-down speech, which is already meant for and presupposes auditors or readers as its recipients.) Seen from the perspective of the world, every creature born into it arrives well equipped to deal with a world in which Being and Appearing coincide—is fit for worldly existence. Sentient beings, men and animals, are not just in the world, they are *of the world,* and this precisely because they are subjects and objects—perceiving and being perceived—at the same time.

Nothing, perhaps, is more surprising in this world of ours than the almost infinite diversity of its appearances, the sheer entertainment value of its views, sounds, and smells: something that is hardly ever mentioned by any of the thinkers and philosophers. (Only Aristotle at least incidentally counted the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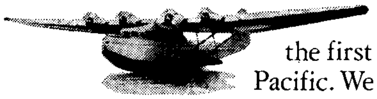

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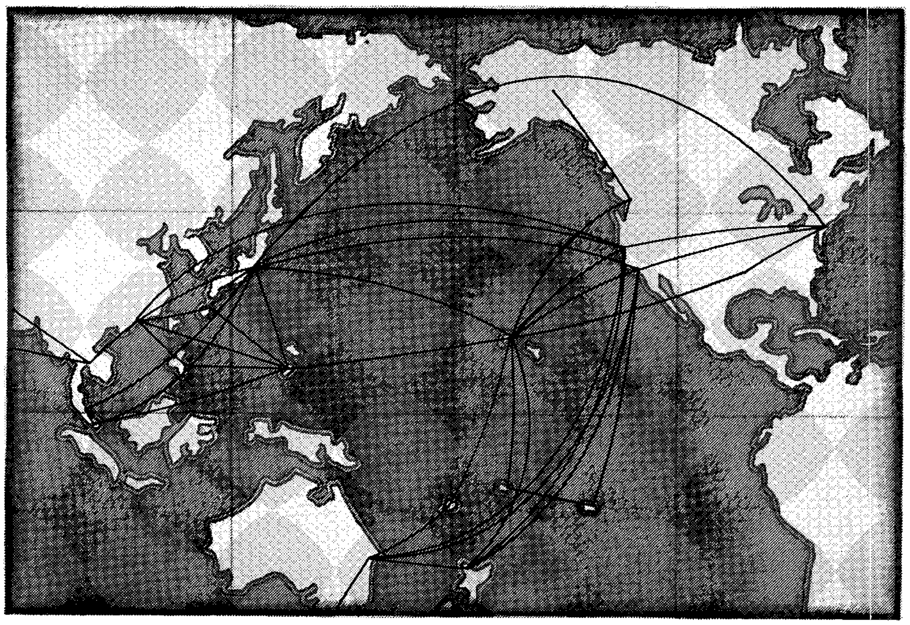

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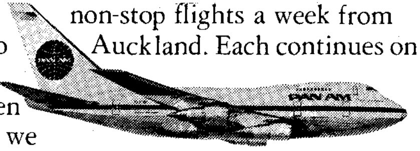

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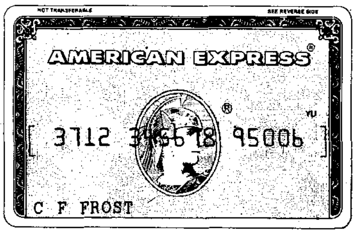

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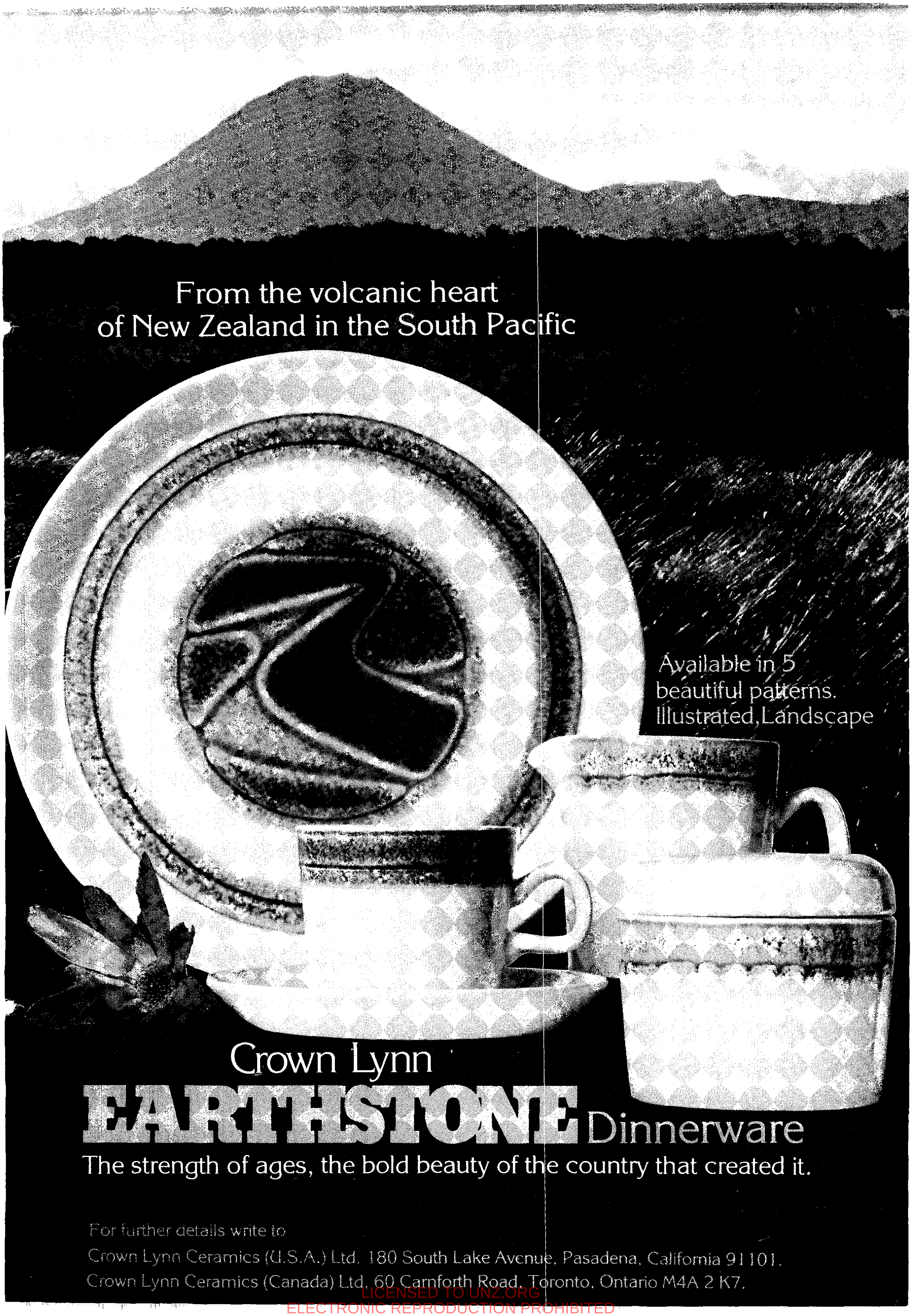
life of passive enjoyment of the pleasures that our bodily organs provide as among the three ways of life that can be elected by those who, not being subject to necessity, can devote themselves to the *kalon*—to what is beautiful, in opposition to what is necessary and useful.) This diversity is matched by an equally astounding diversity of sense organs among the animal species, so that what actually appears to living creatures assumes the greatest variety of forms and shapes. Every animal species lives in a world of its own. Still, all sense-endowed creatures have appearance as such in common; first, an appearing world, and, second—and perhaps even more important—the fact that they themselves are appearing and disappearing creatures, that there always was a world before their arrival and that there always will be a world after their departure.

To be alive means to live in a world that preceded one's own arrival and will survive one's own departure. On this level of sheer being-alive, appearance and disappearance, as they follow upon each other, are the primordial events, which as such mark out time, the time span between birth and death. The finite life span allotted to each living creature determines not merely its life expectancy but also its time experience; it provides the secret prototype for all time measurements, no matter how far these may then transcend the allotted life span into past and future. Thus, the lived experience of the length of a year changes radically throughout our life. A year that to a five-year-old constitutes a full fifth of his existence necessarily seems much longer than it will when it constitutes a mere twentieth or thirtieth of his time on earth. We all know how the years revolve quicker and quicker as we get older, until, with the approach of old age, they slow down again, because we begin to measure them against the psychologically and somatically anticipated date of our departure. Against this clock, inherent in living beings who are born and die, stands "objective" time, according to which the length of a year never changes. This is the time of the world, and its underlying assumption—regardless of any religious or scientific beliefs—is that the world has neither beginning nor end: an assumption that seems only natural for beings that always come into a world that preceded them and will survive them.

In contrast to the inorganic thereness of lifeless matter, living beings are not mere appearances. To be alive means to be possessed by an urge toward self-display which answers the fact of one's own appearingness. Living things *make their appearance* like actors on a stage set for them. The stage is common to all who are alive, but it *seems* different to each species, different also to each individual specimen. Seeming—the it-seems-to-me, *dokei moi*—is the mode, and perhaps the only possible one, in which an appearing world is acknowledged and perceived. To appear always means to seem to others, and this seeming varies according to the standpoint and the perspective of the spectators. In other words, every appearing thing acquires, by virtue of its appearingness, a kind of disguise that may indeed—but does not have to—hide or disfigure it. Seeming corresponds to the fact that every appearance, its identity notwithstanding, is perceived by a plurality of spectators.

The urge toward self-display—to respond by showing to the overwhelming effect of being shown—seems to be common to men and animals. And, just as the actor depends upon stage, fellow-actors, and spectators in making his entrance, every living thing depends upon a world that solidly appears as the site for its own appearance, upon fellow-creatures to play with, and upon spectators to acknowledge and recognize its existence. Seen from the viewpoint of the spectators to whom it appears and from whose view it finally disappears, each individual life, its growth and decline, is a developmental process in which an entity unfolds itself in an upward movement until all its properties are fully exposed; this phase is followed by a period of standstill—its bloom, or epiphany, as it were—which, in turn, is succeeded by the downward movement of disintegration that is terminated by complete disappearance. There are many perspectives in which this process can be seen, examined, and understood, but our criterion for what a living thing essentially is remains the same. In everyday life as well as in scientific study, it is determined by the relatively short time span of its full appearance, its epiphany. The choice, guided by the sole criteria of completeness and perfection in appearance, would be entirely arbitrary if reality were not first of all of a phenomenal nature.

The primacy of appearance for all living creatures to whom the world ap-



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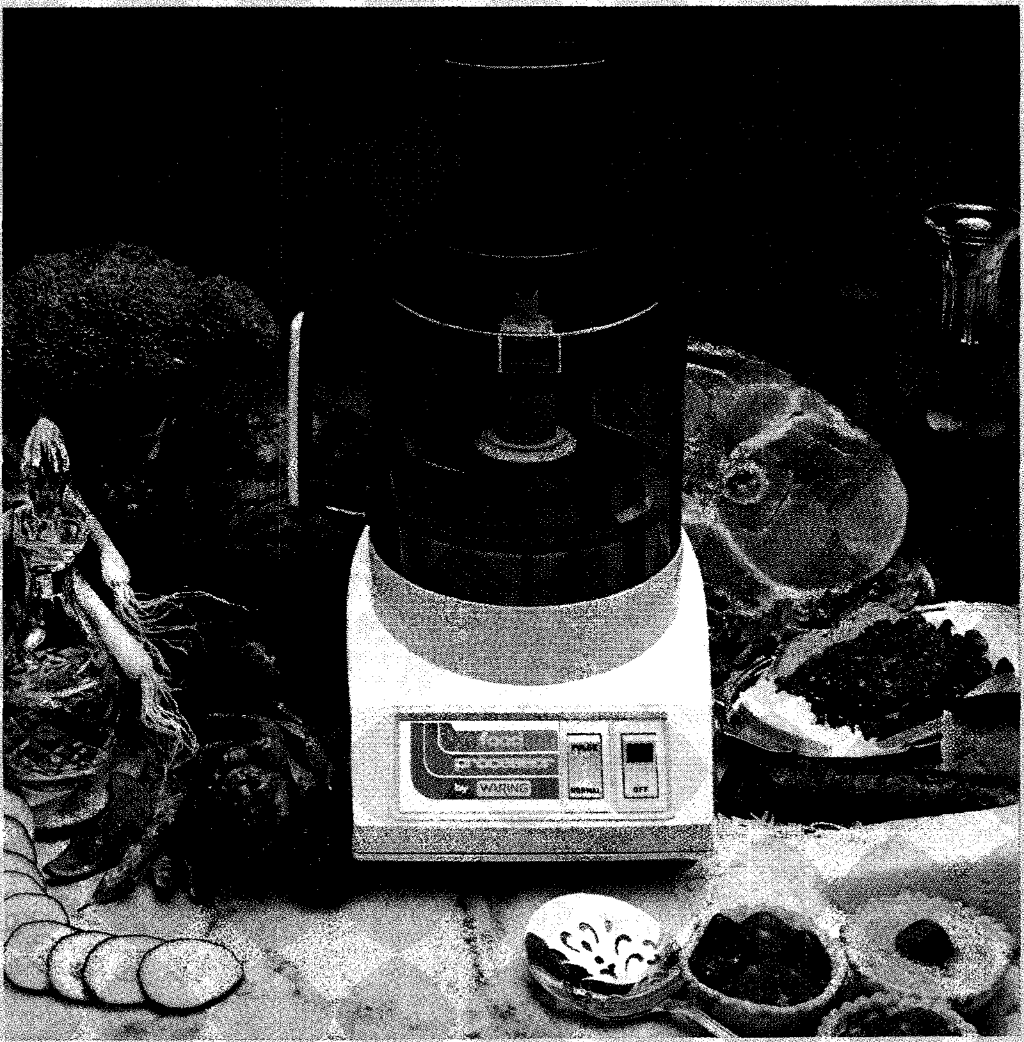

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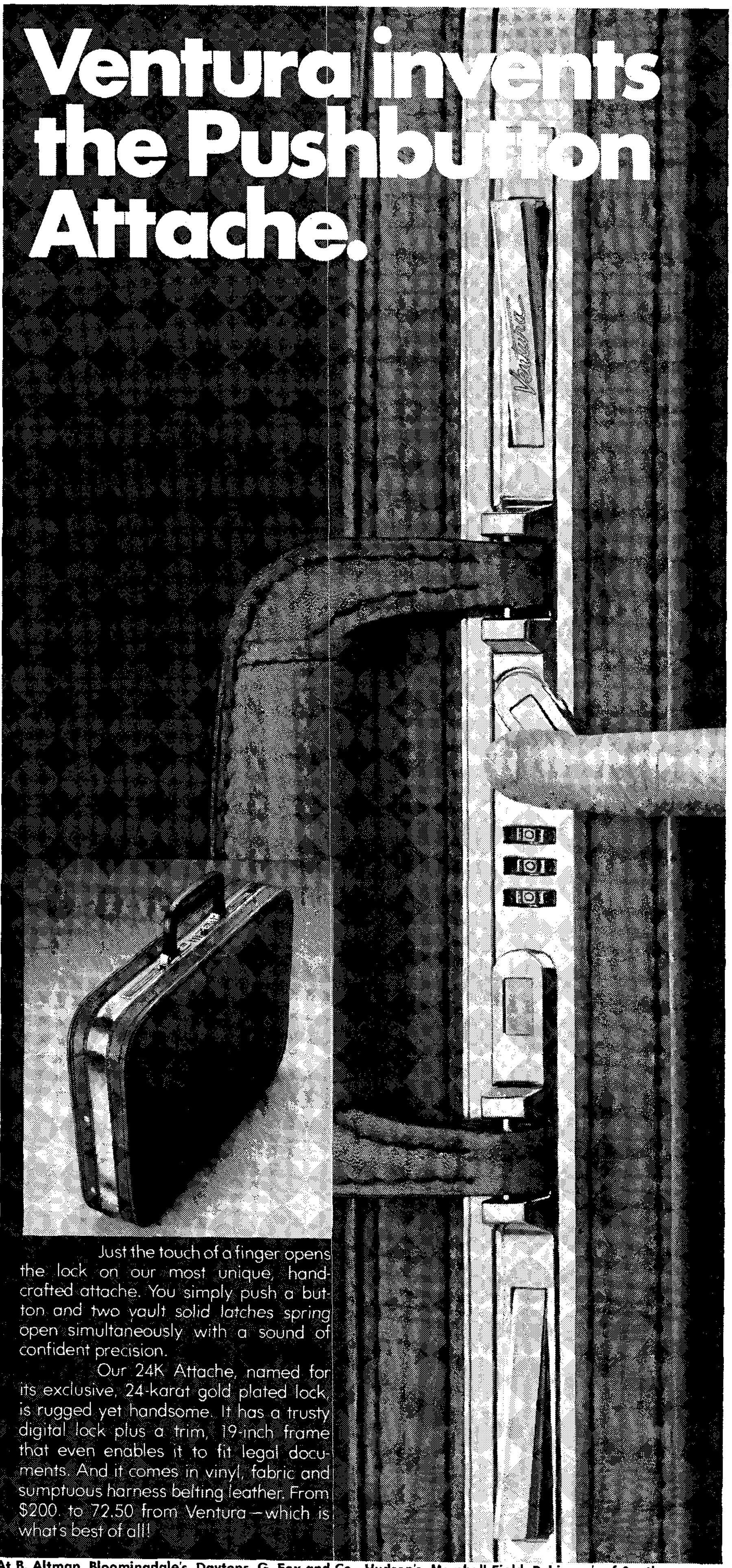
pears in the mode of an it-seems-to-me is of great relevance to the topic we are going to deal with—those mental activities by which human beings distinguish themselves from other animal species. For although there are great differences among these activities, they all have in common a *withdrawal* from the world as it appears and a bending back toward the self. This would cause no great problem if we were mere spectators—godlike creatures thrown into the world to look after it or enjoy it and be entertained by it, but still in possession of some other region as our natural habitat. However, *we are of the world, and not merely in it:* we, too, are appearances, by virtue of arriving and departing, of appearing and disappearing; and, while we come from a nowhere, we arrive well equipped to deal with whatever appears to us and to take part in the play of the world. These properties do not vanish when we happen to be engaged in mental activities, when we close the eyes of our body (to use the Platonic metaphor) in order to be able to open the eyes of the mind. The two-world theory belongs among the metaphysical fallacies but it would never have been able to survive for so many centuries if it had not so plausibly corresponded to some basic experiences. As Merleau-Ponty once put it, "I can flee being only into being," and since Being and Appearing coincide for men, this means that I can flee appearance only into appearance. But realization of that does not solve the problem, for the problem concerns the fitness of thought to appear at all, and the question is whether thinking and other invisible and soundless mental activities are meant to appear or whether in fact they can never find an adequate home in the world.

WE may find a first consoling hint as to the answer if we turn to the old metaphysical dichotomy of (true) Being and (mere) Appearance, because it, too, actually relies on the primacy—or, at least, on the priority—of Appearance: in order to find out what truly *is*, the philosopher must *leave* the world of appearances, among which he is naturally and originally at home—as Parmenides did when he was carried upward, beyond the gates of night and day, to the divine way that lay "far from the beaten path of men," and as Plato did, too, in the Cave parable. The world of appearances is *prior to* whatever region the philosopher may *choose* as his "true" home, though it is not the one he was born into. It has always been the



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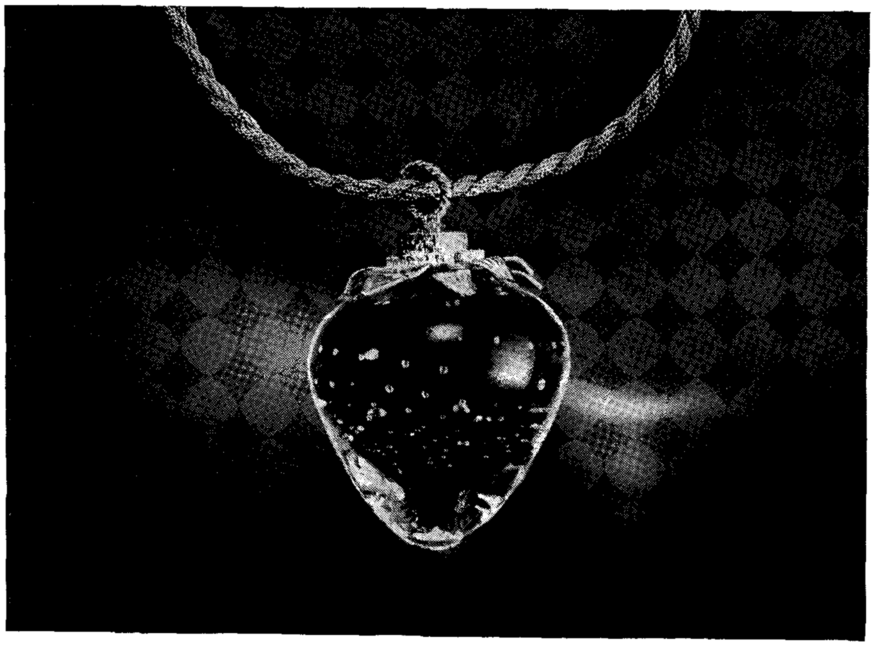

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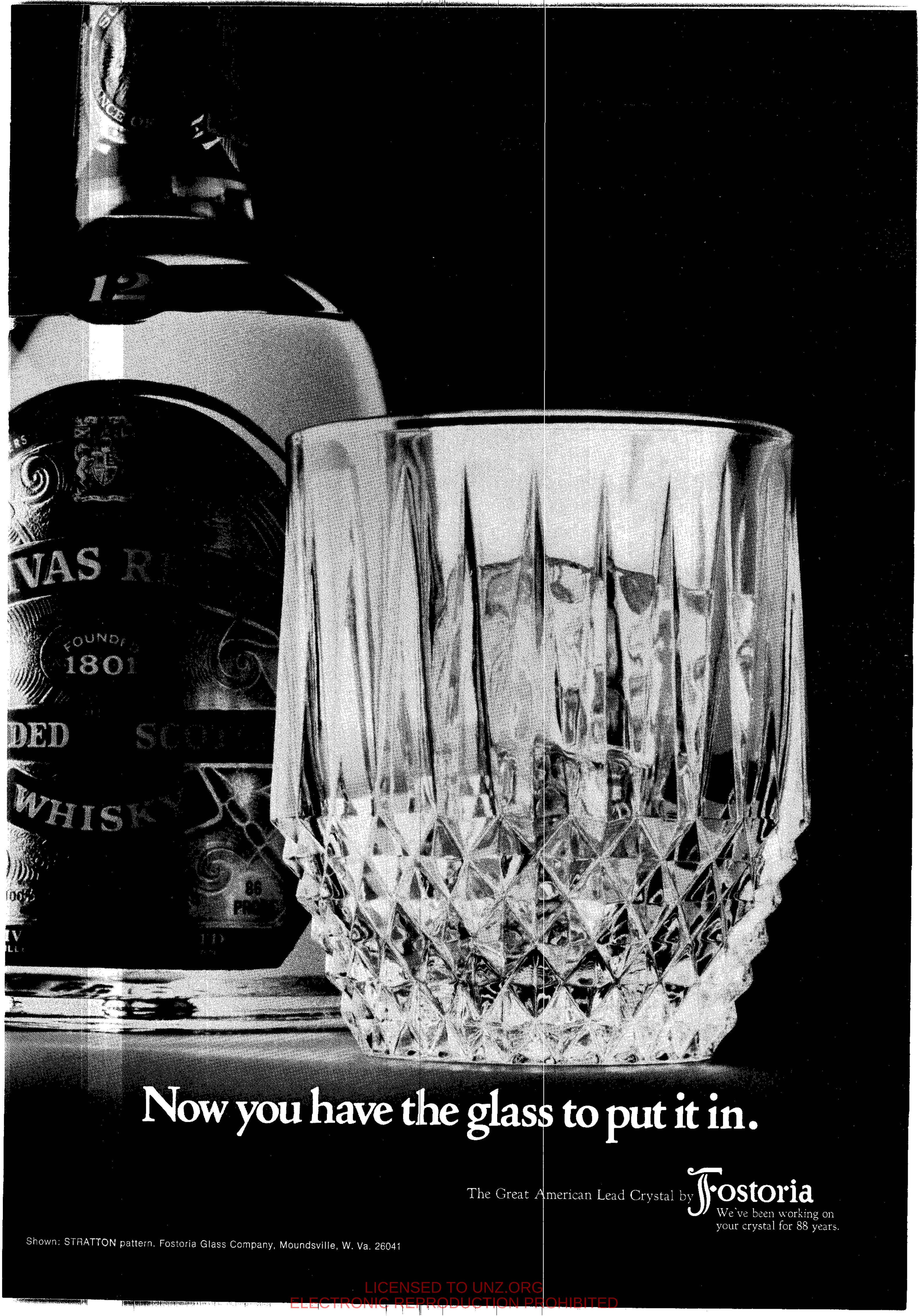
very appearingness of this world that suggested to the philosopher—that is, to the human mind—the notion that something must exist that is not appearance: "*Nehmen wir die Welt als Erscheinung so beweiset sie gerade zu das Dasein von Etwas das nicht Erscheinung ist*" ("If we look upon the world as appearance, it demonstrates the existence of something that is not appearance"), in the words of Kant. That is to say, when the philosopher takes leave of the world given to our senses and does a turnabout (Plato's *periagoge*) to the life of the mind, he takes his clue from the former, looking for something to be revealed to him which would explain its underlying truth. This truth—*a-letheia*, "that which is disclosed" (Heidegger)—can be conceived only as another "appearance," another phenomenon, originally hidden but of a supposedly higher order, and thus signifies the lasting predominance of appearance. Our mental apparatus, though it can withdraw from *present* appearances, remains geared to Appearance. The mind, no less than the senses, in its search—Hegel's "*Anstrengung des Begriffs*" ("conceptual effort")—expects that something will appear to it.

Something quite similar seems to be true for science, and especially for modern science, which—according to an early remark of Marx's—relies on Being's and Appearance's having parted company, so that the philosopher's special and individual effort is no longer needed to arrive at some "truth" behind the appearances. The scientist, too, depends on appearances, whether, in order to find out what lies beneath the surface, he cuts open the visible body to look at its interior or whether he catches hidden objects by means of all sorts of sophisticated equipment that deprives them of the exterior properties through which they show themselves to our natural senses. The guiding notion of these philosophical and scientific efforts is always the same: appearances, in Kant's words, "must themselves have grounds which are not appearances." This, in fact, is an obvious generalization of the way natural things grow and "appear" into the light of day out of a ground of darkness, except that philosophy assumed that this ground possessed a reality of a higher rank than what merely appeared and after a while disappeared again. And, just as the philosophers' "conceptual efforts" to find something beyond appearances have always ended with rather violent invective against "mere appearances," the eminently practical achievements of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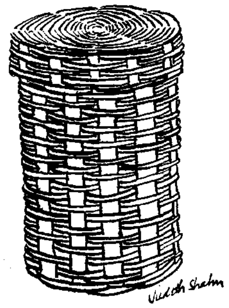
the scientists in laying bare what appearances themselves never show without being interfered with have been brought about at the appearances' expense.

The primacy of appearance is a fact of everyday life which neither the scientists nor the philosophers can ever escape, to which they must always return from their laboratories and studies, and which shows its strength by never being in the least changed or deflected by whatever they may have discovered when they withdrew from it. "Thus," Merleau-Ponty writes, "the 'strange' notions of the new physics . . . [surprise] common sense . . . without changing anything of its categories." Against this unshakable common-sense conviction stands the age-old theoretical supremacy of Being and Truth over mere Appearance; that is, the supremacy of the *ground*, which does not appear, over the surface, which does. This ground supposedly answers the oldest question of philosophy as well as of science: How does it happen that something or somebody, including me myself, appears at all? What makes it appear in this form and shape rather than in any other? The question itself asks for a *cause* rather than a base or ground, but the point of the matter is that our tradition of philosophy has transformed the base from which something rises into the cause that produces it, and has then assigned to this producing agent a reality of a higher rank than is given to what merely meets the eye. The belief that a cause should be of higher rank than the effect (so that an effect can easily be disparaged by being retracted to its cause) may belong to the oldest and most stubborn metaphysical fallacies. Yet here, again, we are not dealing with a sheer arbitrary error: the truth is, not only do appearances never reveal of their own accord what lies beneath them but also, generally speaking, they never just make themselves manifest but also conceal. In Merleau-Ponty's words, "No thing, no side of a thing, shows itself except by actively hiding the others." They expose, and they also protect from exposure, and, as far as what lies beneath is concerned, this protection may even be their most important function. At any rate, this is true for living things, whose surface hides and protects the inner organs that are their source of life.



The elementary logical fallacy of all theories that rely on the dichotomy of Being and Appearance is obvious, and was early discovered. It is summed up by the sophist Gorgias, in a fragment from his lost treatise "On Non-Being or on Nature" (supposedly a refutation of Eleatic philosophy): "Being is not manifest, since it does not appear [to men: *dokein*]; appearing [to men] is weak, since it does not succeed in being."

The relentless search of modern science for the base underneath mere appearances has given new support to the old argument. To be sure, it has forced the ground of appearances into the open, so that man, a creature fitted for and dependent on appearances, can catch hold of it. But the results have been rather perplexing. No man, it has turned out, can live among "causes" or give full account in normal human language of a Being whose truth can be scientifically demonstrated in the laboratory and tested in practice in the real world through technology. It does look as though Being, once made manifest, overruled appearances—except that nobody so far has succeeded in *living* in a world that does not manifest itself of its own accord.

THE everyday, common-sense world, which neither the scientist nor the philosopher ever eludes, knows error as well as illusion. Yet no elimination of errors or dispelling of illusions can arrive at a region beyond appearance. "For when an illusion dissipates, when an appearance suddenly breaks up, it is always for the profit of a new appearance which takes up again for its own account the ontological function of the first. . . . The dis-illusion is the loss of one evidence only because it is the acquisition of *another evidence*. . . . There is no *Schein* without an *Erscheinung*, every *Schein* is the counterpart of an *Erscheinung*" (Merleau-Ponty). That modern science, in its relentless search for *the* truth behind *mere* appearances, will ever be able to resolve this predicament is, to say the least, highly doubtful, if only because the scientist himself belongs to the world of appearances, although his perspective on this world may differ from the common-sense perspective.

Historically speaking, it seems that an irremovable doubt has been inherent in the whole enterprise ever since its beginnings in the rise of science in the modern age. The first entirely new notion brought in by the new age—the

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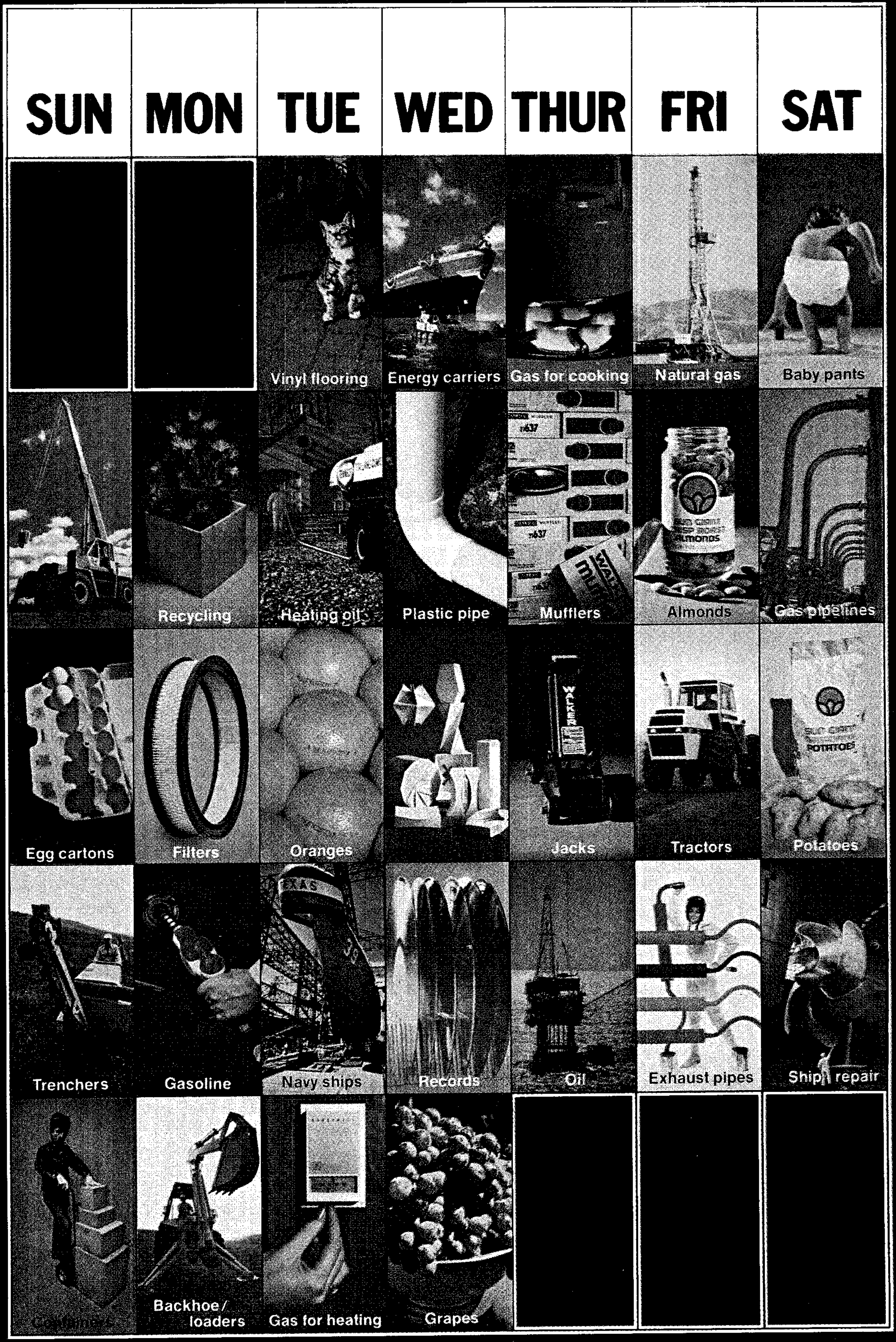

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seventeenth-century idea of an unlimited *progress*, which after a few centuries became the most cherished dogma of *all* men living in a scientifically oriented world—seems intended to take care of the predicament: though one expects to progress further and further, no one seems ever to have believed in reaching a final goal of absolute truth. It is obvious that consciousness of the predicament should be most acute in the sciences that deal directly with men, and the answer—reduced to its lowest terms—of the various branches of biology, sociology, and psychology is to interpret all appearances as functions of the life process. The great advantage of functionalism is that it presents us again with a unitary world view; the old metaphysical dichotomy of (true) Being and (mere) Appearance, together with the old prejudice of Being's supremacy over Appearance, is kept intact, albeit in a different manner. The argument has shifted: appearances are no longer depreciated as "secondary qualities" but understood as necessary conditions for essential processes that go on inside the living organism. This hierarchy has recently been challenged in a way that seems to me highly significant. Could it be not that appearances are there for the sake of the life process but, on the contrary, that the life process is there for the sake of appearances? Since we live in an *appearing* world, is it not much more plausible that the relevant and the meaningful in this world of ours should be located precisely on the surface?

In a number of publications on the various shapes and forms in animal life, the Swiss zoologist and biologist Adolf Portmann has shown that the facts themselves speak a very different language from the simplistic functional hypothesis that holds that appearances in living beings serve merely the twofold purpose of self-preservation and preservation of the species. From a different and, as it were, more innocent viewpoint, it rather looks as though, on the contrary, the inner, non-appearing organs might exist only in order to bring forth and maintain the appearances. Portmann writes, "Prior to all functions for the purpose of preservation of the individual and the species . . . we find the simple fact of appearing as self-display *that makes these functions meaningful*" (italics added).

Moreover, Portmann demonstrates with a great wealth of fascinating example—what should be obvious to the naked eye—that the enormous variety

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of animal and plant life, the very richness of display, in its sheer functional *superfluity*, cannot be accounted for by the common theories that understand life in terms of function. For example, the plumage of birds, "which, at first, we consider to be of value as a warm, protective covering, is thus in addition so formed that its visible parts—and these only—build up a coloured garment, the intrinsic worth of which lies solely in its visible appearance." Generally speaking, "the functional form pure and simple, so much extolled by some as befitting Nature [adequate to nature's purpose], is a rare and special case." Hence, it is wrong to take into account only the functional process that goes on inside the living organism, and to regard everything that is outside and "offers itself to the senses as the more or less subordinate consequence of the much more essential, 'central,' and 'real' processes." According to that prevailing misinterpretation, "the external shape of the animal serves to conserve the essential, the inside apparatus, through movement and intake of food, avoidance of enemies, and finding sexual partners." Against this approach Portmann proposes his "morphology," a new science that would reverse the priorities: "*Not what something is, but how it 'appears' is the research problem*" (italics added).

This means that the very shape of an animal "must be appraised as a special organ of reference in relationship to a beholding eye," that "the eye and what is to be looked at form a functional unit which is fitted together according to rules as strict as those obtaining between food and digestive organs." And, in accordance with this reversal, Portmann distinguishes between "authentic appearances," which come to light of their own accord, and "inauthentic" ones, such as the roots of a plant or the inner organs of an animal, which become visible only through interference with and violation of the "authentic" appearance.

Two facts of equal importance give this reversal its main plausibility. First, the impressive phenomenal difference between "authentic" and "inauthentic" appearances, between outside shapes and the inside apparatus. The outside shapes are infinitely varied and highly differentiated; among the higher animals we can usually tell one individual from another. Outside features of living things, moreover, are arranged according to the law of symmetry, so that they appear in a definite and pleasing order. Inside organs, on the con-

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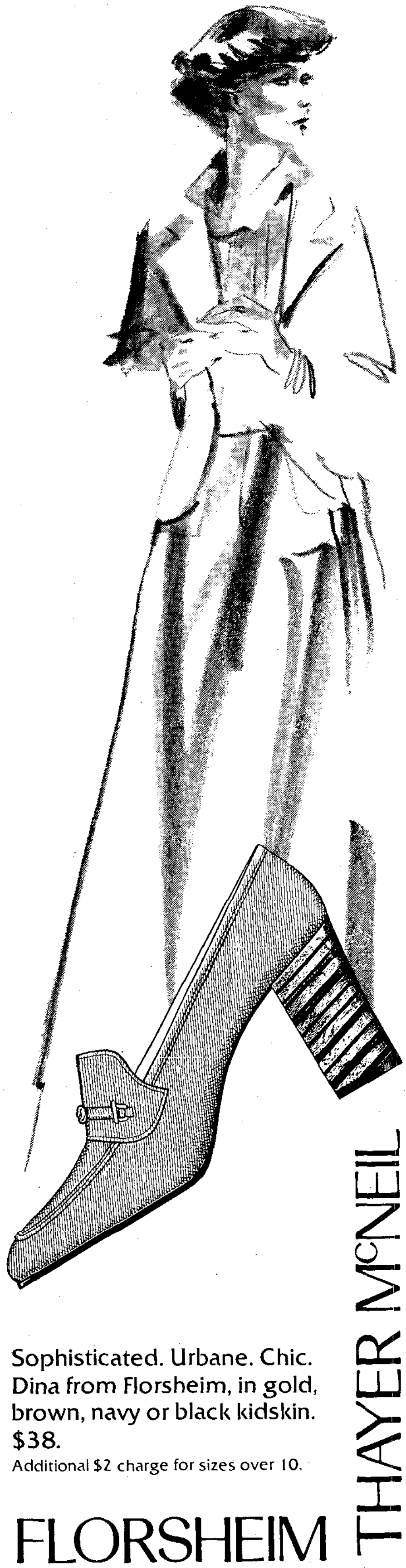

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trary, are never pleasing to the eye. Once forced into view, they look as though they had been thrown together piecemeal, and, unless they are deformed by disease or some peculiar abnormality, they appear alike; not even the various animal species, let alone individuals, are easy to tell from each other by the mere inspection of their intestines. When Portmann defines life as "the appearance of an inside in an outside," he seems to fall victim to the very views he criticizes: the point of his own findings is that what appears outside is so hopelessly *different* from the inside that one can hardly say that the inside ever appears at all. The inside, the functional apparatus of the life process, is covered up by an outside which, as far as the life process is concerned, has only one function; namely, to hide and protect it, to prevent its exposure to the light of an appearing world. If this inside were to appear, we would all look alike.

There is, second, the equally impressive evidence for the existence of an innate impulse—no less compelling than the merely functional instinct of preservation—that Portmann calls "the urge to self-display" (*Selbstdarstellung*). This instinct is entirely gratuitous in terms of life-preservation; it far transcends what may be deemed necessary for sexual attraction. These findings suggest that the predominance of outside appearance implies, in addition to the sheer receptivity of our senses, a spontaneous activity: *whatever can see wants to be seen, whatever can hear calls out to be heard, whatever can touch presents itself to be touched.* It almost seems, indeed, that everything that is alive—in addition to the fact that its surface is made for appearance, fit to be seen and meant to appear to others—has an *urge to appear*, to fit itself into the world of appearances by showing and displaying not its "inner self" but itself as an individual. (The word "self-display," like the German *Selbstdarstellung*, is equivocal: it can mean that I actively make my presence felt, seen, and heard, or that I display my *self*, something inside me that would otherwise not appear at all—that is, in Portmann's terminology, an "inauthentic" appearance. In the following, we shall use the word in the first meaning.) It is precisely this self-display, quite prominent already in the higher forms of animal life, that reaches its climax in the human species.

Portmann's morphological reversal of the usual priorities has far-reaching consequences, which he himself, however—perhaps for very good reasons—does not elaborate. It points to what he calls "the value of the surface;" that is, to the fact that "the appearance shows a maximum power of expression compared with the internal, whose functions are of a more primitive order." The use of the word "expression" makes clear the terminological difficulties that an elaboration of the consequences is bound to encounter. For an "expression" cannot but express something, and to the inevitable question "What does the expression express?" (that is, press out) the answer will always be "Something inside"—an idea, a thought, an emotion. The expressiveness of an appearance, however, is of a different order: it "expresses" nothing but itself; that is, it exhibits or displays. From Portmann's findings it follows that our habitual standards of judgment, so firmly rooted in metaphysical assumptions and prejudices—according to which the essential lies beneath the surface, and the surface is "superficial"—are wrong; that our common conviction that what is inside us, our "inner life," is more relevant to what we "are" than what appears on the outside is an illusion. But when it comes to correcting these fallacies, it turns out that our language—or, at least, our terminological discourse—fails us.

BESIDES, the difficulties are far from being merely terminological. They are intimately related to the problematic beliefs we hold with regard to our psychic life and the relationship of soul and body. To be sure, we are inclined to agree that no bodily inside ever appears authentically, of its own accord, but if we speak of an inner life that is expressed in outward appearance, we mean the life of the soul, and the inside-outside relation that is true for our bodies is not true for our souls, even though we speak of our psychic *life* and its location "inside" ourselves in metaphors obviously drawn from bodily data and experiences. The same use of metaphors, moreover, is characteristic of our conceptual language, designed to make manifest the life of the mind: the words we use in strictly philosophical discourse are also invariably derived from expressions originally related to the world as it is given to our five bodily senses, from whose experience they are then, as Locke pointed out, "transferred"—*meta-pherein*, to carry over—"to more abstruse significations, and made to stand for ideas that

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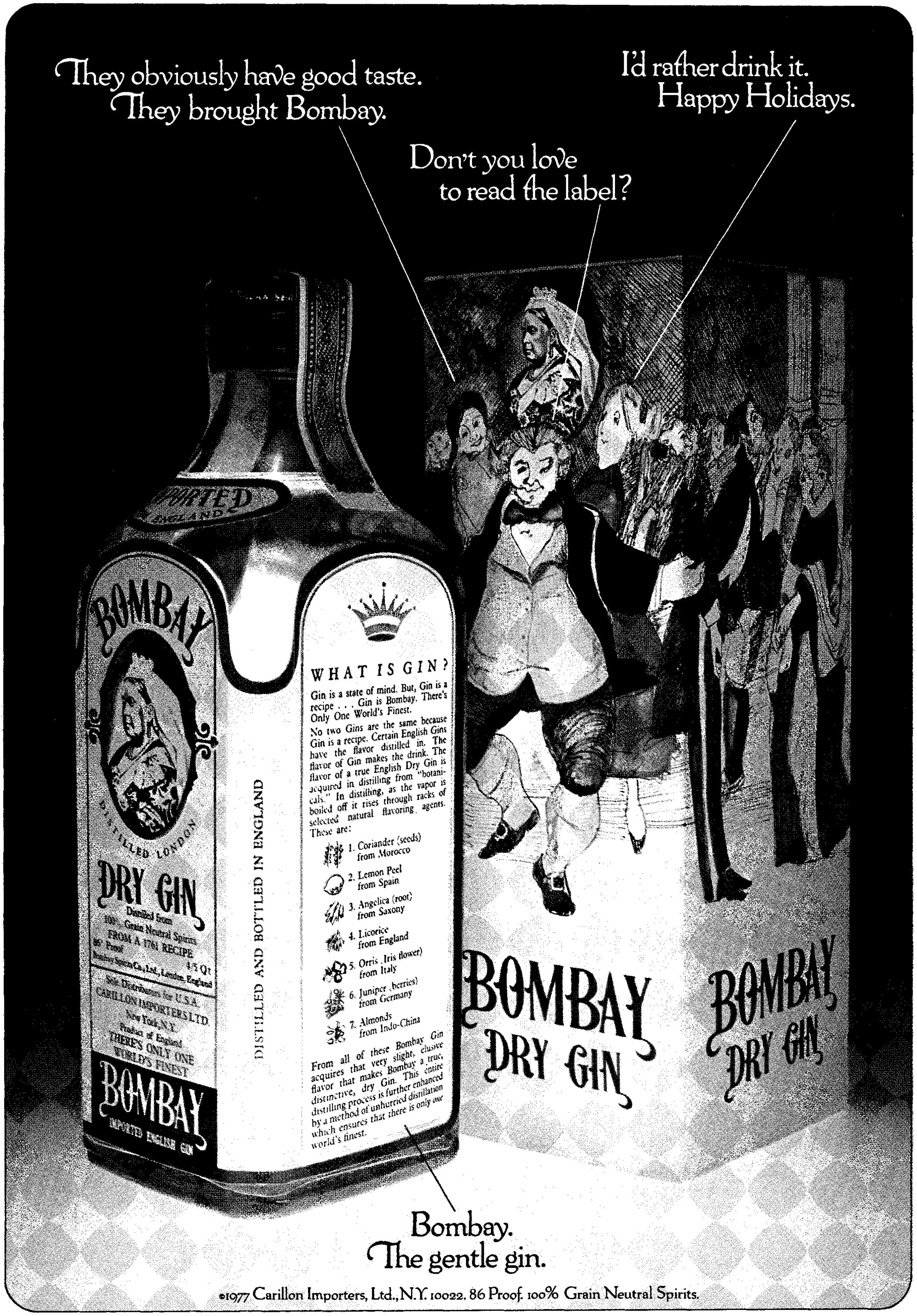

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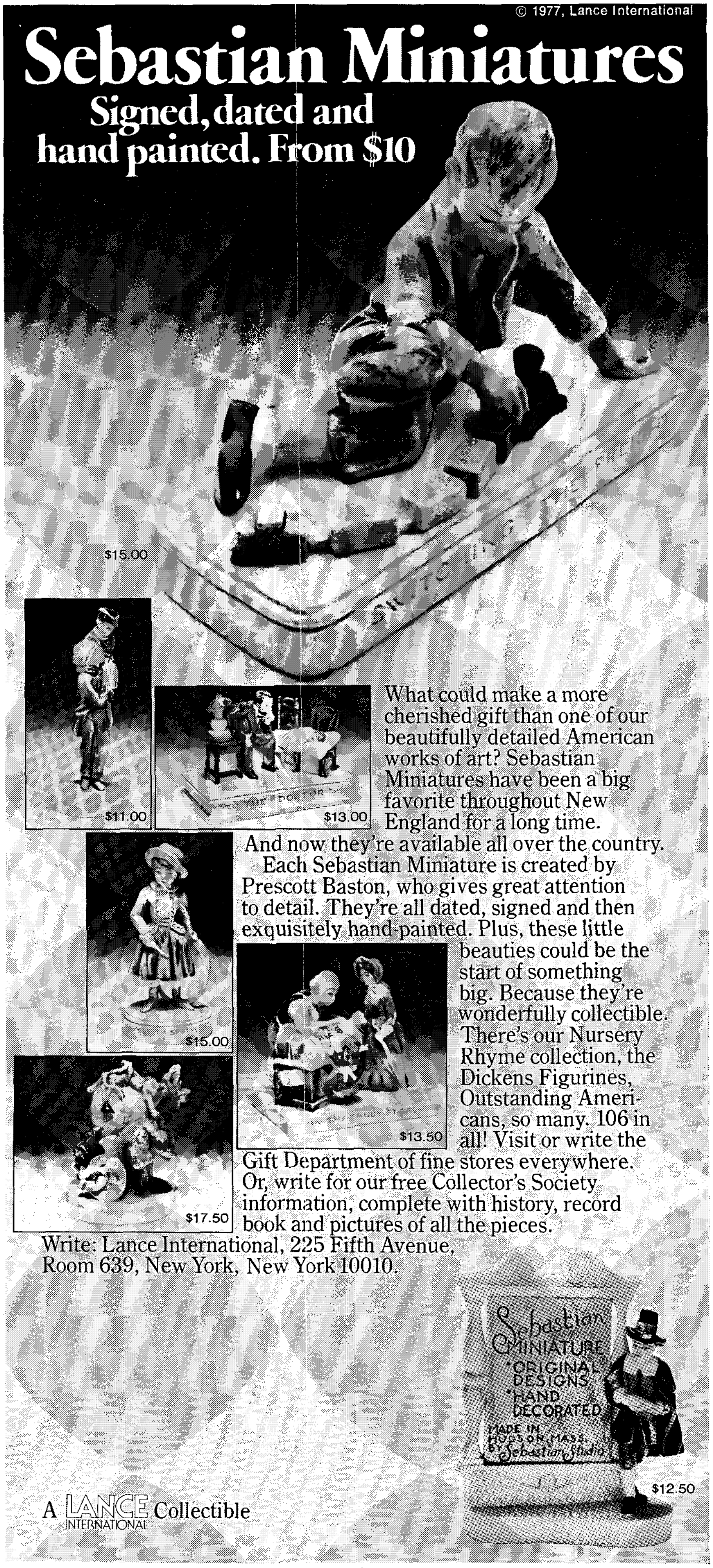
come not under the cognizance of our senses." Only by means of such transference could men "conceive those operations they experimented in themselves, which made no outward sensible appearances." Locke relies here on the old tacit assumption of an identity of soul and mind, both being opposed to the body by virtue of their invisibility.

Upon closer examination, however, it turns out that what is true of the mind—namely, that metaphorical language is the only way the mind has to make an "outward sensible appearance," since even silent, non-appearing activity already consists in speech, the soundless dialogue of me with myself—is not true at all of the life of the soul. Conceptual metaphorical speech is indeed adequate to the activity of thinking, the operations of our mind, but the life of our soul in its very intensity is much more adequately expressed in a glance, a sound, a gesture than in speech. What becomes manifest when we speak about psychic experiences is never the experience itself but whatever we *think* about it when we reflect upon it. Unlike thoughts and ideas, feelings, passions, and emotions can no more become part and parcel of the world of appearances than can our inner organs. What appears in the outside world in addition to physical signs is only what we make of them through the operation of thought. Every *show* of anger, as distinct from the anger I feel, already contains a reflection on it, and it is this reflection that gives the emotion the highly individualized form that is meaningful for all surface phenomena. To show one's anger is one form of self-presentation: I decide what is fit for appearance. In other words, the emotions I feel are no more *meant* to be shown in their unadulterated state than are the inner organs by which we live. To be sure, I could never transform them into appearances if they did not prompt it—if I did not feel them, as I do other sensations that make me aware of the life process within me. But the way they become manifest without the intervention of reflection and transference into speech—by glance, gesture, inarticulate sound—is no different from the way the higher animal species communicate very similar emotions to each other and also to men.

Our mental activities, by contrast, are conceived in speech even before being communicated, but speech is meant to be heard and words are meant to be understood by others who also have the ability to speak, just as a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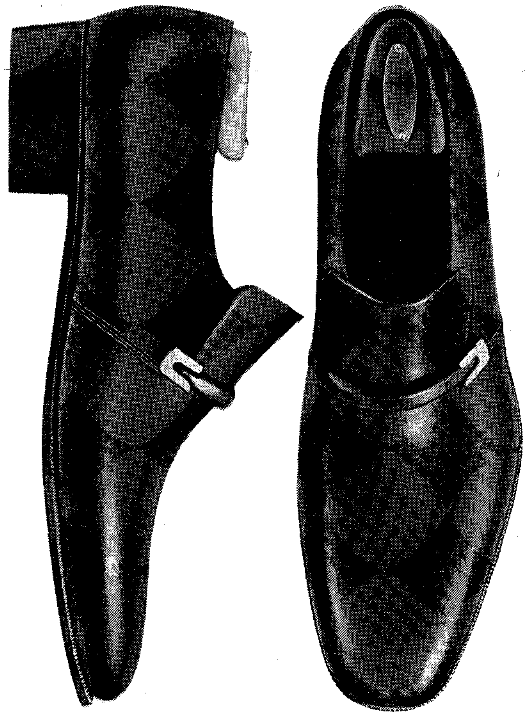

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creature endowed with the sense of vision is meant to see and to be seen. Thought without speech is inconceivable. "Thought and speech anticipate one another. They continually take one another's place" (Merleau-Ponty). They actually take each other for granted. And although the power of speech can be physically located with greater assurance than can many emotions—love or hatred, shame or envy—the locus is not an "organ" and lacks the strictly functional properties that are so characteristic of the whole organic life process. It is true that all mental activities withdraw from the world of appearances, but this withdrawal is not toward an interior of either the self or the soul. Thought, with its accompanying conceptual language, since it occurs in and is spoken by a being at home in a world of appearances, stands in need of metaphors in order to bridge the gap between a world given to sense experience and a realm in which no such immediate apprehension of evidence can ever exist. But our soul experiences are body-bound to such an extent that to speak of the life of the soul as an "inner life" is as unmetaphorical as to speak of the sense thanks to which we have clear sensations of the functioning or non-functioning of our inner organs as an "inner sense." It is obvious that a mindless creature cannot possess anything like an experience of personal identity; it is at the complete mercy of its inner life process, its moods and emotions, whose continual change is in no way different from the continual change of our bodily organs. Every emotion is a somatic experience: we express this by saying that my heart aches when I am grieved, gets warm with sympathy, opens itself up in rare moments when love or joy overwhelms me; and similar physical sensations take possession of me with anger, wrath, envy, and other affects. The language of the soul in its mere expressive stage, prior to its transformation and transfiguration through thought, is not metaphorical; it does not depart from the senses and uses no analogies when it talks in terms of physical sensations. Merleau-Ponty—as far as I know, the only philosopher who not only tried to give an account of the organic structure of human existence but also tried in all earnest to embark upon a "philosophy of the flesh"—was still misled by the old identification of mind and soul when he defined "the mind as the *other side* of the body" on the ground that "there is a body of the mind, and a mind of the body and a chiasm between them." Pre-

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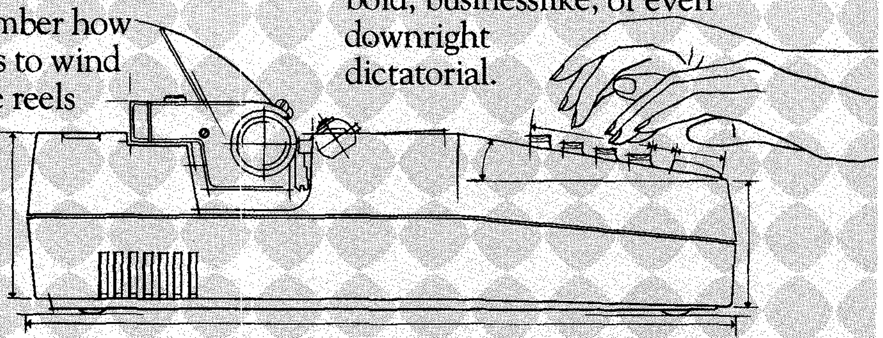

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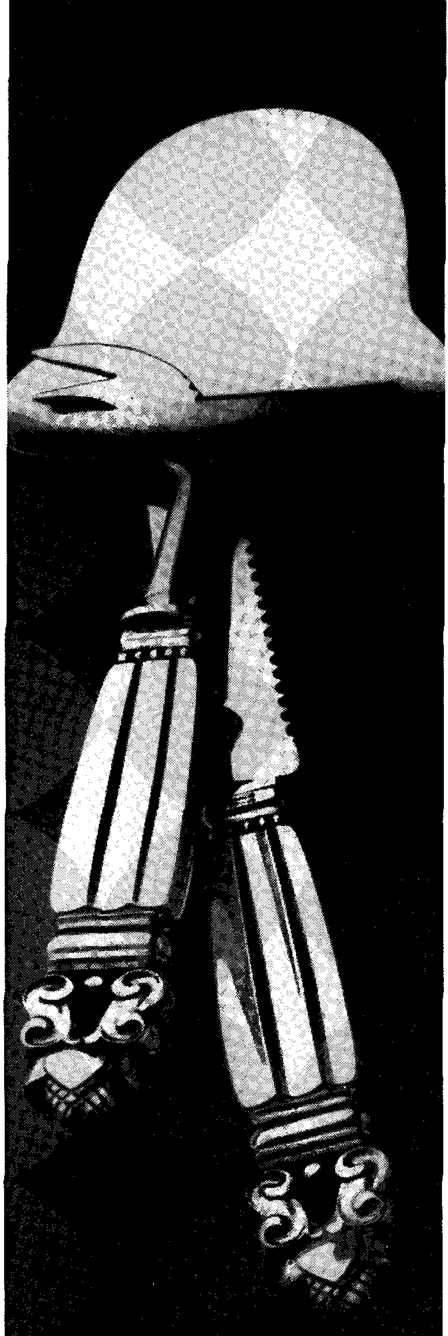

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cisely the lack of such chiasmata, or crossings over, is the crux of mental phenomena, and Merleau-Ponty himself, in a different context, recognized the lack with great clarity. Thought is " 'fundamental' because it is not borne by anything, but not fundamental as if with it one reached a foundation upon which one ought to base oneself and stay," he writes. "As a matter of principle, fundamental thought is bottomless. It is, if you wish, an abyss." But what is true of the mind is not true of the soul, and vice versa. The soul, though perhaps much darker than the mind will ever manage to be, is not bottomless; it does indeed "overflow" into the body; it "encroaches upon it, is hidden in it—and at the same time needs it, terminates in it, is *anchored* in it."

Such insights, incidentally, into the forever troublesome body-soul problem are very old. Aristotle's "De Anima" is full of tantalizing hints at psychic phenomena and their close interconnection with the body in contrast to the relation—or, rather, non-relation—between body and mind. Discussing these matters in an uncharacteristically rather tentative way, Aristotle declares, "There seems to be no case in which the soul can act or be acted upon without the body, e.g., anger, courage, appetite, and sensation generally. [To be active without involving the body] seems rather a property of the mind [*noein*]. But if the mind [*noein*], too, proves to be some imagination [*phantasia*] or impossible without imagination, it [*noein*], too, could not be without the body." And somewhat later, summing up: "Nothing is evident about the mind [*nous*] and the theoretical faculty, but it seems to be a different kind of soul, and only this kind can be separated [from the body], as what is eternal from what is perishable." And in one of the biological treatises he suggests that the soul—its vegetative as well as its nutritive and sensitive part—"came into being in the embryo without existing previously outside it, but the *nous* entered the soul from outside, thus granting to man a kind of activity which had no connection with the activities of the body." In other words, there are no sensations corresponding to mental activities; and the sensations of the psyche, of the soul, are actually feelings we sense with our bodily organs.

In addition to the urge toward self-display by which living things fit themselves into a world of appearances, men also *present* themselves in deed and word and thus indicate how they *wish* to appear—what in their opinion is fit to be seen and what is not. This element of deliberate choice in what to show and what to hide seems specifically human. *Up to a point*, we can choose how to appear to others, and this appearance is by no means the outward manifestation of an inner disposition; if it were, we would probably all act and speak alike. Here, too, we owe to Aristotle the crucial distinctions. "What are spoken out," he says, "are symbols of affects in the soul, and what are written down are symbols of spoken words. As writing, so also is speech not the same for all. *That, however, of which these primarily are symbols, the affections* [pathemeta] *of the soul, are the same for all*" (italics added). These affections are "naturally" expressed by "inarticulate noises" that "also reveal something, for instance, those made by animals." Distinction and individuation occur through speech, the use of verbs and nouns, and these are products, or "symbols," not of the soul but of the mind: "Nouns themselves and verbs resemble [*eoiken*] . . . thoughts [*noemasin*]."

If the inner psychic ground of our individual appearance were not always the same in everyone, there could be no science of psychology, which qua science relies on a psychic "inside we are all alike," just as the science of physiology and medicine relies on the sameness of our inner organs. Psychology—depth psychology, or psychoanalysis—discovers no more than the ever-changing moods, the ups and downs, of our psychic life; and its results and discoveries are neither particularly appealing nor very meaningful in themselves. "Individual psychology," on the other hand—the prerogative of fiction, of the novel and the drama—can never be a science; as a science, it is a contradiction in terms. When modern science finally began to illuminate the Biblical "darkness of the human heart"—of which Augustine said, "*Latet cor bonum, latet cor malum, abyssus est in corde bono et in corde malo*" ("Hidden is the good heart, hidden is the evil heart, an abyss is in the good heart and in the evil heart")—it turned out to be "a motley-colored and painful storehouse and treasure of evils," as Democritus already suspected. Or, as Schelling put

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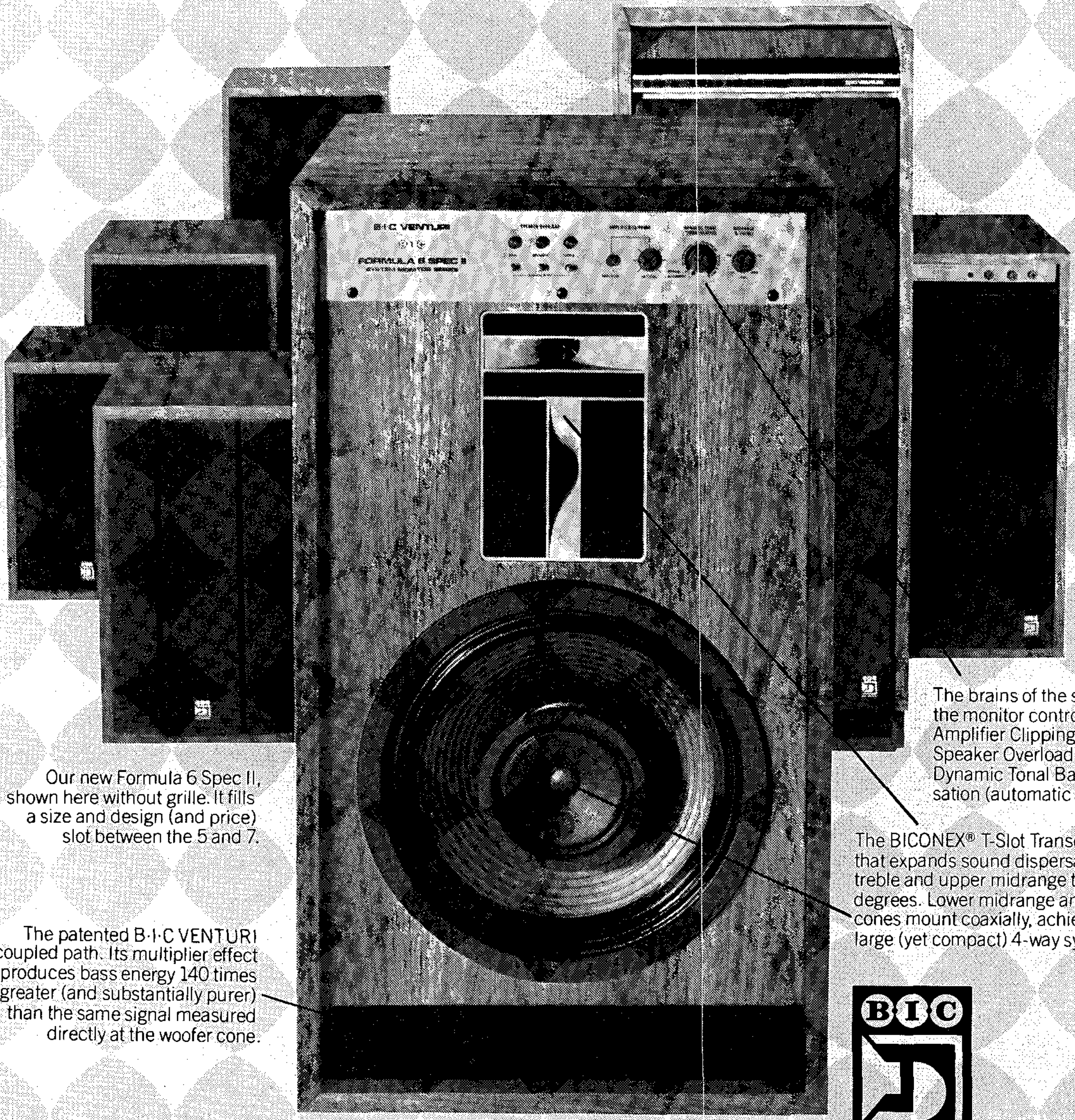

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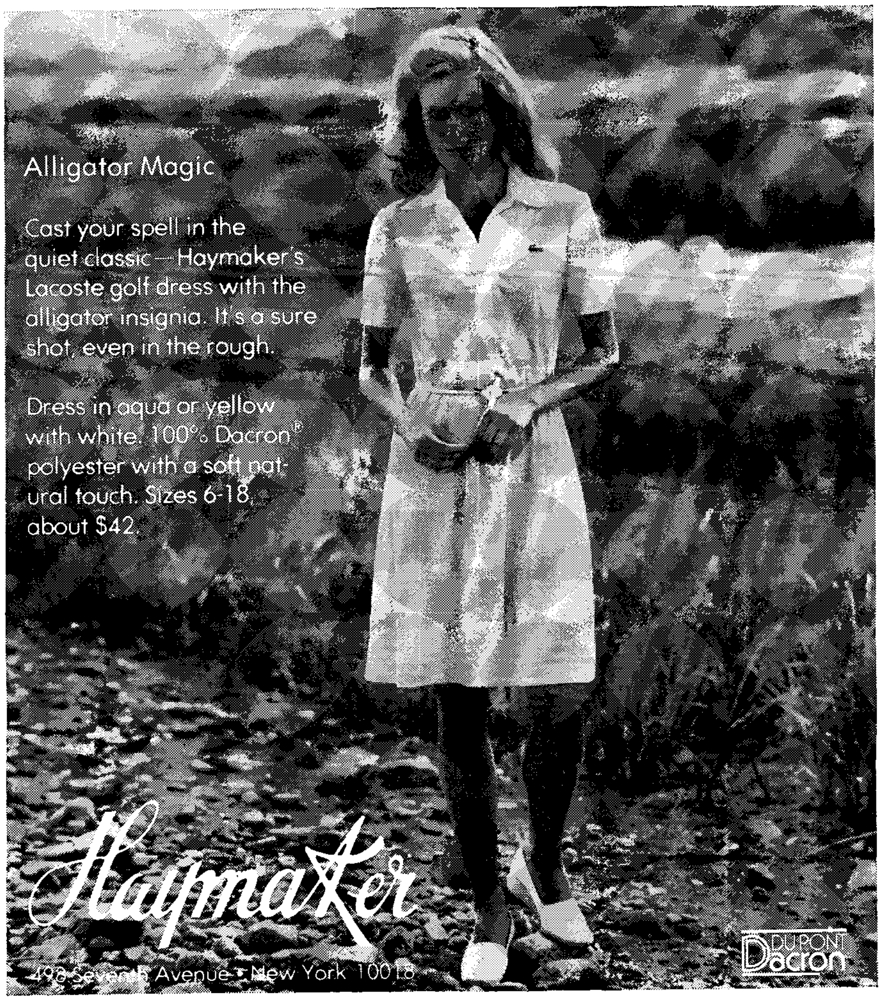

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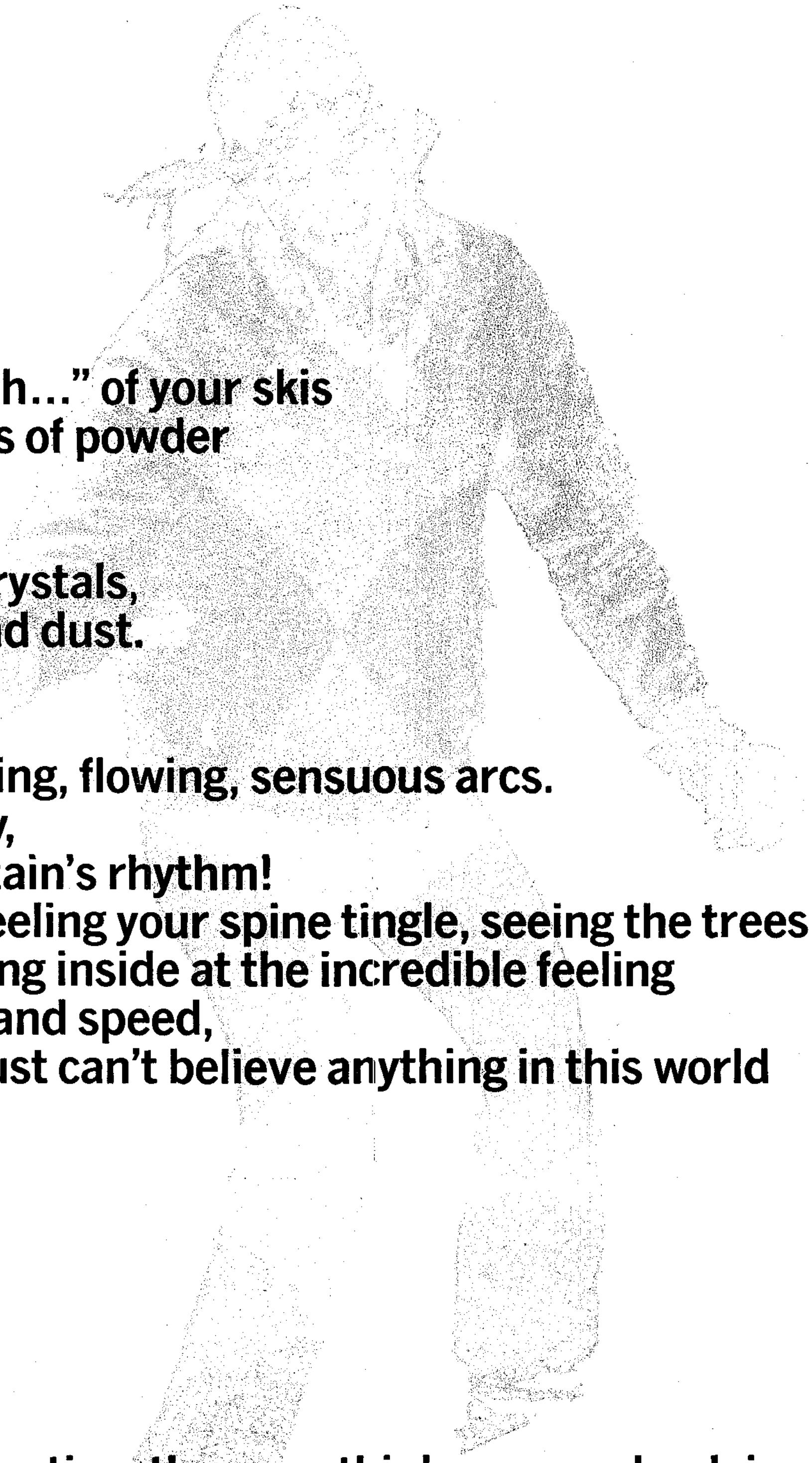
it, in a somewhat more positive way: "*Das Gefühl ist herrlich, wenn es im Grunde bleibt; nicht aber wenn es an den Tag tritt, sich zum Wesen machen und herrschen will*" ("The emotions are glorious when they stay in the depths, but not when they come forth into the day and wish to become of the essence and to rule").

The monotonous sameness and pervasive ugliness so highly characteristic of the findings of modern psychology contrast very obviously with the enormous variety and richness of overt human conduct, and the difference corresponds to the radical difference between the inside and the outside of the human body. The passions and emotions of our soul not only are body-bound but also seem to have the same life-sustaining and preserving functions as our inner organs, with which they share, too, the fact that only disorder or abnormality can individualize them. Without the sexual urge, arising out of our reproductive organs, love would not be possible; but while the urge is always the same, how great is the variety in the actual appearances of love! To be sure, one may understand love as the sublimation of sex only if one keeps in mind that there would be nothing that we understand as sex without love: that without some intervention of the mind—that is, without a deliberate choice between what pleases and what displeases—not even the selection of a sexual partner would be possible. Similarly, fear is an emotion indispensable for survival; it indicates danger, and without that warning sense no living creature could last long. The courageous man is not one whose soul lacks this emotion or one who can overcome it once and for all but one who has decided that fear is not what he wants to show. Courage can then become second nature or a habit, but not in the sense that fearlessness replaces fear, as though it, too, could become an emotion. Such choices are determined by various factors. Many of them are predetermined by the culture into which we are born: they are made because we wish to please others. But there are also choices not inspired by our environment: we may make them because we wish to please ourselves or because we wish to set an example; that is, to persuade others to be pleased with what pleases us. Whatever the motives may be, success or failure in the enterprise of self-presentation depends on the consistency and duration of the image thereby presented to the world.

Since appearances always present



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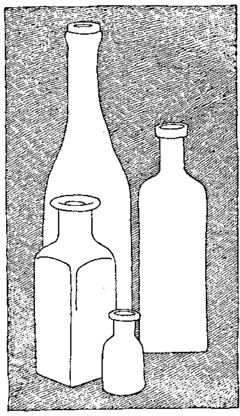
themselves in the guise of seeming, pretense and willful deception on the part of the performer, error and illusion on the part of the spectators are, inevitably, among the inherent potentialities. Self-presentation is distinguished from self-display by the active and conscious choice of the image shown; self-display has no choice but to show whatever properties a living being possesses. Self-presentation would not be possible without a degree of self-awareness—a capacity innate in the reflexive character of mental activities and clearly transcending mere consciousness, which the higher animals probably share with us. Only self-presentation is open to hypocrisy and pretense, and the only way to tell pretense and make-believe from reality and truth is by the former's failure to endure and remain consistent. It has been said that hypocrisy is the compliment that vice pays to virtue, but this is not quite true. All virtue begins with a compliment paid to it, by which I express my being pleased with it. The compliment implies a promise to the world, to those to whom I appear, to act in accordance with my pleasure, and it is the breaking of the implied promise which characterizes the hypocrite. In other words, the hypocrite is not a villain who is pleased with vice and hides his pleasure from his surroundings. The test applying to the hypocrite is indeed the old Socratic "*Be* as you wish to appear," which means "Appear *always* as you wish to appear to others," even if it happens that you are alone and appear to no one but yourself. When I make such a decision, I am not merely reacting to whatever *qualities* may be given me but making an act of deliberate choice among the various potentialities of *conduct* with which the world has presented me. Out of such acts arises finally what we call character or personality—the conglomeration of a number of identifiable qualities gathered together into a comprehensible and reliably identifiable whole, and imprinted, as it were, on an unchangeable substratum of gifts and defects peculiar to our individual soul and body structure. Because of the undeniable relevance of these self-chosen properties to our appearance and role in the world, modern philosophy, starting with Hegel, has succumbed to the strange illusion that man, in distinction from other things, has created himself. Obviously, self-presentation and the sheer thereness of existence are not the same.

SINCE choice as the decisive factor in self-presentation has to do with appearances, and since appearance has the double function of concealing some interior and revealing some "surface" (for instance, of concealing fear and revealing courage; that is, hiding the fear by showing courage), there is always the possibility that what appears may by disappearing turn out finally to have been a mere *semblance*. Because of the gap between inside and outside, between ground of appearance and appearance—or, to put it differently, no matter how different and individualized we appear and how deliberately we have chosen that individuality—it always remains true that "inside we are all alike," unchangeable, except at the cost of the very functioning of our inner psychic and bodily organs or, conversely, of an intervention undertaken to remove some dysfunction. Hence, there is always an element of semblance in all appearance: the ground itself does not appear. From this it does not follow that all appearances are mere semblances. Semblances are possible only in the midst of appearances; they presuppose appearance as error presupposes truth. Error is the price we pay for truth, and semblance is the price we pay for the wonders of appearance. Error and semblance are closely connected phenomena; they correspond with each other.



Semblance is inherent in a world ruled by the law of appearing to a plurality of sensitive creatures each equipped with the faculties of perception. Nothing that appears manifests itself to a single viewer capable of perceiving it under all its inherent aspects. The world appears in the mode of it-seems-to-me, depending on particular perspectives determined by location in the world as well as by particular organs of perception. Not only does this mode produce error, which I can correct by changing my location, drawing closer to what appears, or by improving my organs of perception with the help of tools and implements, or by using my imagination to take other perspectives into account; it also gives birth to true semblances—that is, to deceptive appearances, which I cannot correct like an error, since they are caused by my permanent location on

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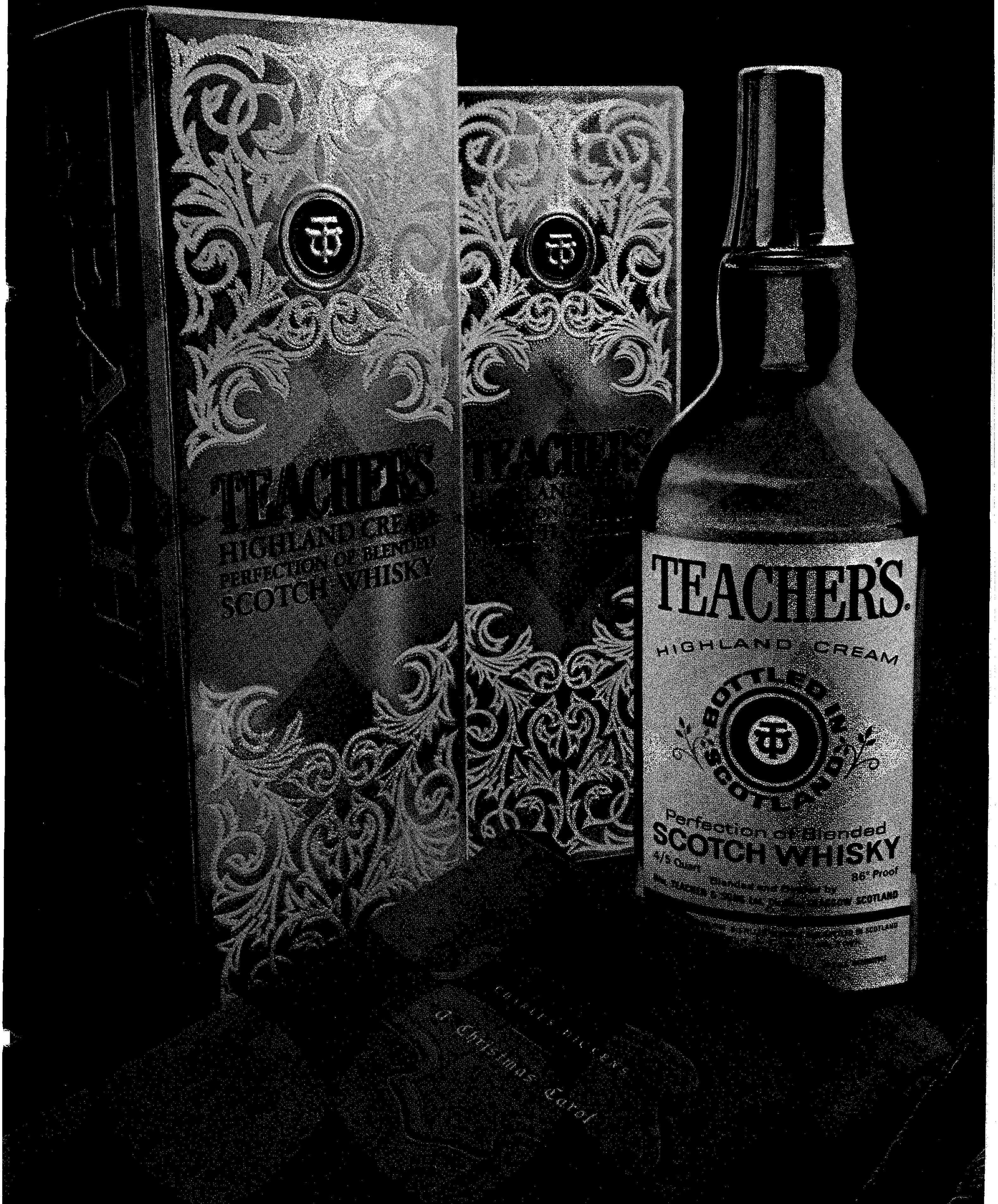
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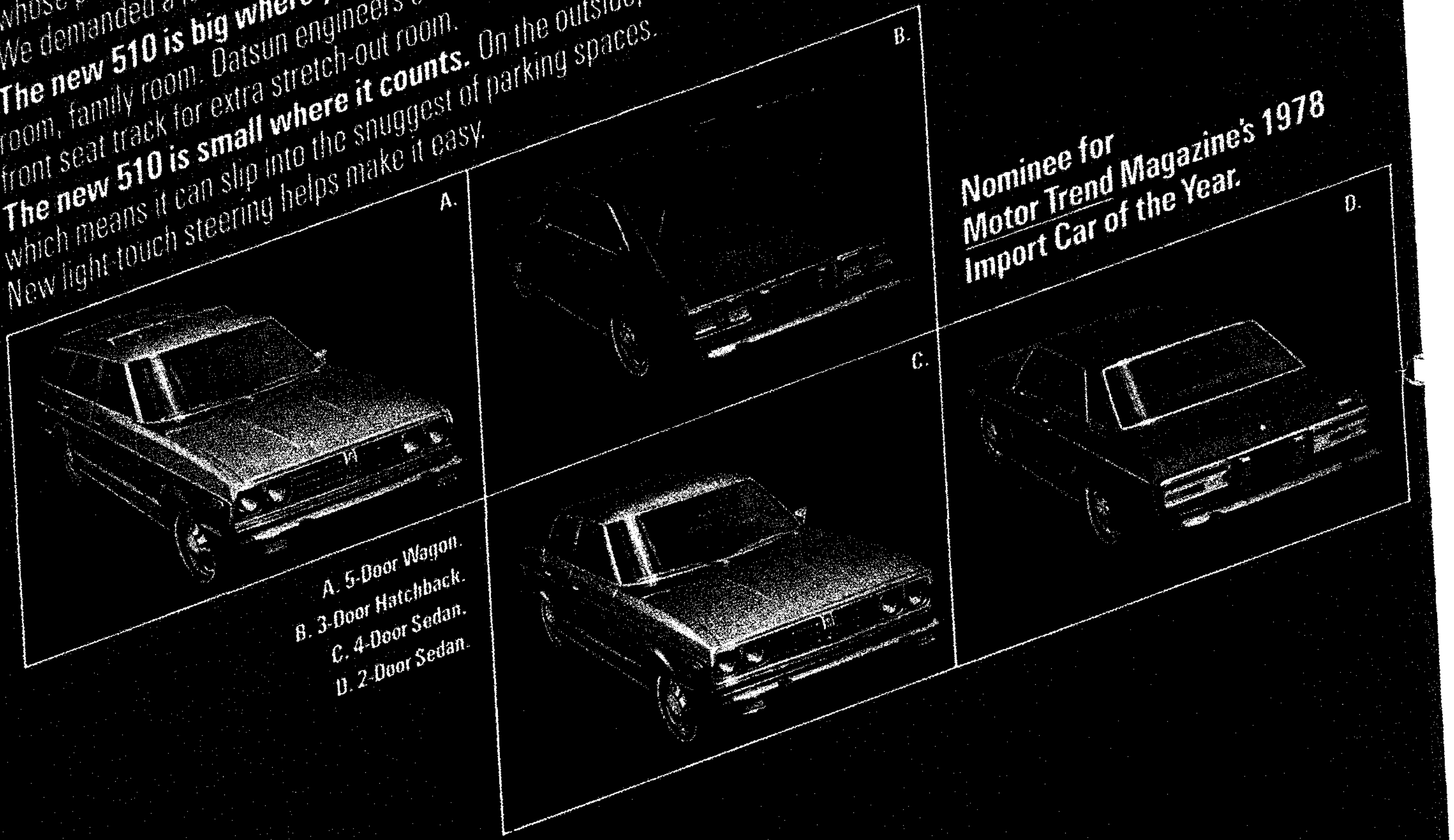

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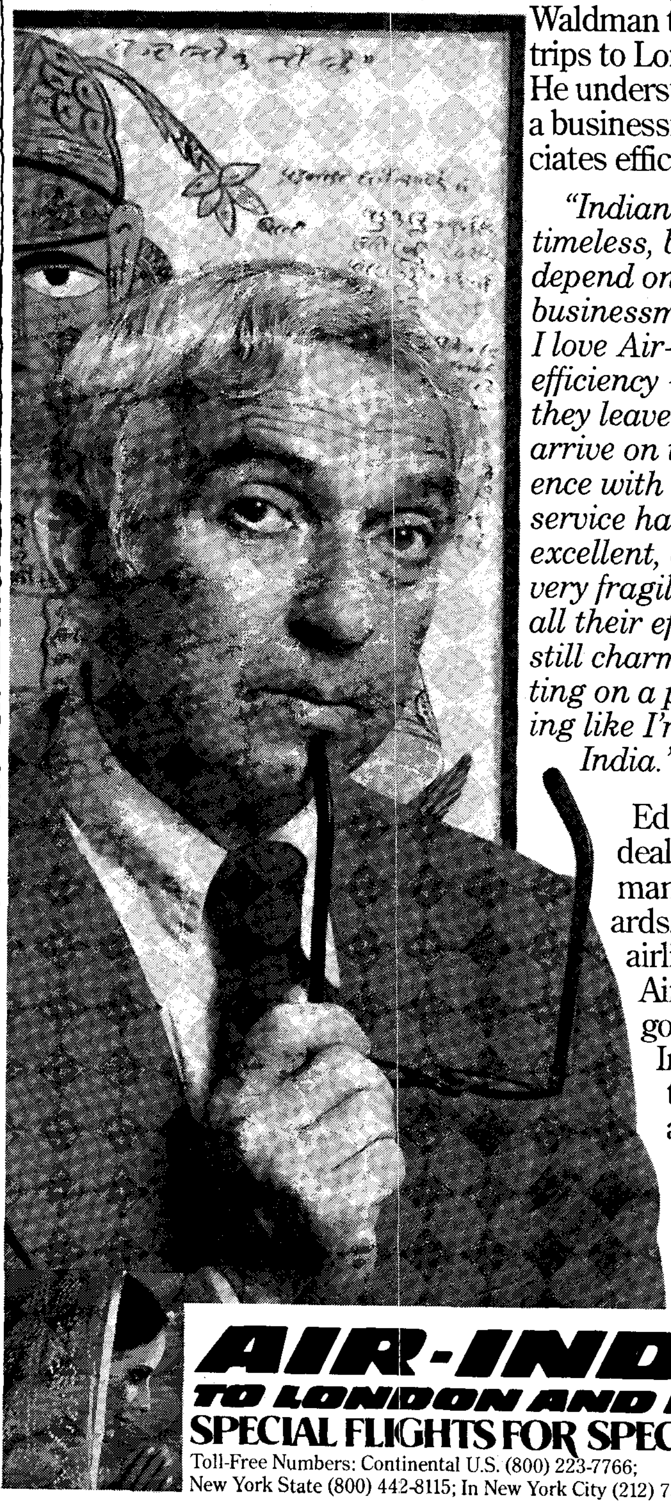
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II, MANUFACTURERS OF SOAP the earth and remain bound up with my own existence as one of the earth's appearances. "Semblance [*dokos*, from *dokei moi*] is wrought over all things," said Xenophanes, so that "there is no man, nor will there ever be one who knows clearly about the gods and about everything I speak of; for even if someone should chance to say what appears in its total reality, he himself would not know it."

Following Portmann's distinction between authentic and inauthentic appearances, one would like to speak of authentic and inauthentic semblances: the latter, mirages like some Fata Morgana, will dissolve of their own accord or can be dispelled upon closer inspection; the former, on the contrary, like the movement of the sun, its rising in the morning and setting in the evening, will not yield to any amount of scientific information, because that is the way the *appearance* of sun and earth inevitably *seem* to an earthbound creature that cannot change its abode. Here we are dealing with those "natural and unavoidable illusions" of our sense apparatus to which Kant referred in his introduction to the transcendental dialectic of reason. The illusion in transcendent judgment he called "natural and unavoidable" because it was "inseparable from human reason, and . . . even after its deceptiveness has been exposed, will not cease to play tricks with reason and continually entrap it into momentary aberrations ever and again calling for correction."

That natural and unavoidable semblances are inherent in a world of appearances from which we can never escape is perhaps the strongest—certainly the most plausible—argument against the simple-minded positivism that believes it has found a firm ground of certainty if it only excludes all mental phenomena from consideration and holds fast to observable facts, the everyday reality given to our senses. All sentient beings, capable both of receiving appearance through sense organs and of displaying themselves as appearances, are subject to authentic illusions, which are by no means the same for each species but are connected with the form and mode of their specific life process. Animals are also able to produce semblances—quite a number of them can even counterfeit a physical appearance—and men and animals both possess an innate ability to manipulate appearance for the sake of deception. To uncover the "true" identity of an animal behind its adaptive temporary color is not unlike unmasking a hypocrite. But what then appears under a decep-



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tive surface is not an inside self—an authentic appearance, changeless and reliable in its thereness. The uncovering destroys a deception; it does not discover anything authentically appearing. An "inside self," if it exists at all, never appears to either the inner or the outward sense, since none of the inner data possess the stable, relatively permanent features that, being recognizable and identifiable, characterize individual appearance. "No fixed and abiding self can present itself in this flux of inner appearances," as Kant observed repeatedly. Actually, it is misleading even to speak of "inner appearances;" all we know are inner sensations, whose relentless succession prevents any of them from assuming a lasting, identifiable shape. (Merleau-Ponty: "For where, when, and how has there ever been a vision of the inside? . . . The 'psychism' is opaque to itself.") Emotions and "inner sensations" are "unworldly" in that they lack the chief worldly property of "standing still and remaining" at least long enough to be clearly perceived, and not merely sensed—to be intuited, identified, and acknowledged. Again according to Kant, "time, the only form of inner intuition, has nothing permanent." (In other words, when Kant speaks of time as "the form of inner intuition," he speaks, though without being aware of it, metaphorically, and he draws his metaphor from our spatial experiences, which have to do with outside appearances. It is precisely the absence of form, and hence of any possibility of intuition, that characterizes our experience of inner sensations.) In inner experience, the only thing to hold on to, to distinguish something at least resembling reality from the incessantly passing moods of our psyche, is persistent repetition. In extreme cases, repetition can become so persistent that it results in the unbroken permanence of one mood, one sensation; but this invariably indicates a grave disorder of the psyche—the euphoria of the manic or the depression of the melancholic.

IN the work of no other philosopher has the concept of appearance, and hence of semblance (of *Erscheinung* and *Schein*), played so decisive and central a role as in Kant. His notion of a "thing in itself," something that *is* but does not appear, although it causes appearances, can be, and has been, explained on the ground of the theological tradition: God is "something;" He is "not nothing." God can be thought, but only as that which does not appear,

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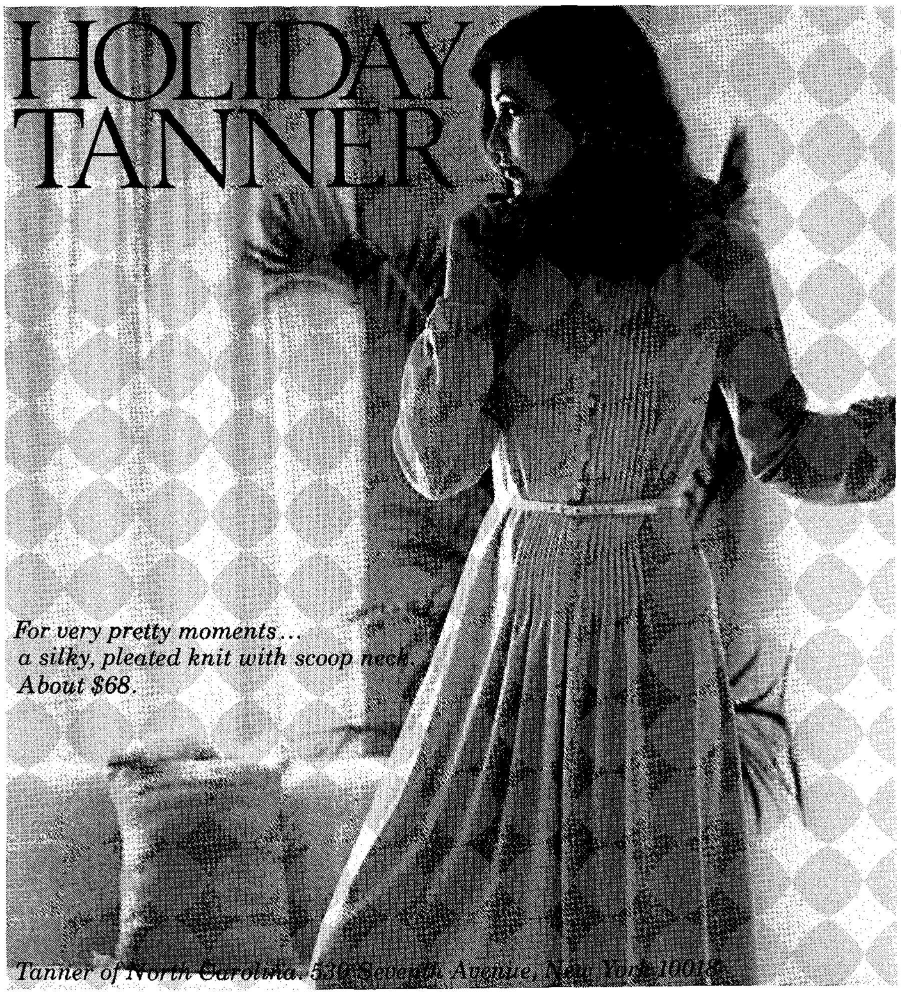
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is not given to our experience, hence is "in itself;" and, as He does not appear, He is not *for us*. This interpretation has its difficulties. For Kant, God is an "Idea of reason" and as such is *for us*. To think God and speculate about a hereafter is, according to Kant, *inherent in human thought* insofar as reason, man's speculative capacity, necessarily transcends the cognitive faculties of his intellect: only what appears and, in the mode of it-seems-to-me, is given to experience can be known; but thoughts also "are," and certain thought-things, which Kant calls "ideas," though they are never given to experience and are therefore unknowable, such as God, freedom, and immortality, are *for us* in the emphatic sense that reason cannot help thinking them and that they are of the greatest interest to men and the life of the mind. Consequently, it may be advisable to examine to what extent the notion of a non-appearing "thing in itself" is given in the very understanding of the world as a world of appearances quite independently of the needs and assumptions of a thinking being and of the life of the mind.

There is, first, the everyday fact—rather than Kant's conclusion mentioned before—that every living thing, because it appears, possesses a "ground which is not appearance" but which can be forced into the light of day and then becomes what Portmann calls an inauthentic appearance. In Kant's understanding, to be sure, things that do not appear of their own accord but whose existence can be demonstrated—inner organs, roots of plants, and the like—are also appearances. Still, his conclusion that appearances "must themselves have grounds which are not appearances" and thus must "rest upon a transcendent object which determines them as mere representations"—that is, upon something which in principle is of an altogether different ontological order—seems clearly to have been drawn in analogy to phenomena of this world, which contains both authentic and inauthentic appearances, and in which the inauthentic appearances, insofar as they contain the very apparatus of the life process, seem to *cause* the authentic ones. The theological bias (in Kant's case, the need to make the arguments favor the existence of an intelligible world) enters here in the words "mere representations"—as though he had forgotten his own central thesis: "We assert that the conditions of the *possibility of experience* in general are likewise conditions of the *possibility of the objects of experience*, and that for this

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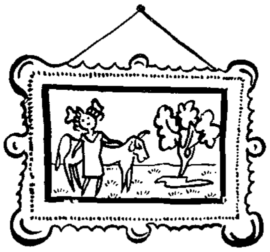
reason they have objective validity in a synthetic *a priori* judgment." The plausibility of Kant's argument that what causes something to appear must be of a different order from the appearance itself rests on our experience with these life phenomena, but the hierarchical order of the "transcendent object" (the thing in itself) and "mere representations" does not, and it is this order of priorities that Portmann's thesis reverses. Kant was carried away by his great desire to shore up every argument which, without being able to arrive at a definite proof, might at least make it overwhelmingly plausible that "there *undoubtedly* is something distinct from the world which contains the ground of the order of the world," and therefore is itself of a higher order. If we trust only our experiences with appearing and non-appearing things and start speculating on the same lines, we can just as well—actually with much stronger plausibility—conclude that while there may indeed exist a fundamental ground behind an appearing world, this ground's chief, and even sole, significance lies in its effects (that is, in what it causes to appear) rather than in its sheer creativity. If the divine is what causes appearances and does not appear itself, then man's inner organs could turn out to be his true divinities.



In other words, the common philosophical understanding of Being as the ground of Appearance is true to the phenomenon of Life, but the same cannot be said of the evaluation of Being *versus* Appearance which is at the bottom of all two-world theories. The traditional hierarchy that sets the first above the second arises not from our ordinary experiences with the world of appearances but, rather, from the not at all ordinary experience of the thinking ego. As we shall see later, this experience transcends not only Appearance but Being as well. Kant himself explicitly identifies the phenomenon that gave him the actual basis for his belief in a "thing in itself" behind "mere" appearances. It was the fact that "in the consciousness of myself in the sheer thinking activity [*beim blossen Denken*], I am the thing itself [*das Wesen selbst;* i.e., *das Ding an sich*] although nothing of myself is thereby given for thought." If I reflect upon the relation between me and myself which obtains during the thinking activity, it may indeed seem as though my thoughts were "mere representations" or manifestations of an ego that itself remains forever concealed, for thoughts, of course, are never anything like properties that can be predicated of a self or a person. The thinking ego is indeed Kant's "thing in itself": it does not appear to others, and, unlike the self of self-awareness, it does not appear to itself, and yet it is "not nothing."

The thinking ego is sheer activity, and is therefore ageless, sexless, without qualities, and without a life story. Étienne Gilson, asked to write an autobiography, responded, "A man of seventy-five should have many things to say about his past, but . . . if he has lived only as a philosopher, he immediately realizes that he has no past." For the thinking ego is not the self. There is an incidental remark—one of those on which we are so dependent in our inquiry—in Thomas Aquinas which sounds rather mysterious unless we are aware of this distinction between the thinking ego and the self: "My soul [in Thomas, the organ for thought] is not I; and if only souls are saved, I am not saved, nor is any man."

The inner sense that might let us get hold of the thinking activity in some sort of inner intuition has nothing to hold on to, according to Kant, because its manifestations are utterly unlike "the appearance confronting external sense," which finds "something still and remaining . . . while time, the only form of inner intuition, has nothing permanent." Hence, "I am conscious of myself, not as I appear to myself, nor as I am in myself, but only that I am. This *representation* is a *thought*, not an *intuition*." And he adds in a footnote, "The 'I think' expresses the act of determining my existence. Existence is already given thereby, but the mode in which I am . . . is not thereby given." Kant stresses the point repeatedly in the "Critique of Pure Reason"—nothing permanent "is given in inner intuition insofar as I think myself"—but we will do better to turn to his pre-critical writings to find an actual description of the sheer experiences of the thinking ego.

In the "Träume Eines Geistersehers, Erläutert Durch Träume der Metaphysik" (1766), Kant stresses the "immateriality" of the *mundus intelligibilis*, the world in which the thinking ego moves, in contrast to the "inertia and constancy" of dead matter that surrounds living beings in the world of appearances. In this context, he distinguishes between "the notion the soul

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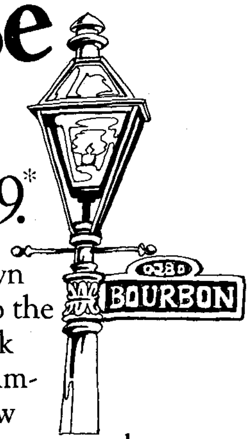

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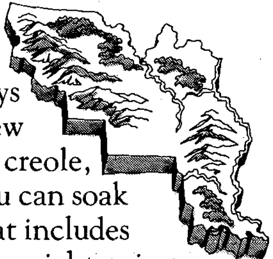

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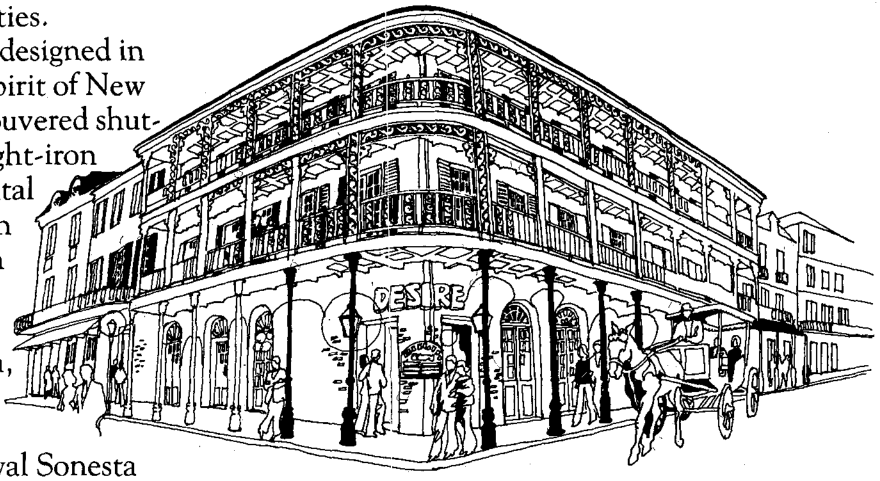

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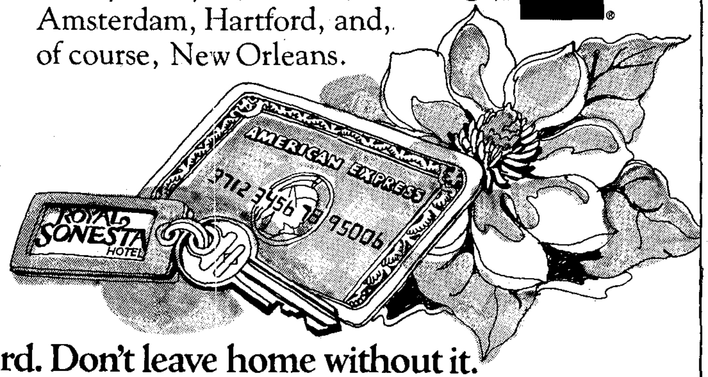

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of man has of itself as mind [*Geist*] through an immaterial intuition, and the consciousness through which it presents itself as a man by means of an image having its source in the sensation of physical organs and conceived in relation to material things." He continues, "It is, therefore, indeed always the same subject that is both a member of the visible and the invisible world, but not the same person, since . . . what I as mind think is not remembered by me as man, and, conversely, my actual state as man does not enter my notion of myself as mind." And he speaks in a strange footnote of a "certain double personality which belongs to the soul even in this life;" he compares the state of the thinking ego to the state of sound sleep, "when the external senses are completely at rest."

To conclude from this experience that there exist "things in themselves" which in their own intelligible sphere *are* as we "are" in a world of appearances belongs among the metaphysical fallacies—or, rather, semblances of reason—whose very existence Kant was the first to discover, to clarify, and to dispel. It seems only proper that this fallacy, like most of the others that have afflicted the tradition of philosophy, should have its source in the experiences of the thinking ego. This one, at any rate, bears an obvious resemblance to a simpler and more common one, mentioned by P. F. Strawson in an essay on Kant: "It is, indeed, an old belief that reason is something essentially out of time and yet in us. Doubtless it has its ground in the fact that . . . we grasp [mathematical and logical] truths. But . . . [it does not follow that one] who grasps timeless truths must himself be timeless." It is characteristic of the Oxford school of criticism to understand such fallacies as logical non sequiturs—as though philosophers throughout the centuries had been, for reasons unknown, just a bit too stupid to discover the elementary flaws in their arguments. The truth of the matter is that elementary logical mistakes are quite rare in the history of philosophy; what appear errors in logic to minds disencumbered of questions that have been uncritically dismissed as "meaningless" are usually caused by semblances, unavoidable for beings whose whole existence is determined by appearance. Hence, in our context the only relevant question is whether the semblances are inauthentic or authentic ones—whether they are caused by dogmatic beliefs and arbitrary assumptions, mere mirages that disappear upon closer inspection, or are inherent in the

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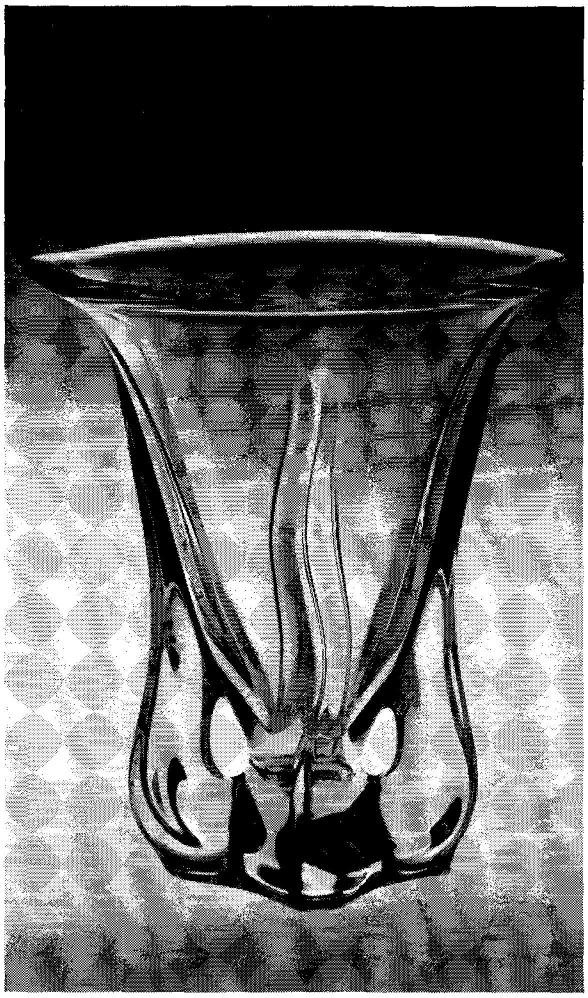

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paradoxical condition of a living being that, though itself part of the world of appearances, is in possession of a faculty, the ability to think, that permits the mind to withdraw from that world without ever being able to leave it or transcend it.

REALITY in a world of appearances is characterized first of all by "standing still and remaining"—remaining the same long enough to become an *object* for recognition and acknowledgment by a *subject.* Husserl's basic and greatest discovery, which he sets forth in exhaustive detail, has to do with the intentionality of consciousness; that is, with the fact that no subjective act is ever without an object. Though the seen tree may be an illusion, it is an object nevertheless, for the act of seeing; though the dreamed landscape is visible only to the dreamer, it is the object of his dream. Objectivity is built into the very subjectivity of consciousness by virtue of intentionality. Conversely, one may speak with the same justness of the intentionality of appearances and their built-in subjectivity. All objects because they appear indicate a subject, and, just as every subjective act has its intentional object, so every appearing object has its intentional subject. In Portmann's words, every appearance is a "conveyance for receivers" ("*Sendung für Empfangsapparate*"). Whatever appears is meant for a perceiver, a potential subject no less inherent in all objectivity than a potential object is inherent in the subjectivity of every intentional act.

That appearance always demands spectators and thus implies an at least potential recognition and acknowledgment has far-reaching consequences for what we, appearing beings in a world of appearances, understand by reality, our own as well as that of the world. In both cases, our "perceptual faith," as Merleau-Ponty called it—our certainty that what we perceive has an existence independent of the act of perceiving—depends entirely on the object's also appearing as such to others and being acknowledged by them. Without this tacit acknowledgment by others, we would not be able to put faith even in the way we appear to ourselves.

This is why all solipsistic theories—whether they radically claim that nothing but the self "exists" or, more moderately, hold that the self and its consciousness of itself are the primary objects of verifiable knowledge—are out of tune with the most elementary data of our existence and experience. Solip-

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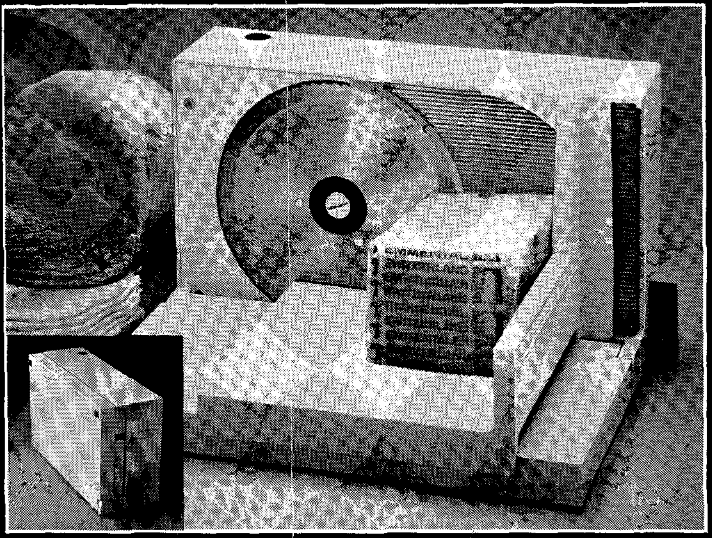

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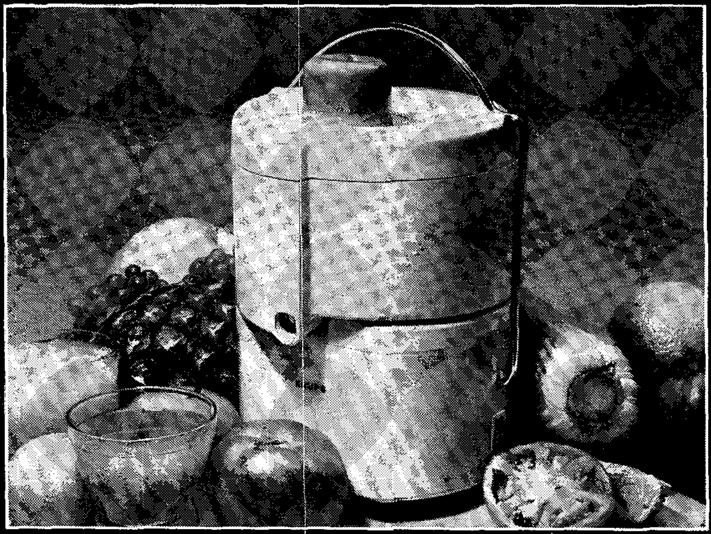

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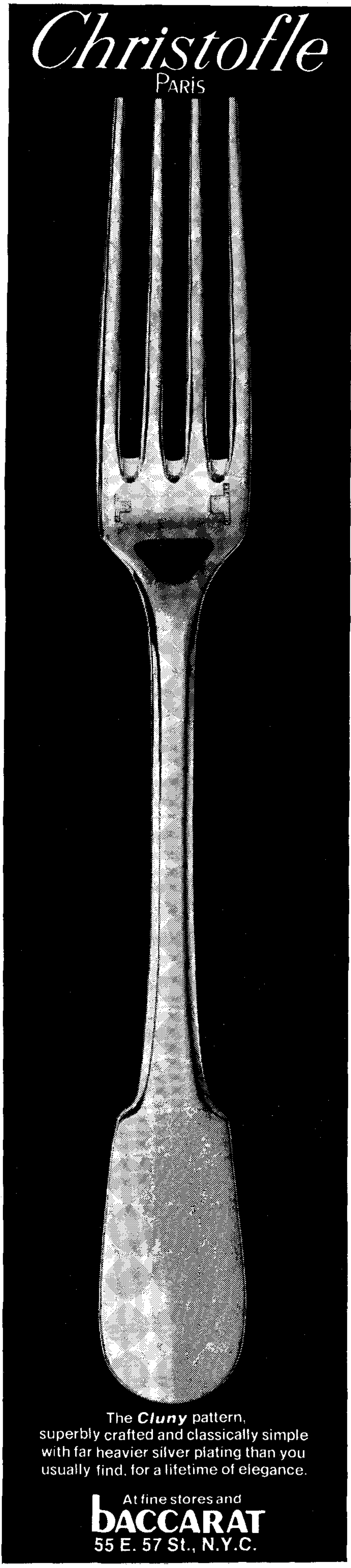

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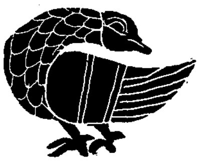

sism, open or veiled, with or without qualifications, has been the most persistent, and perhaps the most pernicious, fallacy of philosophy; it had been so even before it attained in Descartes the high rank of theoretical and existential consistency. When the philosopher speaks of "man," he has in mind neither the species-being (the *Gattungswesen*, comparable to horse or lion, which, according to Marx, constitutes man's fundamental existence) nor a mere paradigm of what, in the philosopher's view, all men should strive to emulate. To the philosopher, speaking out of the experience of the thinking ego, man is quite naturally not just *word* but *thought made flesh*, the always mysterious, never fully elucidated incarnation of the thinking ability. And the trouble with this fictitious being is that it is neither the product of a diseased brain nor one of the easily dispelled "errors of the past" but the entirely authentic semblance of the thinking activity itself. For while a man indulges in sheer thinking, for whatever reason, and on whatever subject, he lives completely in the singular—that is, in complete solitude—as though not men but Man inhabited the earth. Descartes himself explained and justified his radical subjectivism by the decisive loss of certainties entailed by the great scientific discoveries of the modern age, and I have, in a different context, followed up Descartes's reasoning. However, when—beset by the doubts inspired by the beginnings of modern science—he decided "*à rejeter la terre mouvante et le sable pour trouver le roc ou l'argile*" ("to reject the quicksand and mud in order to find the rock or clay"), he certainly rediscovered rather familiar territory in withdrawing to a place where he could live "*aussi solitaire et retiré que dans les déserts les plus écartés*" ("as solitary and retired as in the most remote deserts"). Withdrawal from the "beastliness of the multitude" not merely into the company of "the very few" but also into the absolute solitude of the One has been the most outstanding feature of the philosopher's life ever since Parmenides and Plato discovered that for those "very few"—the *sophoi*—the "life of thinking," which knows neither joy nor grief, is the most divine of all, and *nous*, thought itself, is "the king of heaven and earth."

Descartes, true to the radical subjectivism that was the philosophers' first reaction to the new glories of science, no longer ascribed the gratifications of this way of life to the object of thinking—the everlastingness of the *kosmos*, which does not come into being or ever vanish from it, and thus gives those few who have decided to spend their lives as its spectators their own share of immortality. His very modern suspicion of man's cognitive and sensory apparatus made him define with greater clarity than anyone before him as properties of the *res cogitans* certain characteristics that were by no means unknown to the ancients but that now, perhaps for the first time, assumed a paramount importance. Outstanding among these was self-sufficiency; namely, that this ego has "no need of any place, nor does it depend on any material thing." And, following that, worldlessness; namely, that in self-inspection, "*examinant avec attention ce que j'étais*," he could easily "*feindre que je n'avais aucun corps et qu'il n'y avait aucun monde ni aucun lieu où je fusse*" ("feign that I had no body, and that there was no world nor place where I was").

To be sure, none of these discoveries—or, rather, rediscoveries—was of great importance in itself to Descartes. His main concern was to find something—the thinking ego, or, in his words, "*la chose pensante*," which he equated with the soul—whose reality was beyond suspicion, beyond the illusions of sense perception. Even the power of an all-powerful *Dieu trompeur* would not be able to shatter the certainty of a consciousness that had withdrawn from all sense experience. Although everything given may be illusion and dream, the dreamer, if he will only consent not to demand reality of the dream, must be real. Hence, "*Je pense, donc je suis*" ("I think, therefore I am"). So strong was the experience of the thinking activity itself, on the one hand, and so passionate, on the other, the desire to find certainty and some sort of abiding permanence after the new science had discovered "*la terre mouvante*" (the shifting quicksand of the very ground on which we stand) that it never occurred to him that no *cogitatio* and no *cogito me cogitare*, no consciousness of an acting self that had suspended all faith in the reality of its intentional objects, would ever have been able to convince him of his own reality if he had actually been born in a desert, without a body and its senses to perceive "material" things, and without fellow-creatures to assure him that what he perceived was perceived by them, too. The Cartesian *res cogitans*, this fictitious creature,

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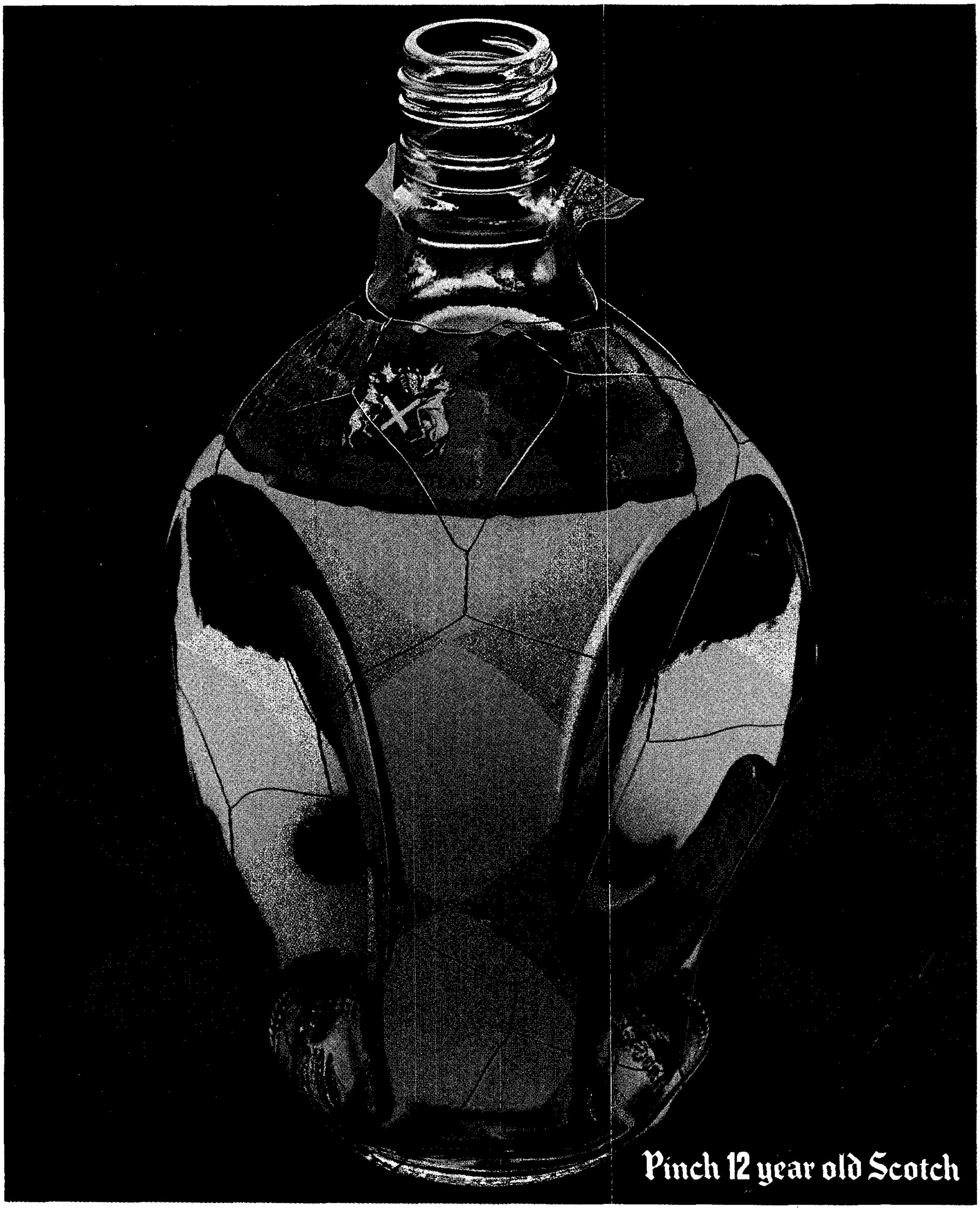
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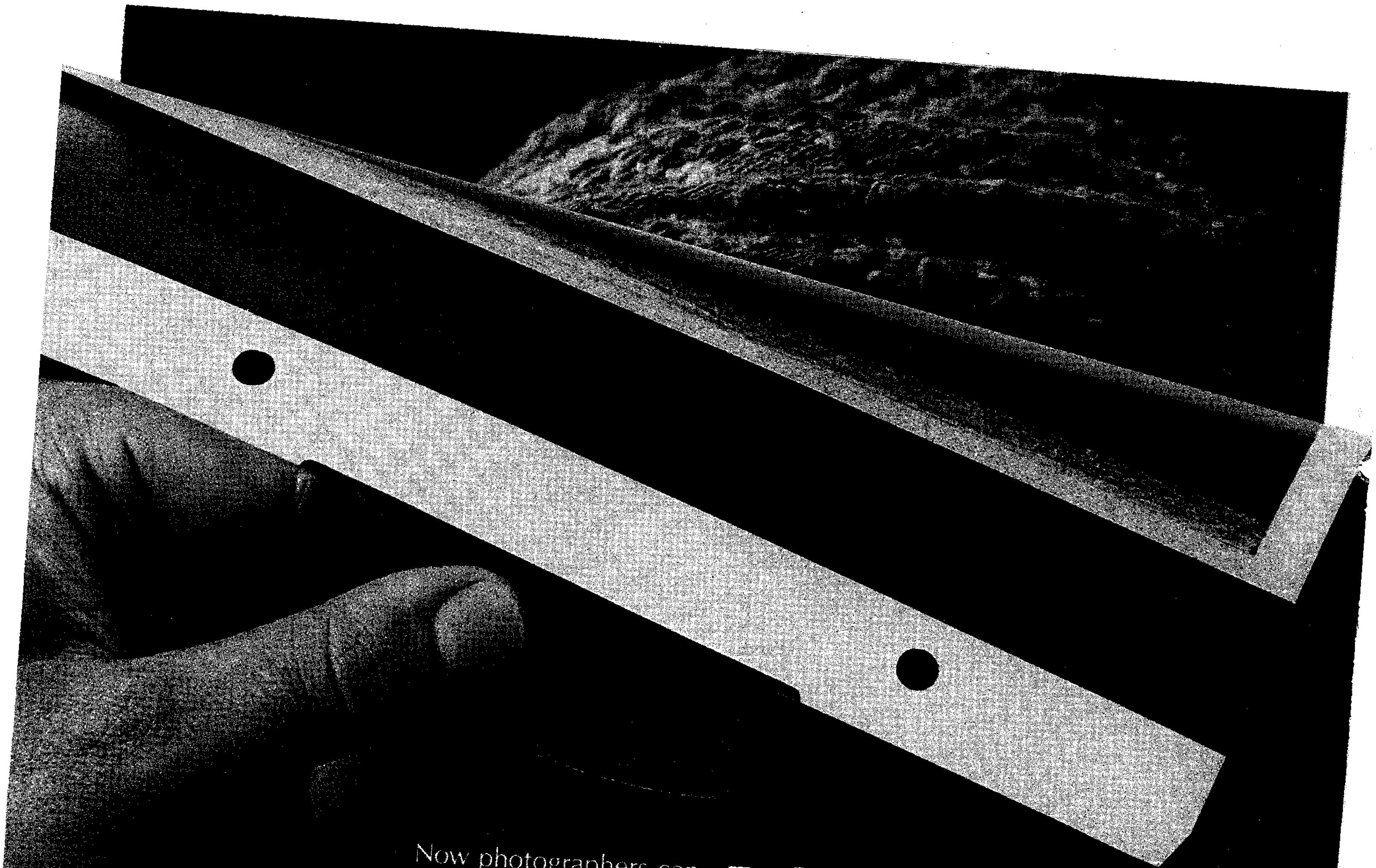

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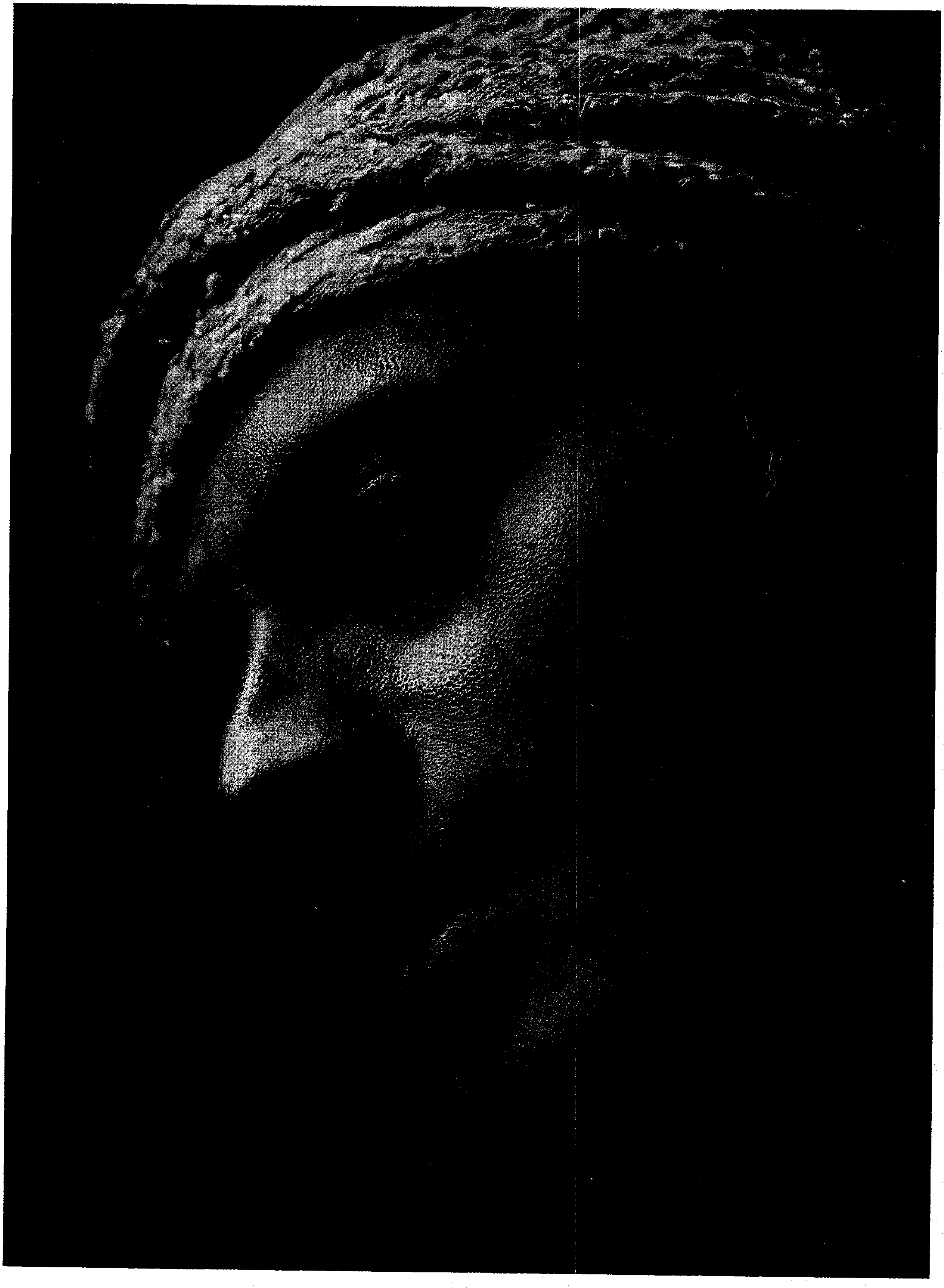

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Cointreau Liqueur. 80 Proof. Renfield Importers, Ltd. © Cointreau Corp., 1977 bodiless, senseless, and forsaken, would not even know that there is such a thing as reality and a possible distinction between the real and the unreal, between the common world of waking life and the private non-world of our dreams. What Merleau-Ponty had to say against Descartes is brilliantly right: "To reduce perception to the thought of perceiving . . . is to take out an insurance against doubt whose premiums are more onerous than the loss for which it is to indemnify us: for it is to . . . move to a type of certitude that will never restore to us the 'there is' of the world."

Moreover, it is precisely the thinking activity—the experiences of the thinking ego—that gives rise to doubt of the world's reality and of my own. Thinking can seize upon and get hold of everything real—event, object, its own thoughts. Their realness is the only property that remains stubbornly beyond its reach. The *cogito ergo sum* is a fallacy not just in the sense that, as Nietzsche remarked, from the *cogito* only the existence of *cogitationes* could be inferred but in the sense that the *cogito* is subject to the same doubt as the *sum*. The I-am is presupposed in the I-think; thought can seize on this presupposition but can neither prove nor disprove it. (Kant's argument against Descartes was entirely right, too: "[The thought] *I am not . . .* cannot exist; for if I am not it follows that I cannot become aware that I am not." Reality cannot be derived; thought or reflection can accept or reject it, and the Cartesian doubt, starting from the notion of a *Dieu trompeur*, is but a sophisticated and veiled form of rejection. It remained for Wittgenstein, who had set out to investigate "how much truth there is in solipsism" and thus became its most relevant contemporary representative, to formulate the existential delusion underlying all its theories: "At death the world does not alter but comes to an end," or "Death is not an event in life. We do not live our death." This is indeed the basic premise of all solipsistic thinking.

Although everything that appears is perceived in the mode of it-seems-to-me, and hence is open to error and illusion, appearance as such carries with it a prior indication of *realness*. All sense experiences are normally accompanied by the additional, if usually mute, sensation of reality, and this despite the fact that none of our senses taken in isolation and no sense object taken out of context can produce it. (Art, therefore, which transforms

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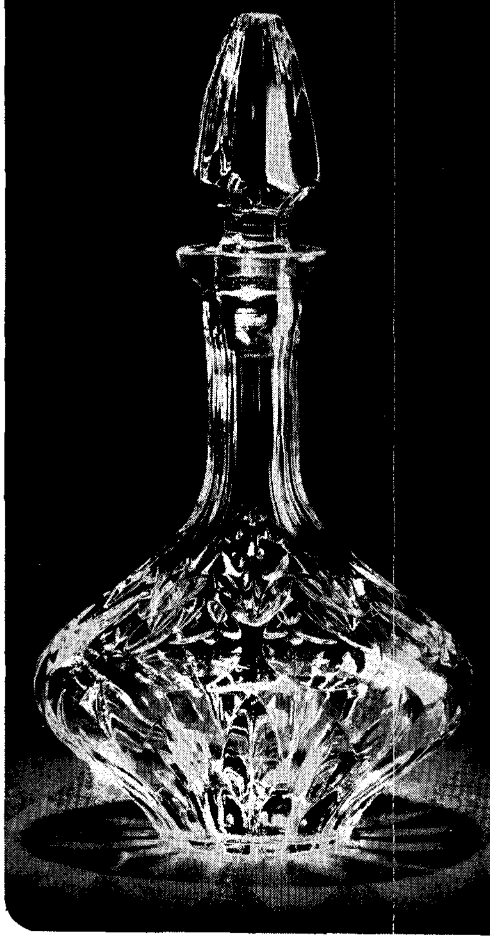
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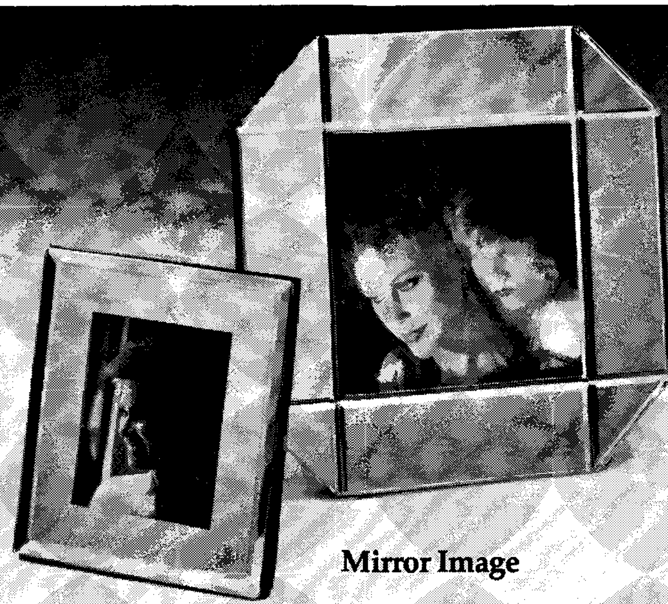

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sense-objects into thought-things, first of all tears them out of their context in order to de-realize them and thus prepare them for their new and different function.)

The reality of what I perceive is guaranteed, on the one hand, by its worldly context, which includes others who perceive as I do, and, on the other, by the working together of my five senses. What since Thomas Aquinas we call common sense, the "*sensus communis*," is a kind of "sixth sense" needed to keep my five senses together and guarantee that it is the same object that I see, touch, taste, smell, and hear; *it is the "one faculty" that "extends to* all objects of the five senses." This same sense, which is a mysterious sixth sense because it cannot be localized as a bodily organ, enables the sensations of my strictly private five senses—so private that sensations in their mere sensational quality and intensity are incommunicable—to fit into a common world, shared by others. The subjectivity of the it-seems-to-me is remedied by the fact that the same object also appears to others, though its mode of appearance may be different. (It is the inter-subjectivity of the world, rather than similarity of physical appearance, that convinces men that they belong to the same species. Though each single object appears in a different perspective to each individual, the context in which it appears is the same for the whole species. In this sense, every animal species lives in a world of its own, and in order to recognize members of that world the individual animal does not need to compare its own physical characteristics with those of its fellow-members.) In a world of appearances, filled with error and semblance, reality is guaranteed by this threefold commonness: the five senses, utterly different from each other, have the same object in common; members of the same species have the context in common which endows every single object with its particular meaning; and all other sense-endowed beings, though perceiving this object from utterly different perspectives, agree on its identity. Out of this threefold commonness arises the *sensation* of reality.

To each of our five senses corresponds a specific, sensorily perceptible property of the world. Our world is visible because we have vision, audible because we have hearing, touchable and full of odors and tastes because we have touch, smell, and taste. The sixth sense's corresponding worldly property is *realness*, and the difficulty with this property is that it cannot be perceived in the same way as other sensory properties. The sense of realness is not a sensation, strictly speaking; reality "is *there* even if we can never be certain that we know it" (Peirce), for the "sensation" of reality, of sheer thereness, relates to the *context* in which single objects appear and also to the context in which we ourselves as appearances exist among other appearing creatures. The context qua context never appears entirely; it is elusive, almost like Being, which qua Being never appears in a world filled with beings, with single entities. But Being, which since Parmenides has been the highest concept of Western philosophy, is a thought-thing that we do not expect will be perceived by the senses or will cause a sensation, whereas realness is akin to sensation; a feeling of realness (or of irreality) actually accompanies all the sensations of my senses, which without it would not make "sense." This is why Thomas Aquinas defined common sense, his "*sensus communis*," as an "inner sense" that functioned as "the common root and principle of the exterior senses" ("*Sensus interior non dicitur communis . . . sicut genus: sed sicut communis radix et principium exteriorum sensuum*").

To equate this "inner sense," which cannot be physically localized, with the faculty of thought is tempting indeed, because among the chief characteristics of thinking, occurring in a world of appearances and performed by an appearing being, is that it is itself invisible. From this property of invisibility, shared by common sense with the faculty of thought, Peirce concludes that "reality has a relationship to human thought," ignoring the fact that thinking not only is itself invisible but deals with invisibles, with things not *present* to the senses, though they also may be, and mostly are, sense-objects remembered and collected in the storehouse of memory and thus prepared for later reflection. Thomas Landon Thorson elaborates Peirce's suggestion and comes to the conclusion that "reality bears a relationship to the thought process [as] the environment does to biological evolution."

These remarks and suggestions are based on the tacit assumption that thought processes are in no way different from common-sense reasoning; the result is the old Cartesian illusion in modern disguise. Whatever thinking can reach and whatever it may achieve, it is precisely reality as given to common sense, in its sheer thereness, that remains forever beyond its grasp, indissoluble into thought-trains—the stum-

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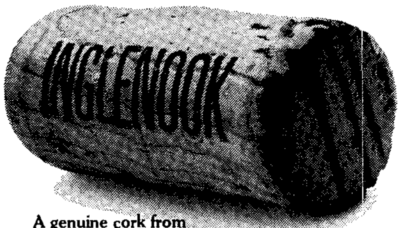

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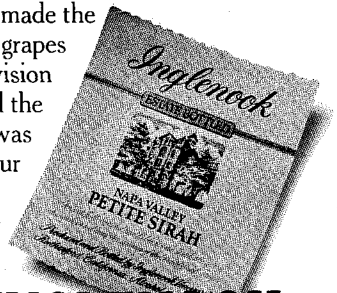

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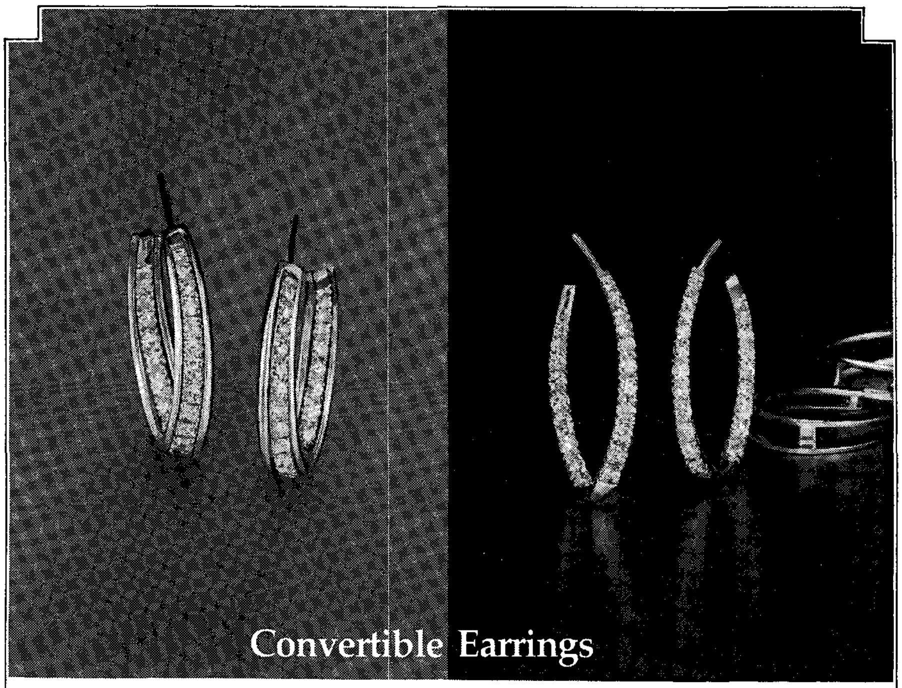

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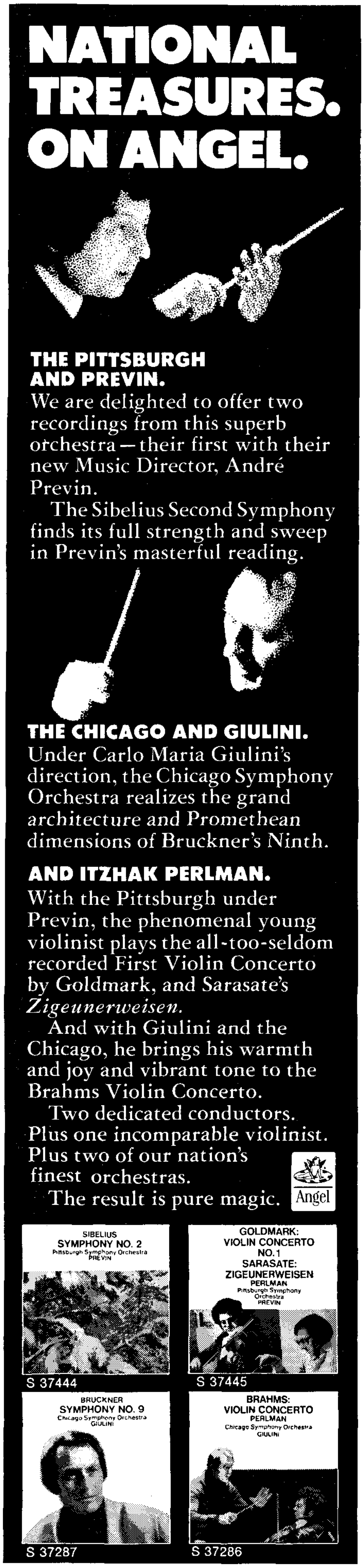

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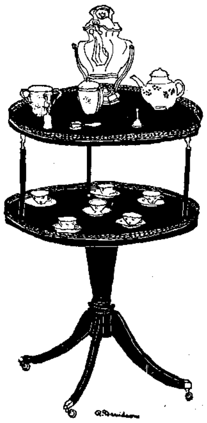
bling block that alerts them and on which they founder in affirmation or negation. Thought processes, unlike common sense, can be physically located in the brain, but they nevertheless transcend all biological data, be these functional or morphological, in Portmann's sense. Common sense, on the contrary, and the feeling of realness belong to our biological apparatus, and common-sense reasoning (which the Oxford school of philosophy mistakes for thinking) could certainly bear the same relation to reality that biological evolution does to environment. With respect to common-sense reasoning, Thorson is right: "We may indeed be talking about more than an analogy; we may be describing two aspects of the same process." And if language, in addition to its treasure of words for things given to the senses, did not offer us such thought-words, technically called "concepts," as justice, truth, courage, and divinity, which are indispensable even in ordinary speech, we would certainly lack all tangible evidence for the thinking activity and hence might be justified in concluding, with the early Wittgenstein, "*Die Sprache ist ein Teil unseres Organismus*" ("Language is a part of our organism").

Thinking, however, which subjects everything it gets hold of to doubt, has no such natural, matter-of-fact relation to reality. It was thought—Descartes's reflection on the *meaning* of certain scientific discoveries—that destroyed his common-sense trust in reality; and his error was to hope he could overcome his doubt by insisting on withdrawing from the world altogether, eliminating every worldly reality from his thoughts, and concentrating only on the thinking activity itself. (*Cogito cogitationes, ergo sum,* and *Cogito me cogitare, ergo sum* are the correct forms of the famous formula.) But thinking can neither prove nor destroy the *feeling* of realness arising out of the sixth sense, which the French, perhaps for this reason, also call *le bon sens*, or good sense; when thinking withdraws from the world of appearances, it withdraws from the sensorily given and hence also from the feeling of realness, given by common sense. Husserl claimed that the *suspension* (*epoche*) of this feeling was the methodological foundation of his phenomenological science. For the thinking ego, this suspension is a matter of course, and by no means a special method to be taught and learned; we know it as the quite ordinary phenomenon of absent-mindedness, observable in anyone who happens to be absorbed in no matter what sort of thought. In other words, the loss of common sense is neither the vice nor the virtue of Kant's "professional thinkers" but happens to everybody who ever reflects on something; it only happens more often to professional thinkers. These we call philosophers, and their way of life will always be "the life of a stranger" ("*bios xenikos*"), as Aristotle called it in his "Politics." And the reason that strangeness and absent-mindedness are not more dangerous, that all "thinkers," professionals and laymen alike, survive so easily the loss of the feeling of realness, is just that the thinking ego asserts itself only temporarily: every thinker, no matter how eminent, remains "a man like you and me"—an appearance among appearances—equipped with common sense and knowing enough common-sense reasoning to survive.



SOMETHING very similar seems at first glance to be true of the modern scientist, who constantly destroys authentic semblances without, however, destroying his own sensation of reality, which tells him, as it tells us, that the sun rises in the morning and sets in the evening. It was thinking that enabled men to penetrate the appearances and unmask them as semblances, albeit authentic ones; common-sense reasoning would never have dared to upset so radically all the plausibilities of our sensory apparatus. The famous "quarrel between the ancients and the moderns" actually turns on the question of what the aim of knowledge is. Is it "to save the phenomena," as the ancients believed, or to discover the hidden functional apparatus that makes them appear? Thought's doubt of the reliability of sense experience, its suspicion that things might be quite different from the way they appear to human senses, was by no means uncommon in antiquity. Democritus' atoms were not only indivisible but invisible, moving in a void, infinite in number, and, through various configurations and combinations, producing impressions on our senses; Aristarchus, in the third century B.C., first proposed the heliocentric hypothesis. It is interesting that the consequences of such daring were rather unpleasant: Democritus was suspected of being insane, and Aristarchus

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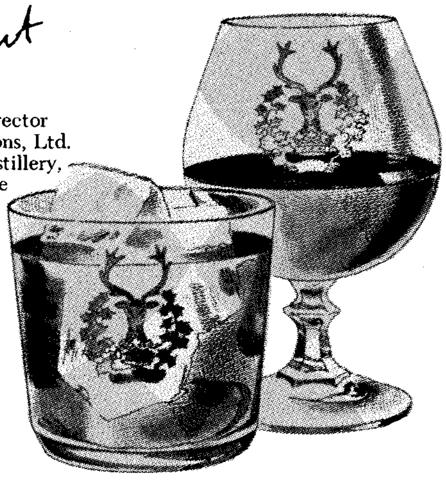

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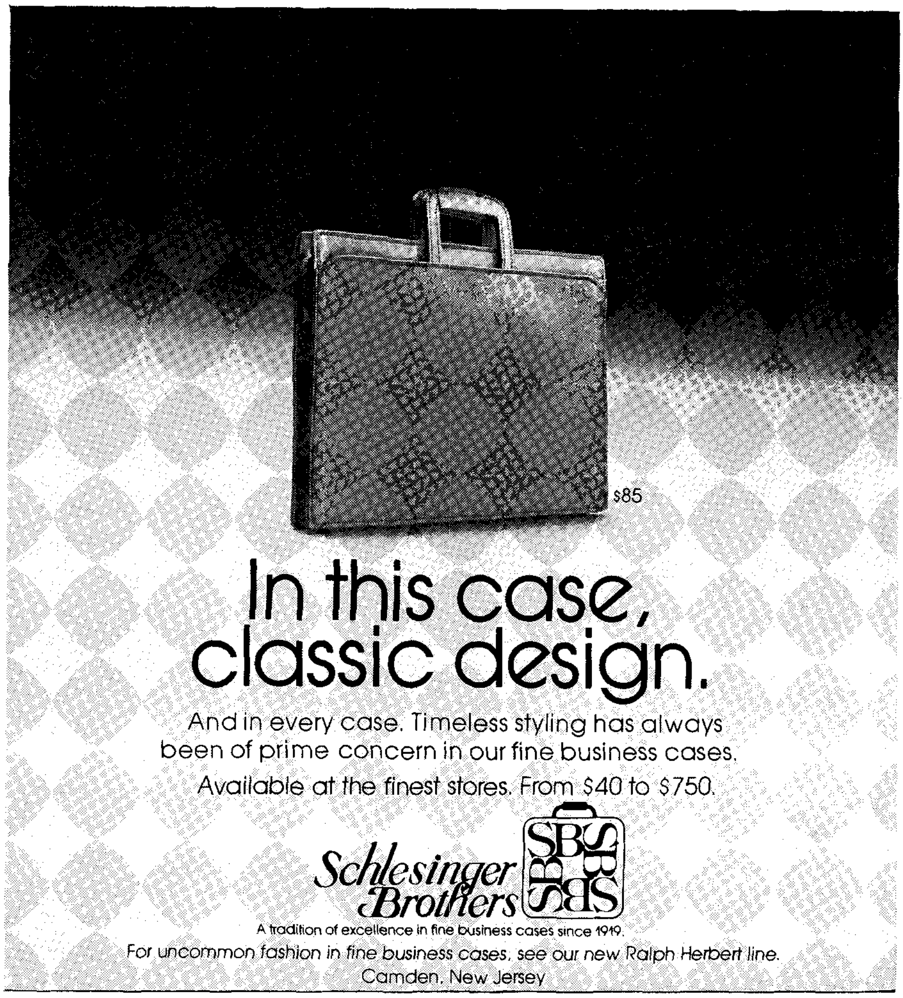
was threatened with an indictment for impiety. But the relevant point is, of course, that no attempt was made to prove these hypotheses, and no science came out of them.

Thinking, no doubt, plays an enormous role in every scientific enterprise, but it is the role of a means to an end; the end is determined by a decision about what is worth knowing, and this decision cannot be scientific. Moreover, the end is cognition, or knowledge, which, having been obtained, clearly belongs to the world of appearances; once established as truth, it becomes part and parcel of the world. Cognition and the thirst for knowledge never leave the world of appearances altogether; if the scientists withdraw from it in order to "think," it is only in order to find better, more promising approaches, called methods, to it. Science in this respect is but an enormously refined prolongation of common-sense reasoning—in which sense illusions are constantly dissipated, just as errors in science are corrected. The criterion in both cases is evidence, which as such is inherent in a world of appearances. And, since it is in the very nature of appearances to reveal *and to conceal*, every correction or *dis*-illusion "is the loss of one evidence only because it is the acquisition of *another evidence*," in the words of Merleau-Ponty. Nothing, even in science's own understanding of the scientific enterprise, guarantees that the new evidence will prove to be more reliable than the discarded evidence.

The very concept of an *unlimited progress*, which accompanied the rise of modern science and has remained its dominant inspiring principle, is the best documentation of the fact that all science still moves within the realm of common-sense experience, subject to corrigible error and deception. When the experience of constant correction in scientific research is generalized, it leads into the curious "better and better," "truer and truer;" that is, into the boundlessness of progress, with its inherent admission that *the* good and *the* true are unattainable. If they were ever attained, the thirst for knowledge would be quenched and the search for cognition would come to an end. This, of course, is unlikely to happen, in view of the enormous amount of the unknown, but it is very likely that particular sciences may reach definite limits of what is knowable to man. Yet the point is that the modern idea of progress implicitly denies such limitations. Unquestionably, the notion of progress was born as the result of the tremendous advances of scientific knowledge, a



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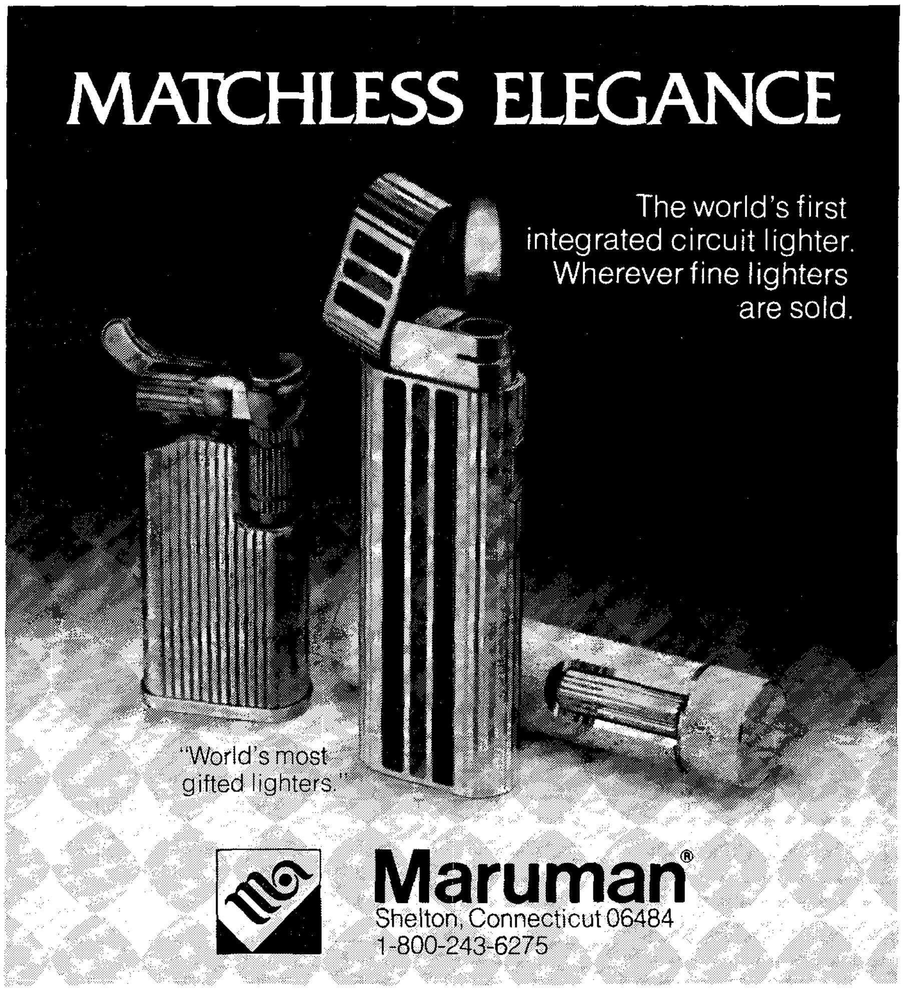

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veritable avalanche of discoveries, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and I think it quite possible that it was the relentlessness inherent in sheer thinking, whose need can never be assuaged, that, once it had invaded the sciences, drove the scientists to ever-new discoveries, each one giving rise to a new theory, so that those caught in the movement were subject to the illusion of a never-ending process—the *process* of progress. Here we should not forget that the later notion of an unending perfectibility of the human species, so prominent in the eighteenth-century Enlightenment, was absent from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries' rather pessimistic evaluation of human nature.

One consequence of this development, however, seems to me obvious and of considerable importance. The very notion of *truth*, which had somehow survived so many turning points of our intellectual history, underwent a decisive change. It was transformed into—or, rather, broken down into—a string of verities, each one in its time claiming general validity, even though in itself the continuity of the research implied something merely provisional. This is a strange state of affairs. It may even suggest that if a given science accidentally reached its goal this would by no means stop the workers in that field, who would be driven past their goal by the sheer momentum of the illusion of unlimited progress, a kind of semblance arising out of their activity.

The transformation of truth into mere verity results primarily from the fact that the scientist remains bound to the common sense by which we find our bearings in a world of appearances. Thinking withdraws radically and for its own sake from this world and its evidential nature; science instead profits from a possible withdrawal for the sake of specific results. In other words, it is ultimately common-sense reasoning that in the theories of the scientists ventures out into the realm of sheer speculation, and the chief weakness of common sense in this sphere has always been that it lacks the safeguards inherent in sheer thinking; namely, thinking's critical capacity, which, as we shall see, harbors within itself a highly self-destructive tendency. But, to go back to the assumption of unlimited progress, the basic fallacy was early discovered. It is well known that not progress per se but the notion of its limitlessness would have made modern science unacceptable to the ancients. The reason for the Greek "prejudice" against the infinite is less well

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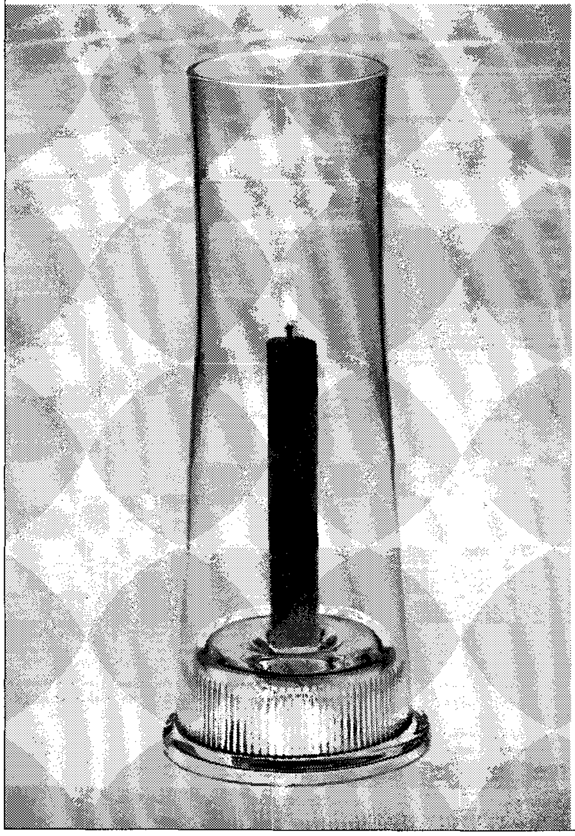

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known. Plato discovered that everything permitting of a comparative is by nature unlimited, and limitlessness was to him, as to all Greeks, the cause of all evils. Hence his great confidence in number and measurement: it sets limits on what of itself (pleasure, for instance) "does not and never will contain and derive from itself either beginning [*arche*] or middle or end [*telos*]."

That modern science, always hunting for manifestations of the invisible—atoms, molecules, particles, cells, genes—should have added to the world a spectacular, unprecedented quantity of new perceptible things is only seemingly paradoxical. In order to prove or disprove its hypotheses, its "paradigms" (Thomas Kuhn), and to discover what makes things work, it began to imitate the working processes of nature. For that purpose it produced the countless and enormously complex implements with which to *force* the non-appearing to appear (if only as an instrument-reading in the laboratory), since that was the sole means the scientist had of persuading himself of its reality. Modern technology was born in the laboratory, but not because scientists wanted to produce appliances or change the world. No matter how far their theories leave common-sense experience and common-sense reasoning behind, they must finally come back to some form of it or lose all sense of realness in the object of their investigation. And this return is possible only via the man-made, artificial world of the laboratory, where that which does not appear of its own accord is forced to appear and to disclose itself. Technology, the "plumber's" work held in some contempt by the scientist, who sees practical applicability as a mere by-product of his own efforts, introduces scientific findings, made in "unparalleled insulation . . . from the demands of the laity and of everyday life" (Kuhn), into the everyday world of appearances, and renders them accessible to common-sense experience; but this is possible only because the scientists themselves are ultimately dependent on that experience. Seen from the perspective of the "real" world, the laboratory is the anticipation of a changed environment; and the cognitive processes using the human abilities of thinking and fabricating as means to their end are the most refined modes of common-sense reasoning. The activity of knowing is no less related to our sense of reality and no less a world-building activity than the building of houses.

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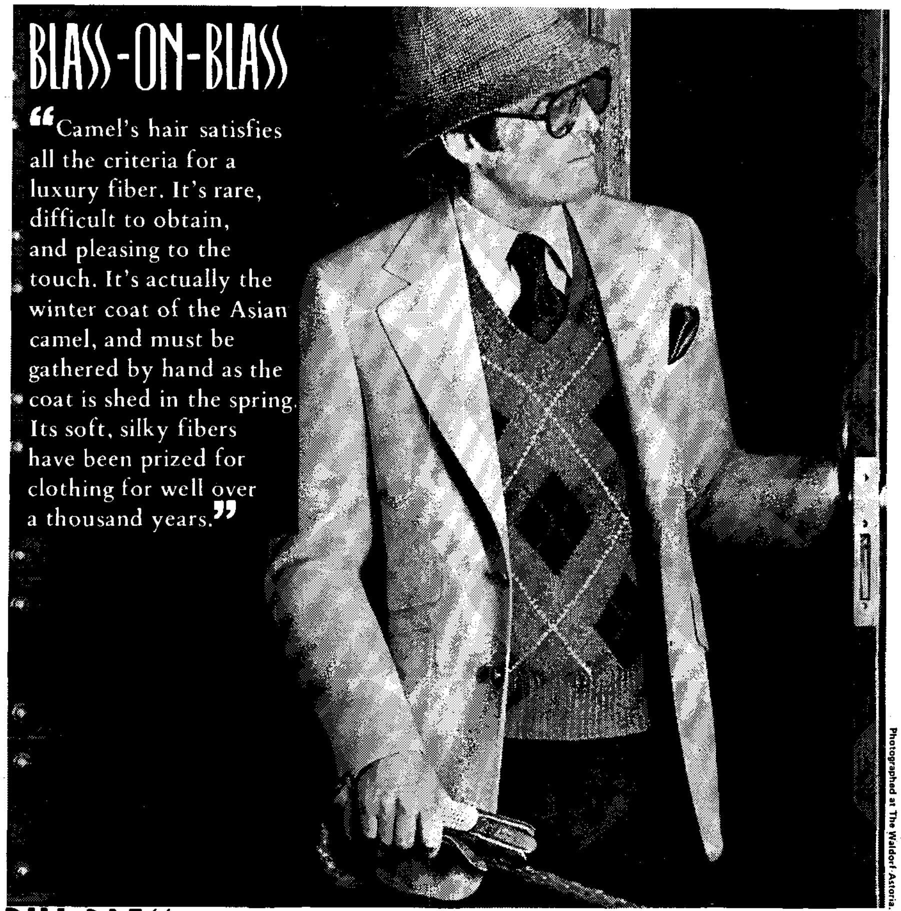
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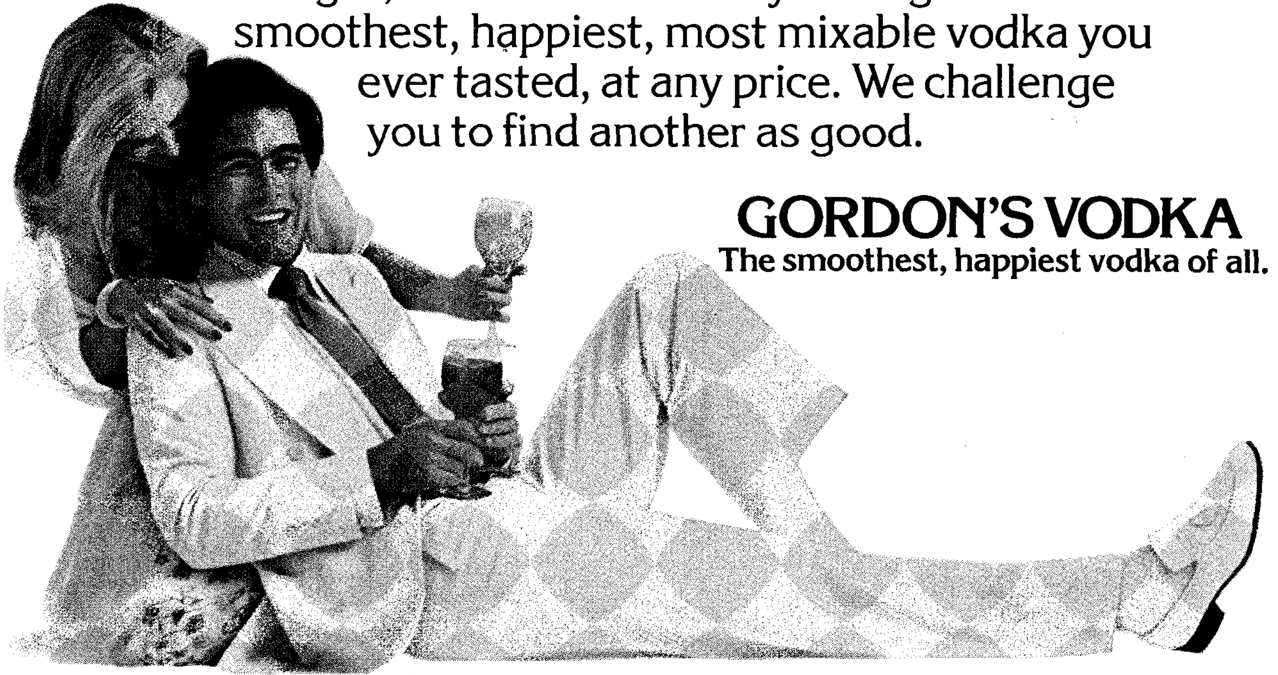

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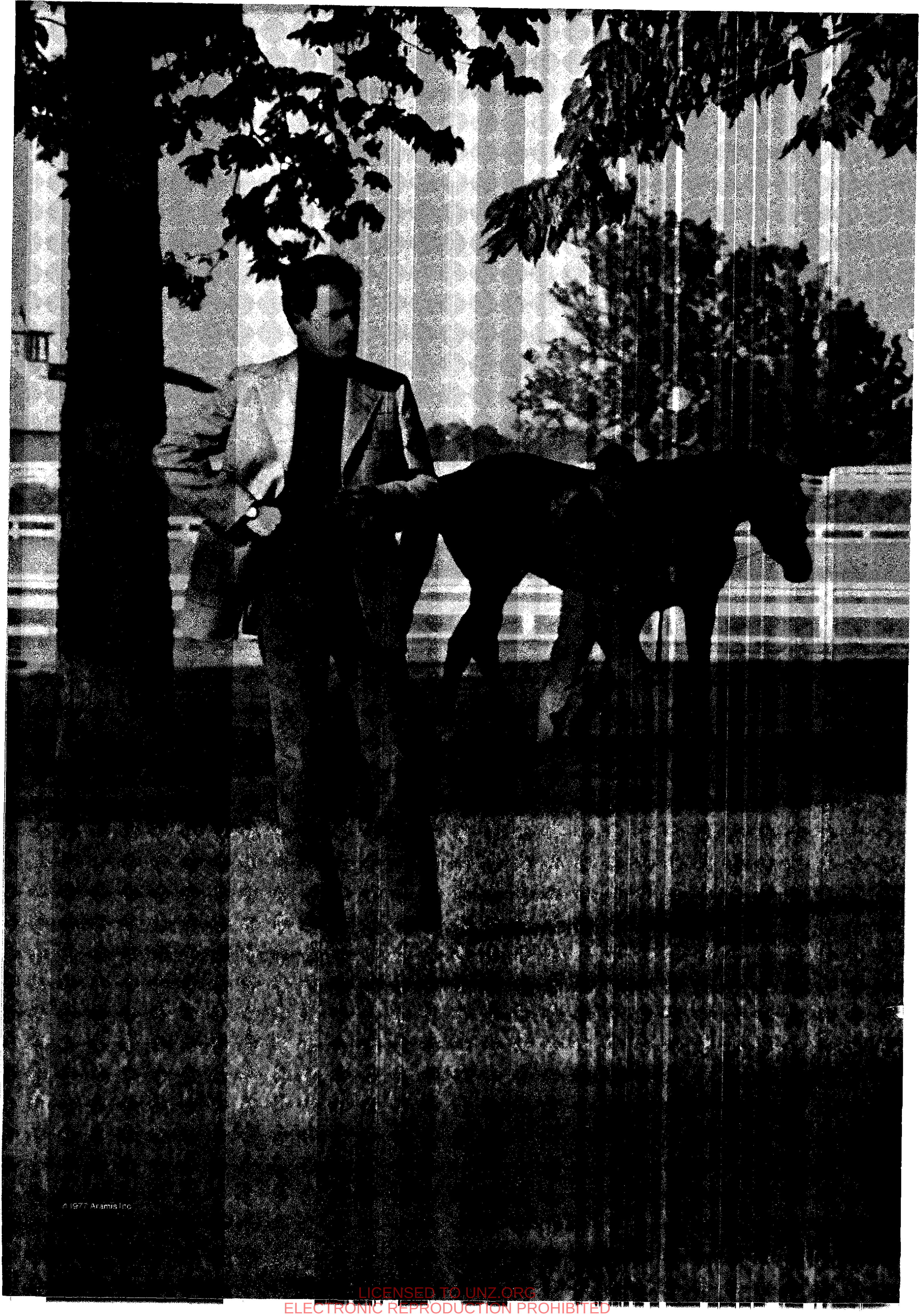

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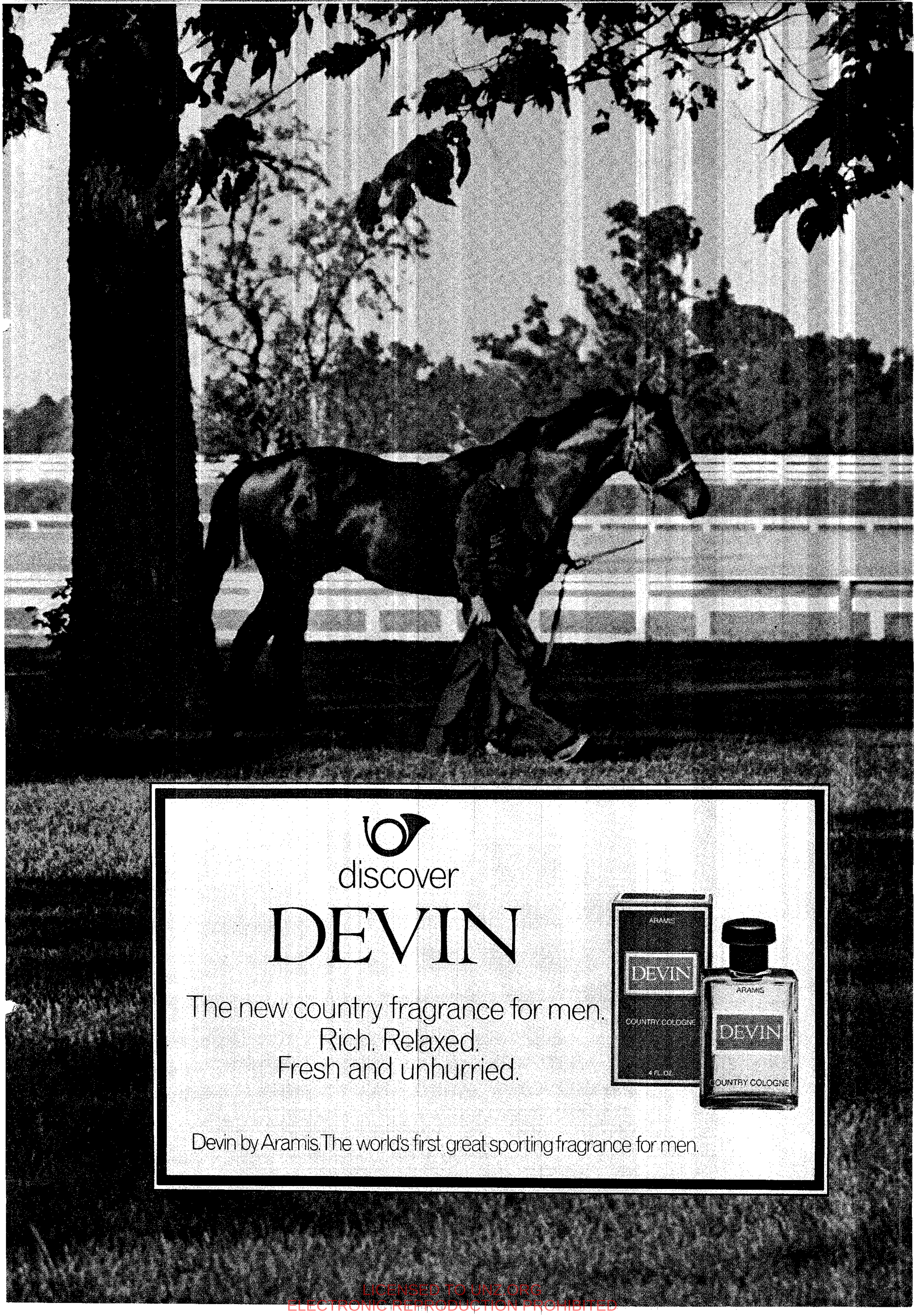
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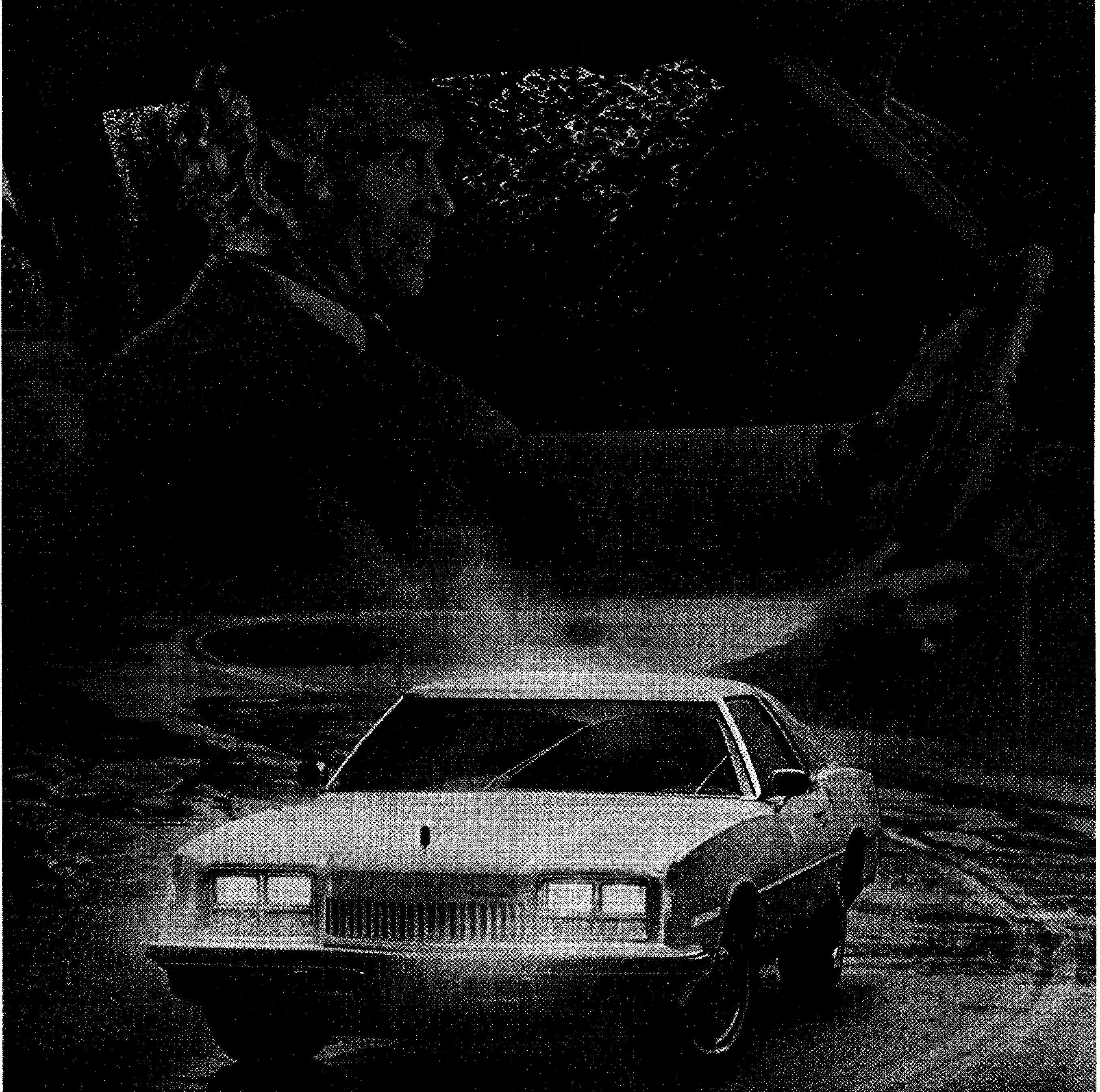

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which Kant, as we have seen, called *Vernunft* (reason) to distinguish it from *Verstand* (intellect), the faculty of cognition—is of an altogether different nature. The distinction, on its most elementary level and in Kant's own words, lies in the fact that "concepts of reason serve us to conceive [*begreifen*, comprehend], as concepts of the intellect serve us to apprehend perceptions" ("*Vernunftbegriffe dienen zum Begreifen, wie Verstandesbegriffe zum Verstehen der Wahrnehmungen*"). In other words, the intellect (*Verstand*) desires to grasp what is given to the senses, but reason (*Vernunft*) wishes to understand its *meaning*. Cognition, whose highest criterion is truth, derives that criterion from the world of appearances in which we take our bearings through sense perceptions, whose testimony is self-evident; that is, unshakable by argument and replaceable only by other evidence. As the German translation of the Latin "*perceptio*," the word "*Wahrnehmung*" used by Kant (what is given me in perceptions and ought to be true [*Wahr*]) clearly indicates, truth is located in the evidence of the senses. But that is by no means the case with meaning and with the faculty of thought, which searches for it; the faculty of thought does not ask what something is or whether it exists at all—its existence is always taken for granted—but *what it means for it to be*. This distinction between truth and meaning seems to me to be not only decisive for any inquiry into the nature of human thinking but also to be the necessary consequence of Kant's crucial distinction between reason and intellect. Admittedly, Kant himself never pursued that particular implication of his own thought; in fact, a really clear-cut line of demarcation between these two altogether different modes cannot be found in the history of philosophy. The exceptions—occasional remarks by Aristotle in "On Interpretation"—remained without significance for Aristotle's general philosophy. In that treatise on language, he writes that every "*logos*"—sentence, in the context—"is a significant sound [*phone semantike*];" it gives a sign, points out something. But "not every *logos* is revealing [*apophantikos*], only those in which true speech or false speech [*aletheuein* or *pseudesthai*] holds sway." And "this is not always the case; for instance, a prayer is a *logos* [it is significant] but is neither true nor false."

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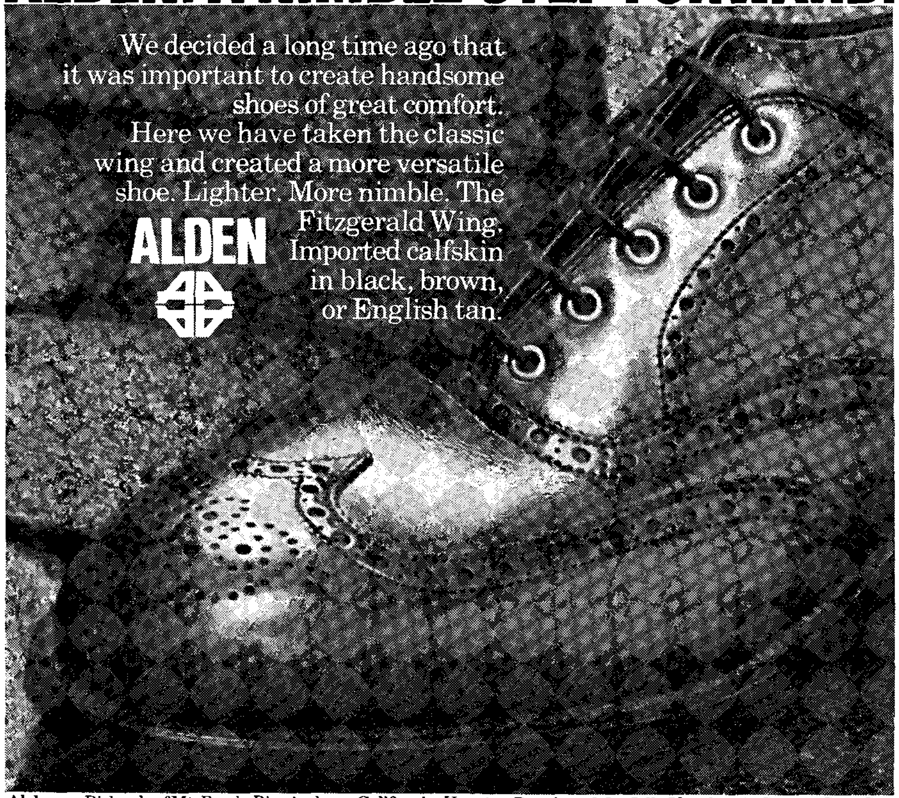
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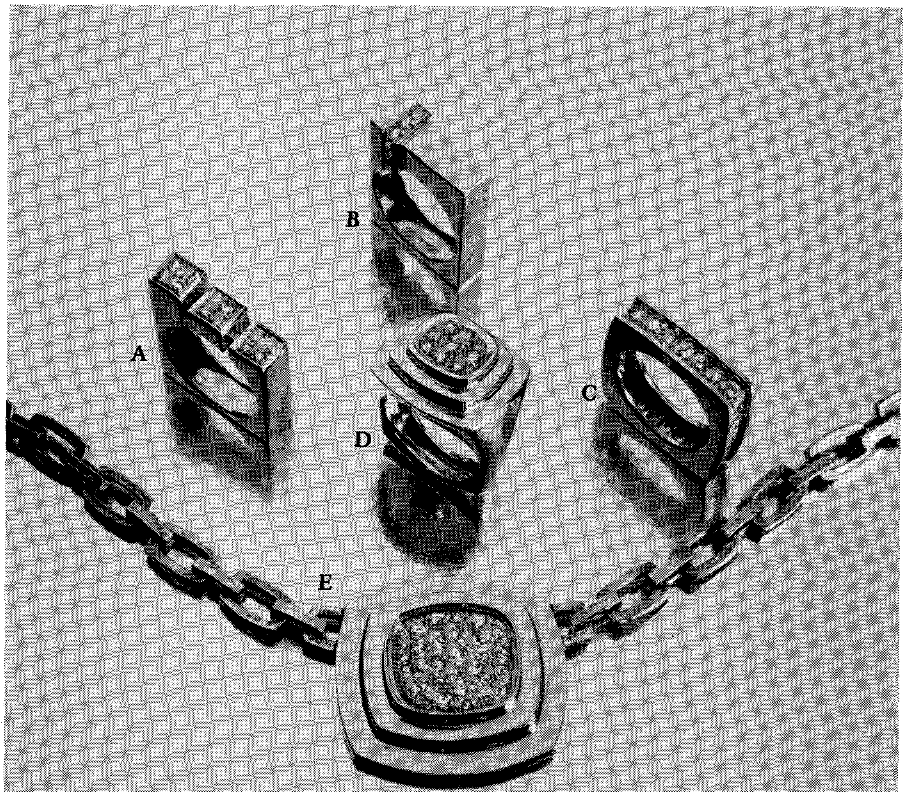
gate whatever is given to our sensory apparatus. The famous first sentence of Aristotle's "Metaphysics"—"*Pantes anthropoi tou eidenai oregontai physei*" ("All men by nature desire to know")—more literally translated reads, "All men desire to see and to have seen [that is, to know]," and Aristotle immediately adds, "An indication of this is our love of the senses; for they are loved for their own sake, quite apart from their use." The questions raised by the desire to know are in principle all answerable by common-sense experience and common-sense reasoning; they are exposed to corrigible error and illusion in the same way as sense perceptions and experiences. Even the relentlessness of modern scientific progress, which constantly corrects itself by discarding the answers and reformulating the questions, does not contradict science's basic goal, which is to see and to know the world as it is given to the senses; and science's concept of truth is derived from the common-sense experience of irrefutable evidence, which dispels error and illusion. But the questions that are raised by thinking, and that it is in reason's very nature to raise—questions of meaning—are all unanswerable by common sense and the refinement of it which we call science. The quest for meaning is "meaningless" to common sense and common-sense reasoning, because it is the sixth sense's function to fit us into the world of appearances and make us at home in the world given by our five senses; there we are and no questions asked.

What science and the quest for knowledge are after is *irrefutable* truth; that is, propositions that human beings are not free to reject—that are compelling. They are of two kinds, as we have known since Leibniz: truths of reasoning and truths of fact. The main distinction between them lies in the degree of their force of compulsion: the truths of reasoning "are necessary and their opposite is impossible," while those of fact "are contingent and their opposite is possible." The distinction is very important, although perhaps not in the sense Leibniz himself meant. Truths of fact, their contingency notwithstanding, are as compelling for anybody witnessing them with his own eyes as the proposition that two and two make four is for anybody in his right mind. The point is only that a fact, an event, can never be witnessed by everyone who may want to know about it, whereas rational or mathematical truth presents itself as self-evident to everyone endowed with ordi-



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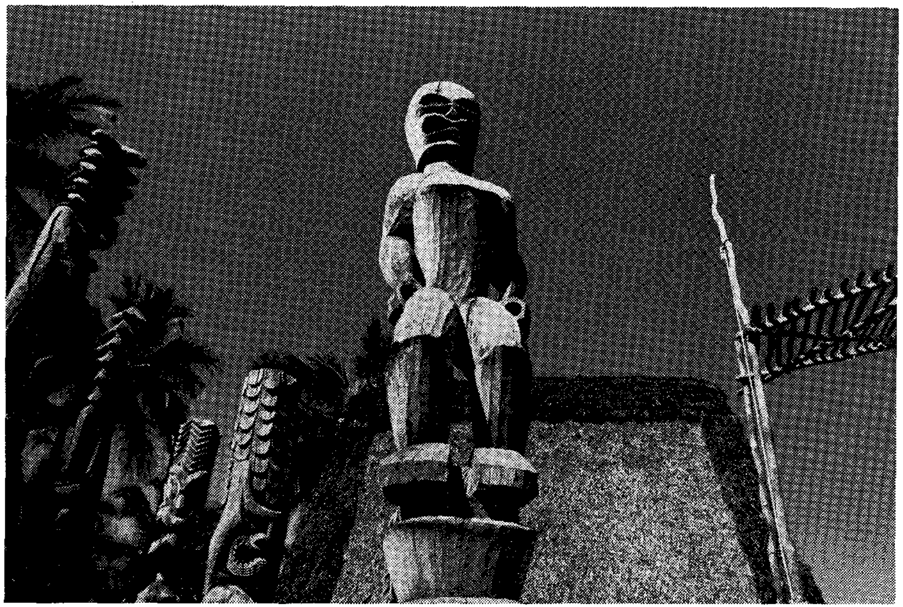

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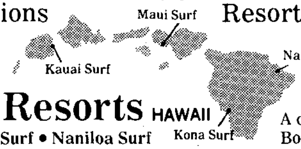

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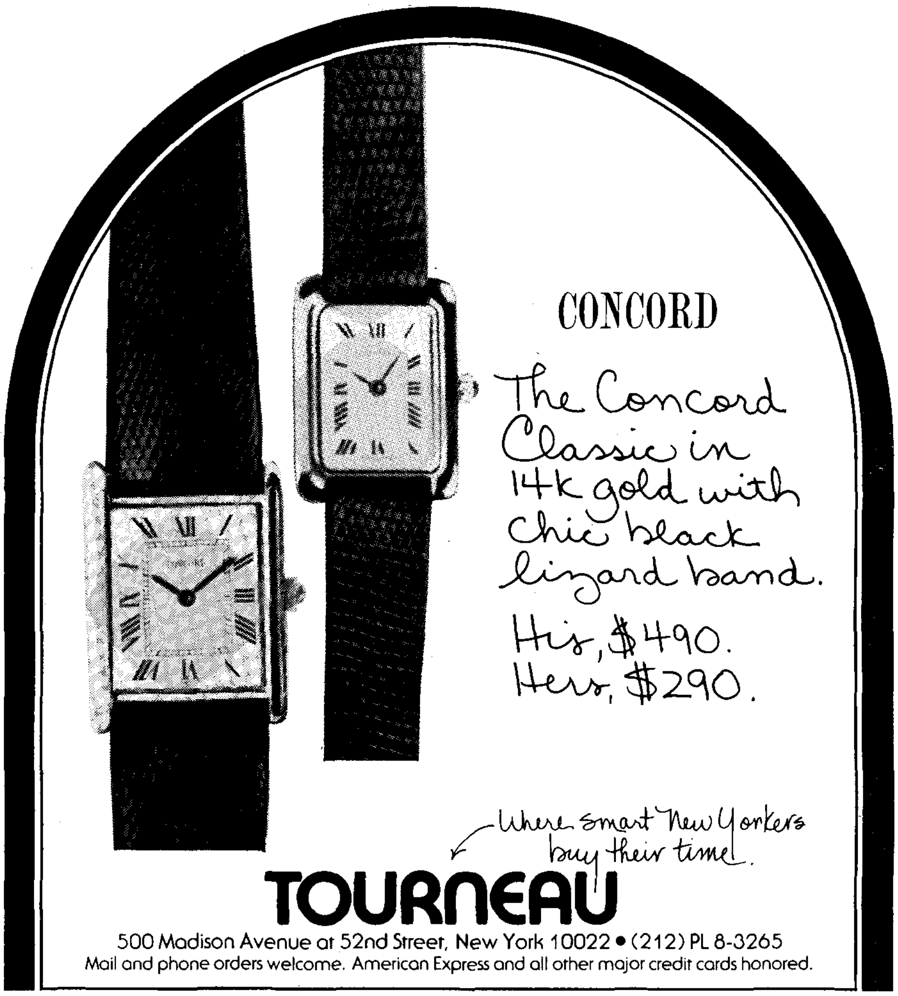
nary brain power. Its compelling nature is universal, while the compelling force of factual truth is limited, since the impact of factual truth does not reach those who were not witnesses and have to rely on the testimony of others, whom one may or may not believe. The true opposite of factual, as distinguished from rational, truth is not error or illusion but the deliberate lie.

Leibniz's distinction between the truths of fact and the truths of reasoning, whose highest form is mathematical reasoning—which deals only with thought-things and needs neither witnesses nor the sensorily given—is based on the age-old distinction between necessity and contingency, according to which all that is necessary, and whose opposite is impossible, possesses a higher ontological dignity than whatever is but also could not be. This conviction that mathematical reasoning should serve as a paradigm for all thought is probably as old as Pythagoras; at any rate, we find it in Plato's refusal to admit anyone to philosophy who had not been trained in mathematics. It is still at the root of the medieval *dictamen rationis*, "the dictate of reason." That truth necessitates, with a force (*anagke*) that is far stronger than the force of violence (*bia*), is an old *topos* in Greek philosophy, and it is always meant as a compliment to truth that it can compel men with the irresistible force of Necessity ("*hyp' autes aletheias anagkasthentes*," in the words of Aristotle). "*Euclide*," as Mercier de la Rivière once noted, "*est un véritable despote; et les vérités qu'il nous a transmises, sont des lois véritablement despotiques.*" The same notion led Grotius to the conviction that "even God cannot cause two times two not to make four"—a very questionable proposition, not only because it would put God under the dictate of necessity but because, if true, it would be equally valid for the evidence of sense perception, and it was on this ground that Duns Scotus had questioned it.

The source of mathematical truth is the human brain, and *brain power* is



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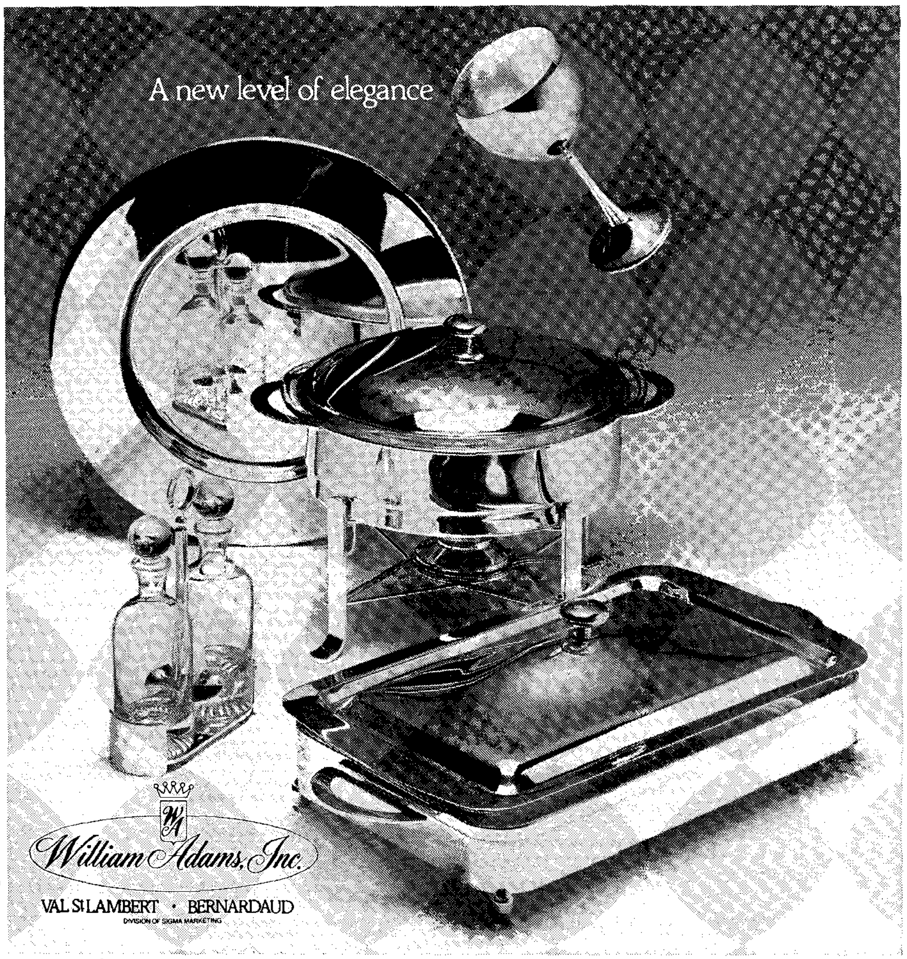

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no less natural, no less equipped to guide us through an appearing world, than our senses plus common sense and the extension of common sense which Kant called intellect. The best proof of this may lie in the otherwise quite mysterious fact that mathematical reasoning, the purest activity of our brain, and, at first glance, because of its abstraction from all qualities given to our senses, the farthest removed from sheer common-sense reasoning, could play such an enormously liberating role in science's exploration of the universe. The intellect, the organ of knowledge and cognition, is still of this world; in the words of Duns Scotus, "it falls under the sway of nature" ("*cadit sub natura*"), and carries with it all the necessities to which a living being endowed with sense organs and brain power is subject. The opposite of necessity is not contingency or accident but freedom. Everything that appears to human eyes, everything that occurs to the human mind, everything that happens to mortals for better or worse is "contingent," including their own existence. We all know, with Auden:

> Unpredictably, decades ago, You
>   arrived
> among that unending cascade of
>   creatures spewed
> from Nature's maw. A random
>   event, says Science.

But that does not prevent us from answering, with the poet:

> Random my bottom! A true
>   miracle, say I,
> for who is not certain that he was
>   meant to be?

But this being "meant to be" is not a truth; it is a highly meaningful proposition.

In other words, there are no truths beyond and above factual truths: all scientific truths are factual truths, those engendered by sheer brain power and expressed in a specially designed sign language not excluded, and only factual statements are scientifically verifiable. Thus, the statement "A triangle laughs" is not untrue but is meaningless, whereas the old ontological demonstration of the existence of God, as we find it in Anselm of Canterbury, is not valid, and in this sense is not true, but is full of meaning. Knowing certainly aims at truth, even if this truth, as in the sciences, is never an abiding truth but a provisional verity that we expect to exchange for other, more accurate verities as knowledge progresses. To expect truth to come from thinking signifies that we mistake the need to think with the urge to know. Thinking can and must be employed in the at-

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tempt to know, but in the exercise of this function it is never itself; it is but the handmaiden of an altogether different enterprise. (Hegel seems to have been the first to protest against the modern development that tends to put philosophy in a position similar to the one it had in the Middle Ages: "Then, philosophy was supposed to be the handmaiden of theology, humbly accepting its achievements, and asked to bring them into a clean logical order and present them in a plausible, conceptually demonstrable context. Now, philosophy is supposed to be the handmaiden of the other sciences. . . . Its task is to demonstrate the methods of the sciences"—something Hegel denounces as "catching the shadow of shadows.")

Truth is what we are compelled to admit by the nature either of our senses or of our brain. The proposition that everybody who is "was meant to be" can easily be refuted; but the certainty that "I was meant to be" will survive refutation intact, because it is inherent in every thinking reflection on the *I-am*.

By drawing a distinguishing line between truth and meaning, between knowing and thinking, and by insisting on its importance, I do not wish to deny that thinking's quest for meaning and knowledge's quest for truth are connected. By posing the unanswerable questions of meaning, men establish themselves as question-asking beings. Behind all the cognitive questions for which men find answers, there lurk the unanswerable ones that seem entirely idle and have always been denounced as such. It is more than likely that if men were ever to lose the appetite for meaning which we call thinking, and cease to ask unanswerable questions, they would lose not only the ability to produce those thought-things which we call works of art but also the capacity for asking all the answerable questions upon which every civilization is founded. In this sense, reason is the a-priori condition of the intellect and of cognition; and it is because reason and intellect are so closely interconnected, despite utter difference in mood and purpose, that the philosophers have always been tempted to accept the criterion of truth—so valid for science and everyday life—as applicable to their own, rather extraordinary business as well. For our desire to know, whether it arises out of practical or purely theoretical perplexities, can be fulfilled when it reaches its prescribed goal; and, while our thirst for knowledge may be unquenchable because of the immensity of the unknown, the activity itself leaves

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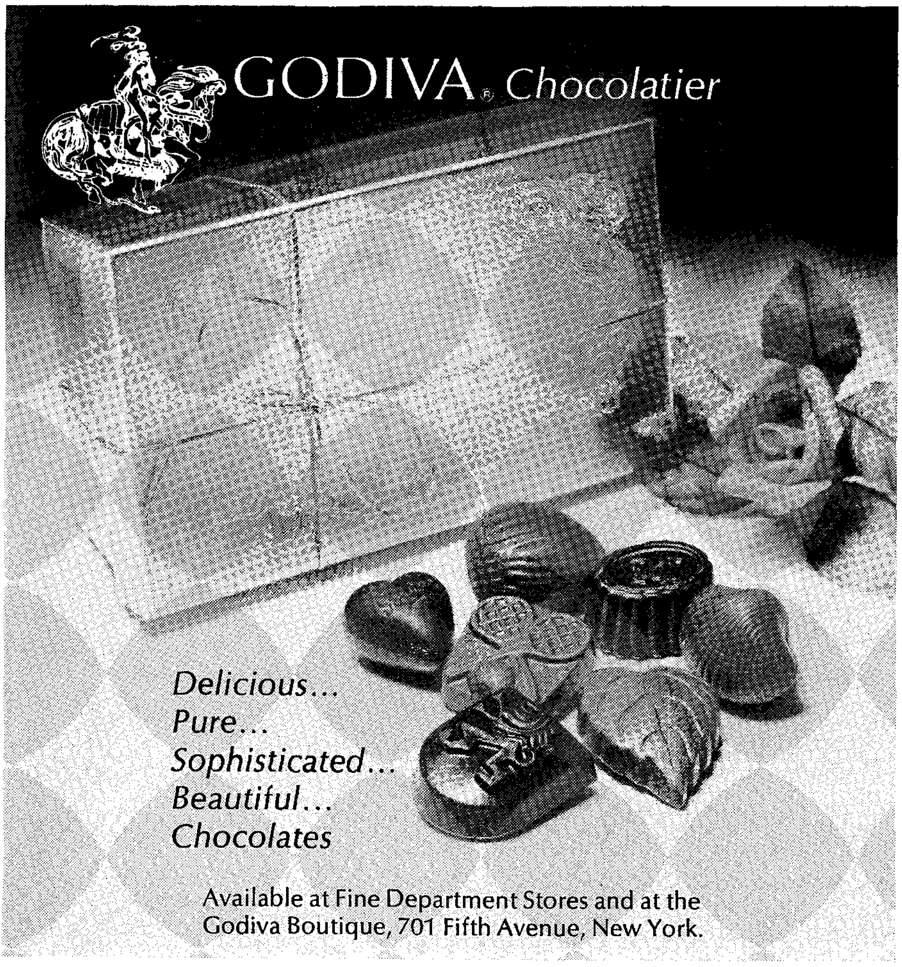
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behind a growing treasure of knowledge, which is retained and kept in store by every civilization as part and parcel of its world. The loss of this accumulation and of the technical expertise required to conserve and increase it inevitably spells the end of this particular world. The thinking activity, on the contrary, leaves nothing so tangible behind, and the need to think can therefore never be stilled by the insights of "wise men." As far as positive results are concerned, the most we can expect from it is what Kant finally achieved in carrying out his purpose "to extend, albeit only negatively, our use of reason beyond the limitations of the sensorily given world; that is, to eliminate the obstacles by which reason hinders itself."

Kant's famous distinction between *Vernunft* and *Verstand*, between a faculty of speculative thought and the ability to know arising out of sense experience—where "all thought is but a means to reach intuition" ("In whatever manner and by whatever means a cognition may relate to objects, *intuition* is that through which it is in immediate relation to them, and to which all thought is directed as a means")—has consequences that are more far-reaching than he himself recognized, and are perhaps even very different. (While discussing Plato, he once remarked, "It is by no means unusual, upon comparing the thoughts which an author has expressed in regard to his subject . . . to find that we understand him better than he has understood himself. As he has not sufficiently determined his concept, he has spoken, or even thought, in opposition to his own intention." And this is of course applicable to Kant's own work.) Although he insisted on the inability of reason to arrive at knowledge, especially with respect to God, Freedom, and Immortality—to him the highest objects of thought—he could not part altogether with the conviction that the final aim of thinking, as of knowledge, was truth and cognition; he thus uses throughout the "Critiques" the term "*Vernunfterkenntnis*" ("knowledge arising out of pure reason")—a notion that ought to have been for him a contradiction in terms. He never became fully aware of having liberated reason and thinking—of having justified this faculty and its activity, even though the activity could not boast of any "positive" results. As we have seen, he stated that he had "found it necessary to deny *knowledge* . . . to make room for *faith*," but all he had "denied" was knowledge of things that are

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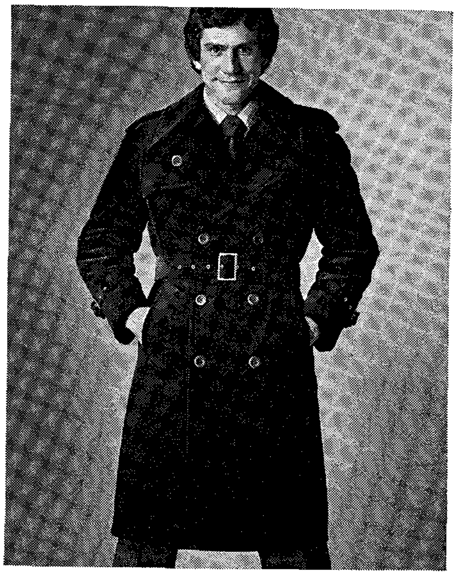

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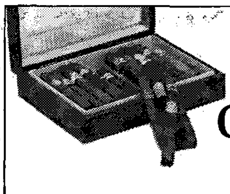

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unknowable, and he had made room not for faith but for thought. He believed that he had built the foundations of a future "systematic metaphysic" as "a bequest to posterity," and it is true that without Kant's unshackling of speculative thought the rise of German idealism and its metaphysical systems would hardly have been possible. But the new brand of philosophers—Fichte, Schelling, Hegel—would scarcely have pleased Kant. Liberated by Kant from the old scholastic dogmatism and its sterile exercises, encouraged by him to indulge in speculative thinking, they actually took their cue from Descartes, went hunting for certainty, blurred once again the distinguishing line between thought and knowledge, and believed in all earnest that the results of their speculations possessed the same kind of validity as the results of cognitive processes.

What undermined Kant's greatest discovery, the distinction between knowledge, which uses thinking as a *means to an end,* and *thinking itself* as it arises out of "the very nature of our reason" and is done for its own sake, was that he constantly compared the two. Only if truth (in Kant, intuition), and not meaning, is the ultimate criterion of man's mental activities does it make sense in this context to speak of deception and illusion at all. He says of reason that "it is impossible that this *highest tribunal* of all the rights and claims of speculation should itself be the source of deceptions and illusions." He is right, but only because reason, as the faculty of speculative thought, does not move in the world of appearances, and hence can produce non-sense and meaninglessness but neither illusion nor deception, which properly belong to the realm of sense perception and common-sense reasoning. He recognizes this himself when he calls the ideas of pure reason only "heuristic," not "ostensive," concepts: they are tentative—they do not demonstrate or show anything. "They ought not to be assumed as existing in themselves, but only as having the reality of a schema . . . [and] should be regarded only as analoga of real things, not as in themselves real things." In other words, they neither reach nor are able to present and represent reality. It is not merely the other-worldly, transcendent things that they can never reach; reality—the realness that is given by the senses playing together and kept in tune by common sense, and that is guaranteed by the fact of plurality—is beyond their grasp. But Kant does not insist on this side of the matter, be-

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cause he is afraid that his ideas might then turn out to be "empty thought-things" ("*leere Gedankendinge*"), as, indeed, they invariably do when they dare to show themselves naked—that is, untransformed and, in a way, unfalsified by language—in our everyday world and in everyday communication.

It is perhaps for the same reason that he equates what we are here calling meaning with Purpose, and even Intention (*Zweck* and *Absicht*): "[The] highest formal unity, which rests solely on concepts of reason, is the *purposive* unity of things. The *speculative* interest of reason makes it necessary to regard all order in the world as if it had originated in the [intention] of a supreme reason." Now, it turns out, reason pursues specific purposes, has specific intentions in resorting to its ideas; it is the need of human reason for reasoning and its interest in God, Freedom, and Immortality that make men think—even though only a few pages later he will admit that "the merely speculative interest of reason" with respect to the three main objects of thought ("the freedom of the will, the immortality of the soul, and the existence of God") "is very small; and for its sake alone we should hardly have undertaken the labor of transcendental investigations . . . since whatever discoveries might be made in regard to these matters, we should not be able to make use of them in any helpful manner *in concreto*." But we do not have to go hunting for small contradictions in the work of this very great thinker. Right in the midst of the passages quoted above occurs the sentence that stands in the greatest possible contrast to his own equation of Reason with Purpose: "Pure reason is in fact occupied with nothing but itself. It can have no other vocation."

—HANNAH ARENDT

(*This is the first part of a three-part article.*)

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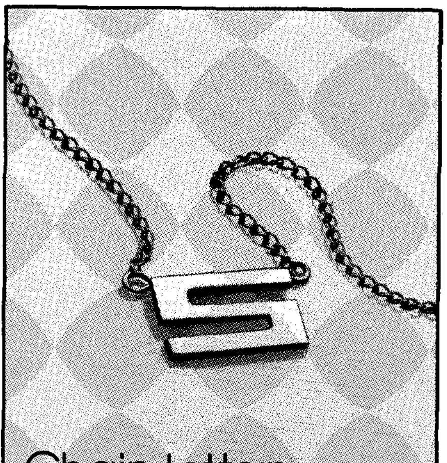

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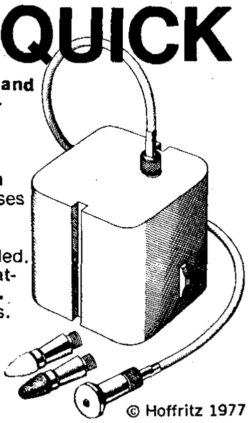

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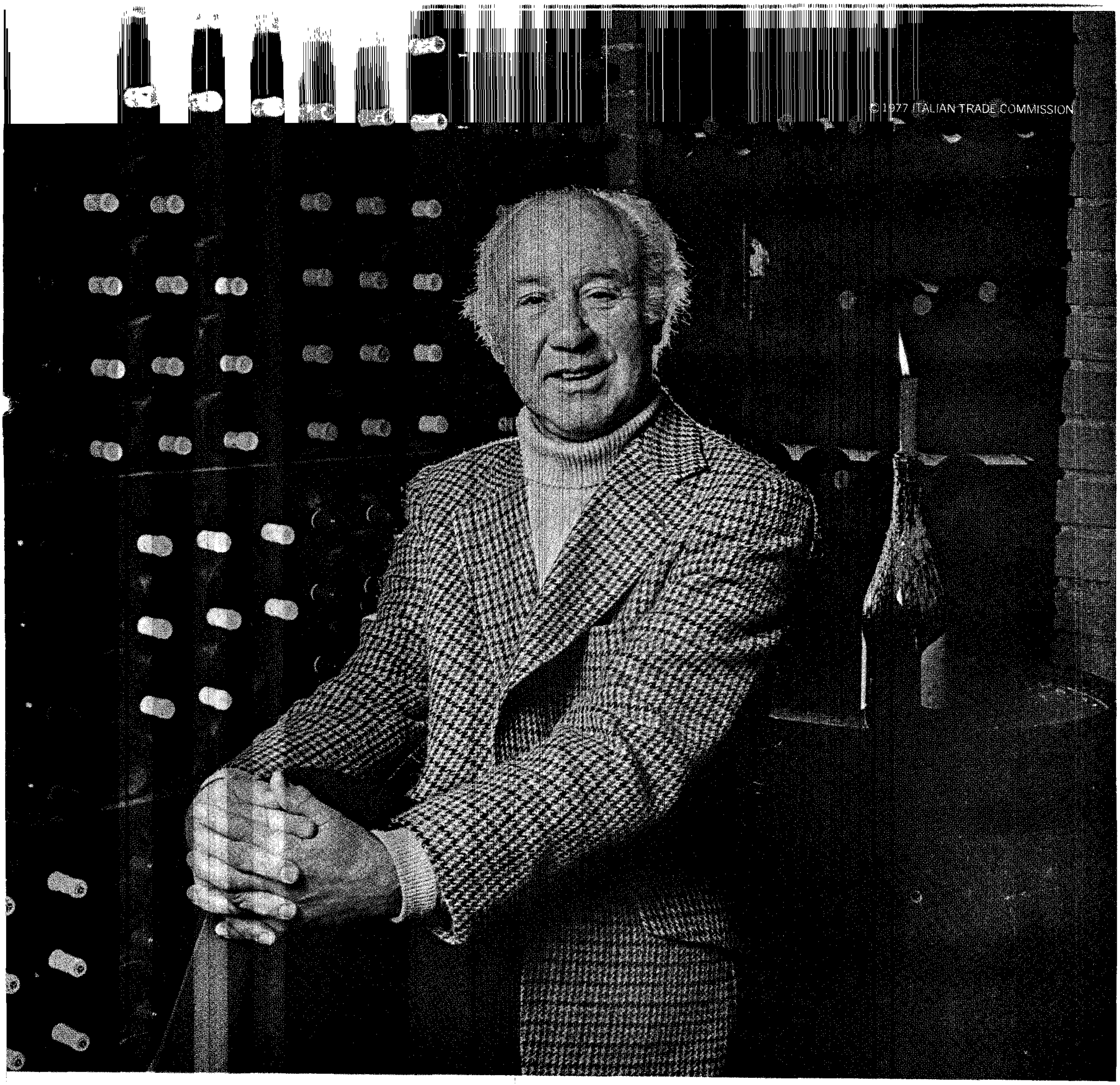

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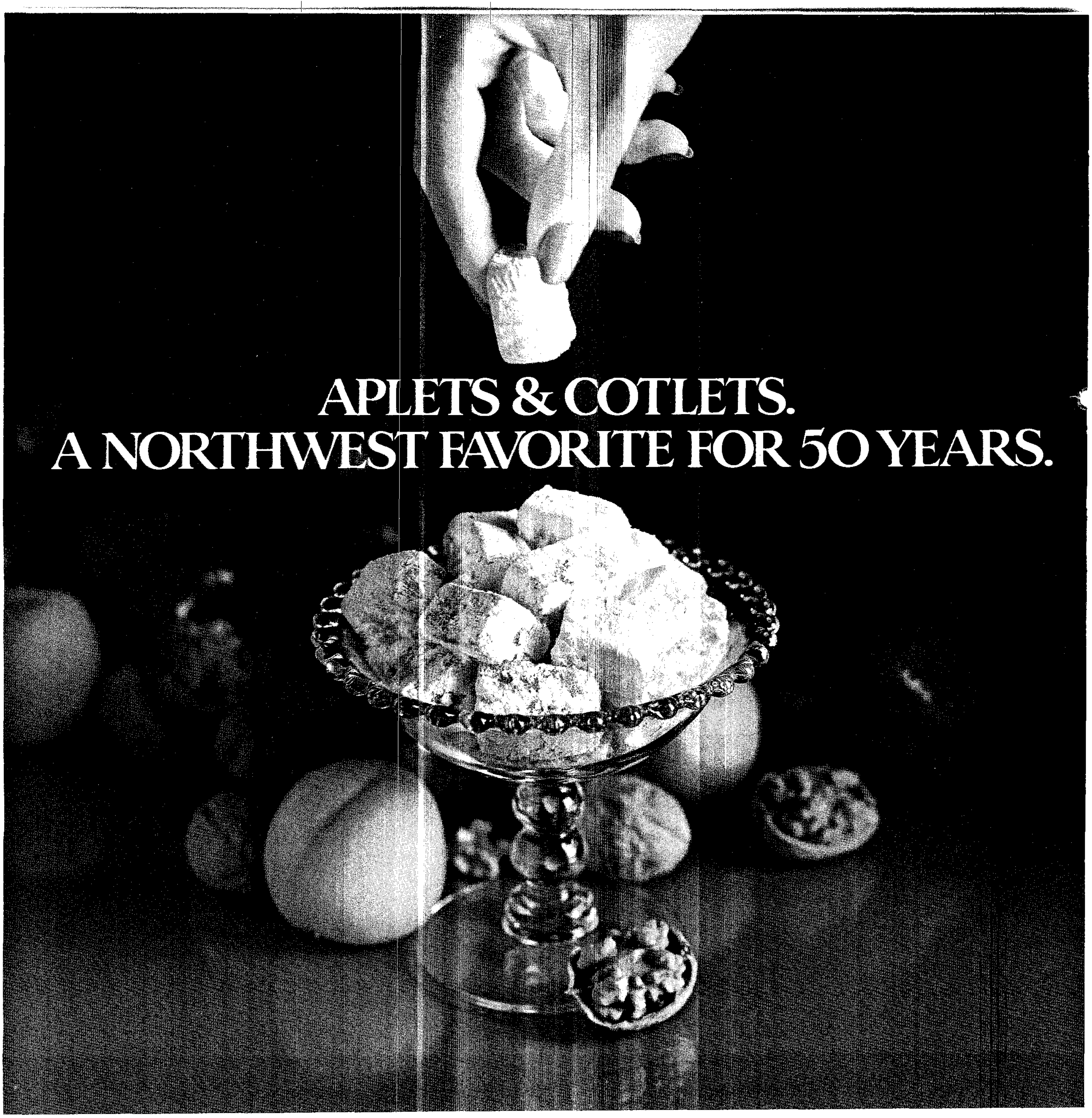
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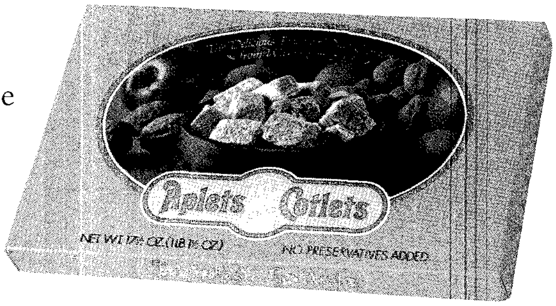
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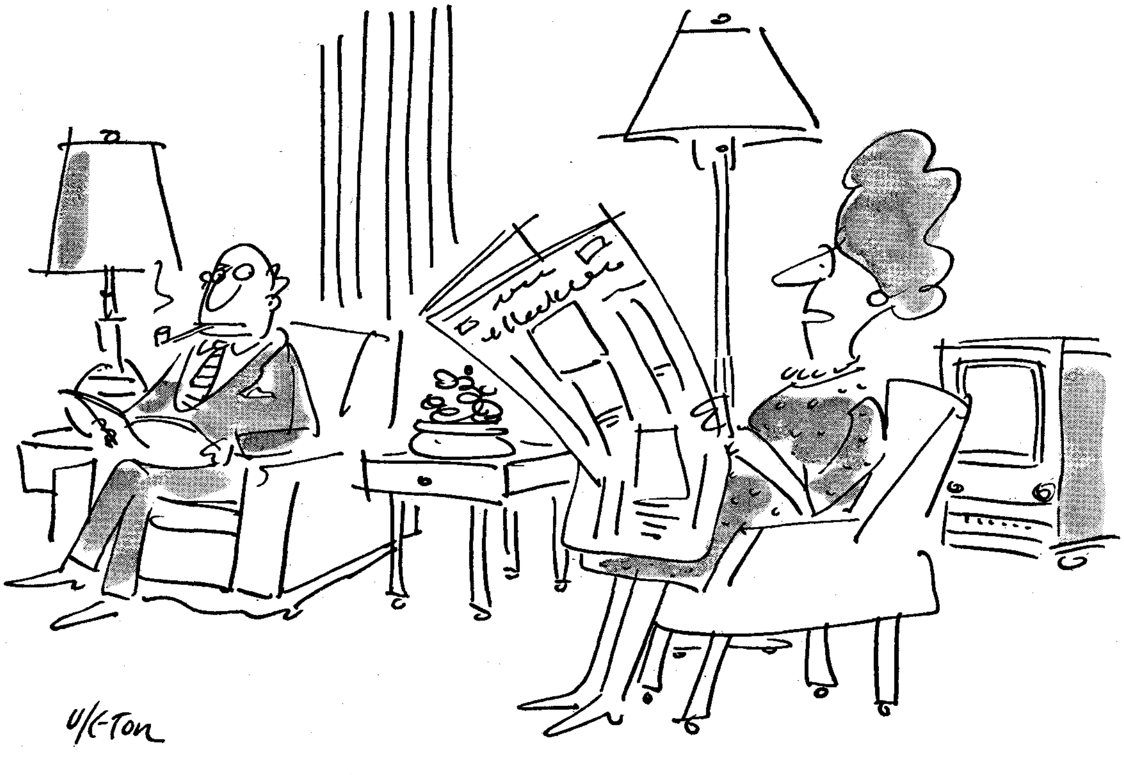
PETER NICHOLS is an English dramatist who has been able to write original and theatrically resourceful comedies on unlikely subjects. In "A Day in the Death of Joe Egg," his best play, the agony of the parents of a spastic child was made manifest in vaudeville turns and other routines. In "The National Health," the bitterness and loneliness of dying in a public hospital ward were underscored by the fake cheer of television shows and of the impersonal, dead-eyed staff. Now, in "Chez Nous," which will run at the Manhattan Theatre Club through November 27th, Mr. Nichols puts a foot into Nabokov Country to tell the story of a successful pediatrician and his wife who have moved from London to the South of France and discover that one of their oldest and closest friends, a semi-successful architect, is the father of their illegitimate infant grandson—their daughter, Jane, having been thirteen years old at the time of conception. The discovery is made while the architect and his wife are visiting the pediatrician and his wife—the women are old school friends—and the action is mostly a matter of conversations and confidences among the four. Neither couple is particularly happy—sexual disappointments, mostly—or unhappy, and there are some attempts at cross-coupling, which don't come to much. The shocking discovery is no joke, but its titillating, revivifying effect on the characters is, and by the time the evening is over we know all about their private griefs and yearnings. Yet Mr. Nichols maintains a comic tone throughout—getting quite a lot of mileage, by the way, from the pediatrician's having written a best-seller on adolescent sex. Also by the time the evening is over, we realize that the status is, and will remain, quo, for a theme of the play is the unbreakability, the permanence, of these fragile-seeming marriages: at the mistaken, obvious, stagy curtain, the pediatrician tries to break an egg by squeezing it between his thumb and forefinger, and cannot. (We hardly needed a demonstration.) That aside, I found "Chez Nous" quite entertaining, in spite of what I must regretfully call the underlying British whine, which has become so common these days. How the glorious acid outrage of "Look Back in Anger" has deteriorated!

The performance, under Lynne Meadow's direction, is very lively indeed. Best of the actors is Sam Waterston, using an all-purpose Midlands accent; as the architect and the father of the son he has always wanted, he is positively euphoric and, at one high point, drunk and disorderly. There is tenderness in his performance, too, and much else besides. Christina Pickles is his wife, John Tillinger is the pediatrician, and Barbara Caruso is *his* wife. I enjoyed and admired all of them, and also Jim Jansen, Charles Mayer, and Linda Atkinson, in supporting roles. John Conklin did the good setting.

A. R. GURNEY'S "The Wayside Motor Inn," which will also run at the Manhattan Theatre Club through the twenty-seventh, is set in a motel outside of Boston. The action takes place in one large room, which represents a number of rooms, and it consists of a number of small plays that, of course, constantly overlap. The impersonality of motels is one of several points that Mr. Gurney is making. Characters from the various stories answer phones, lie on beds, hang up clothes, make love, go to the bathroom, and fight and make up, all oblivious of one another's existence. Though this unawareness has been dealt with before, and though none of the plots is especially original, the show as a whole is deftly written, and the characters and their behavior and what they say and feel are interesting and credible. The simultaneous action is always clear and very well managed by the company, under Tony Giordano's direction.

At the opening, a salesman (Drew Snyder) enters, room key in mouth, plastic ice bucket in one hand, suitcase in the other. He turns on the television set and calls his office, plugging himself in, so to speak, to a computer—a computer that he keeps in touch with throughout. Next comes an elderly well-to-do couple (Margaret Barker and Thomas Barbour), the husband in poor shape and obviously exhausted from a long drive, and the wife solicitous, worried, and cheerful. She turns down one of the twin beds, and the elderly man lies down and furtively takes a pill for his bad heart. Then a father and his son (John Braden and



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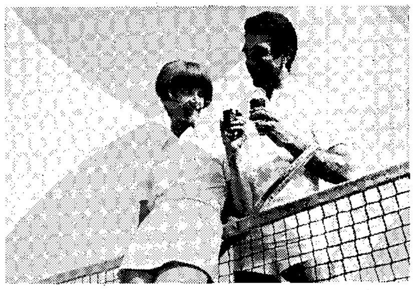

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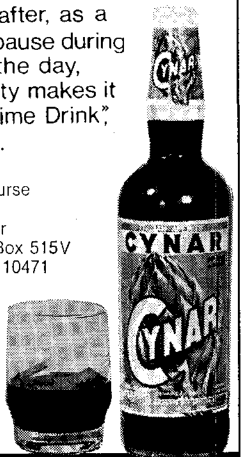

CYNAR
THE TASTE MAKER

Richard Sale) come in, on their way to an interview at the Harvard admissions office. Also a pair of undergraduates (Gary Cookson and Catherine Schreiber), the young woman insisting on paying her share of the room, the young man wanting to treat her to it. And so it goes. The other travellers are a doctor and his wife (Wayne Tippit and Jill Andre), who have taken the first steps toward a divorce, and a funny, ex-hippie waitress (Jill O'Hara). As the evening progresses, the elderly man's condition worsens. The father of the college applicant is a self-made man who wants the Harvard cachet for his son, but the boy has no interest in Harvard (or in social climbing); this provokes a fight in which the father literally tears an unsuitable shirt off the boy's back. The undergraduates are at the motor inn to find out whether they are "sexually compatible" before entering a longer arrangement. The doctor and his wife are tense and at swords' points as they discuss their lawyers, but they end up sitting on the floor, in tears, examining a family photograph album. The waitress, a health nut, brings the salesman a tray of food and then warns him off every dish on it.

All these plots go their separate ways but with a couple of connecting links: the father asks the elderly woman to lend him a needle and thread so he can mend the shirt he has ripped; the elderly man, alone for a while and having a heart attack, asks the switchboard whether a doctor is registered at the motel. (But our doctor and his wife have left for home, and the phone rings and rings.) As admirers of Mr. Gurney's "Scenes from American Life" might guess, it is the cumulative effect of the episodes that matters—that and his humor and the liveliness of his writing. In the hands of these capable actors, every character is enjoyable, and every word believable. Best of all are the elderly man and his wife, keeping each other's spirits up, and as out of place in a motel bedroom as they are in the nineteen-seventies. David Potts' good setting is appropriately disheartening. —EDITH OLIVER

•

To: All faculty and students interested in participating in the self-statements-rational emotive-attributional bag lunch seminar-rap group.—*Memo from the Department of Psychology of the State University of New York at Buffalo.*

Well! Anyone not interested in *that* bag lunch simply has lost interest in life.

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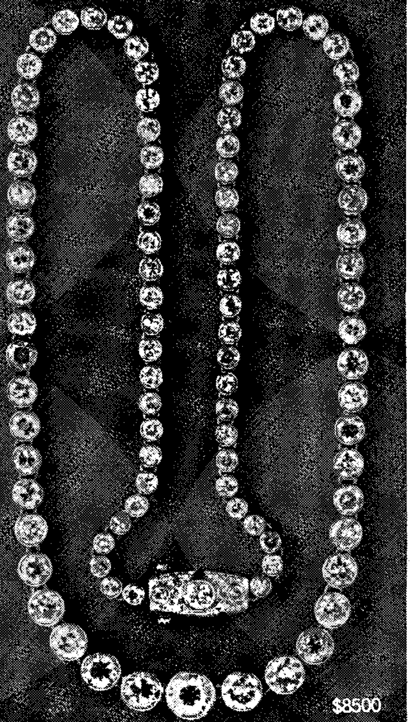

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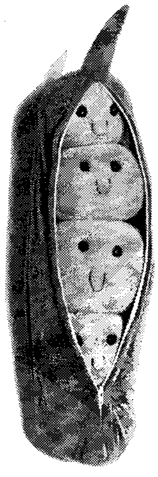

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THE RACE TRACK

An Up-and-Comer

JIMMY JONES, who took over the Calumet Farm horses on the retirement of his father (the well-remembered Plain Ben, who put them on top of the winning list thirty years ago), once said that training horses was just a matter of opinion—of knowing when they were fit and ready to run. For several days last week, Joe Cantey debated with himself whether to start the Loblolly Stable's Cox's Ridge in the Stuyvesant Handicap at Aqueduct on Saturday, since the colt had been assigned top weight of 124 pounds and would be giving big weight to his field. Well, he decided to take a chance, and he was right. Cox's Ridge won by a neck in a driving finish from Wise Philip, to whom he gave twelve pounds. Gentle King was third, four and a half lengths farther away. There was a claim of foul against the winner for crowding in the scramble of the eight runners going into the clubhouse turn, but after an inquiry the stewards dismissed it. Cox's Ridge, a big three-year-old by Best Turn out of Our Martha, probably won't rank as high as third in the annual poll for the best of his age, but he is the most up-and-coming racer on Long Island these days. He won his only start at two, then injured an ankle and was out for the rest of the year. Since his return to racing late last June, he has won seven of his ten starts—five of them stakes—and last month at Belmont he was third in the Jockey Club Gold Cup. He has earned $238,649. Harbor View Farm, which will undoubtedly receive the Eclipse Award for having the best two-year-old colt of 1977, in Affirmed, will also pick up the Eclipse Award for having the best sprinter of 1977, in Affiliate. That nimble three-year-old ran a smasher in the Sport Page Handicap at the Big A on Veterans Day, carrying 124 pounds and running the six furlongs in 1:10. He beat Intercontinent by a neck, giving him twelve pounds. It was Affiliate's third straight stakes victory at the meeting—the others were the Jamaica Handicap, on opening day, and the Vosburgh. Laz Barrera, who trains both Affirmed and Affiliate, is smiling broadly these days. So is Jule Fink, a professional handicapper who races a modest stable, for he brought off a double by winning both divisions of the Knickerbocker Handicap on Election Day—the first with Dance d'Espoir, at $5.40, and the second with Keep the Promise, at $9.60. A nice parlay.

ON THE SLY, winner of last month's Jockey Club Gold Cup, was an easy winner of the Hawthorne Gold Cup at the Chicago track last weekend. Coming from behind the pace of Milwaukee Avenue, who led for much of the mile and a quarter, he won by two and a quarter lengths. Romeo was third.

AQUEDUCT'S new $200,000 Turf Classic, at a mile and a half, comes up for its first running on Saturday. It will have a field of six: Johnny D., Majestic Light, and Exceller (the first three finishers in the Washington, D.C., International), Crow (who was fifth), Vigors (who was seventh), and Arctic Tern (who once beat Exceller at Longchamp). Though the distance is the same as at Laurel, and the horses are once again weight-for-age, the race will certainly be run quite differently. And, even if it rains, the turf course at Aqueduct won't be the morass that the one at Laurel was. This department again picks Exceller to win. By the way, it will be Majestic Light's last race; Ogden Mills Phipps is retiring him to the stud at Claiborne Farm, in Kentucky, where he came from.

THE New York Racing Association has asked the State Racing and Wagering Board for a 1978 season of two hundred and ninety-eight days. There would be racing on twenty-five Sundays (none on Palm Sunday or Easter) and on only five days during the weeks of late winter. The dark days would be Tuesdays and Wednesdays. The application will be discussed at a meeting in the near future. The N.Y.R.A. tried racing on Sundays in 1975 and 1976, and the experiment was far from a financial success. I suppose what is needed to make Sundays popular is some high-priced entertainment.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

While enjoying an outdoor cocktail party, two rare trumpeter swans flew unconcernedly over our group, a bare 30 feet above us.—*St. Paul Sunday Pioneer Press.*

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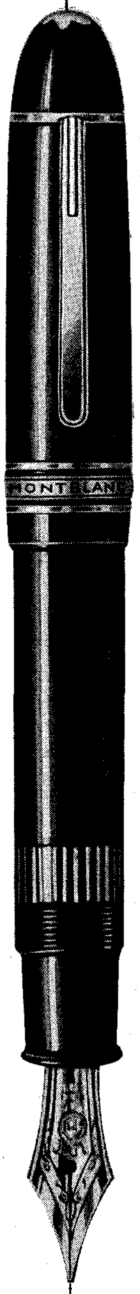

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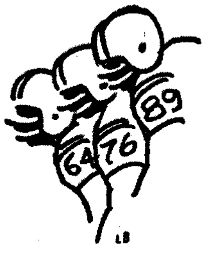
FOOTBALL

Tidings Glad and Sad

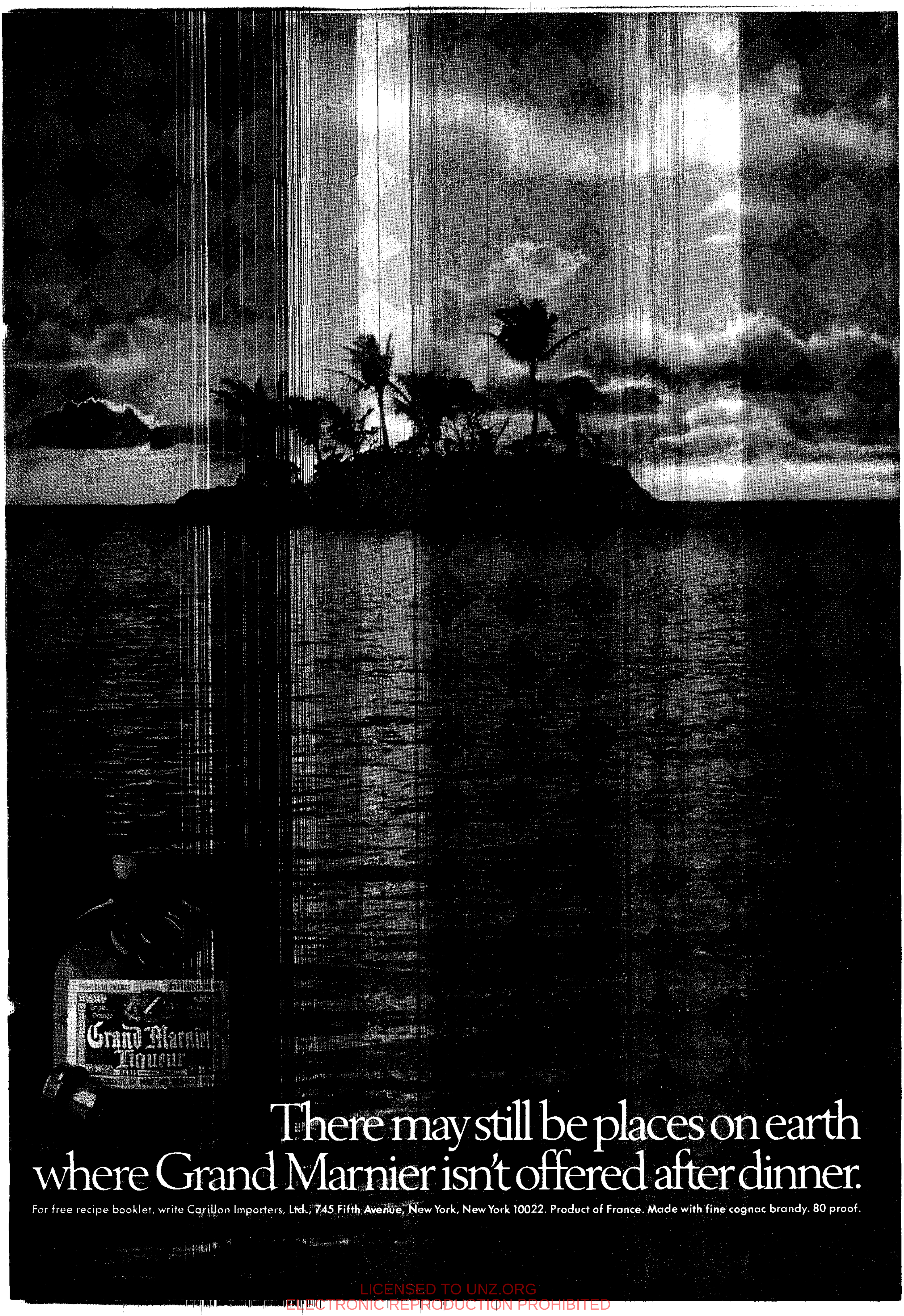


ON Saturday last, Nubani and Hill performed their final duties of the season by producing untold mileage for God, for country, and for Yale by carrying onfield, turn and turn about, messages from Cozza, their coach, to Rizzo, the Yale quarterback, about what to do next. There were problems to be overcome: Yale, though rather better manned than Harvard, was, well toward the end of the afternoon, no farther ahead than 10–7. But it was young Sullivan, a sophomore upstart who had done a large amount of Yale's kicking this fall, who thought up the best idea of the day. Standing near his own twenty at a moment when—on fourth down—he was expected to reluctantly punt the ball back to Harvard, he fielded a not especially viable snap from center, veered right to the sidelines, and outran everyone, friend or foe, to the Harvard goal. Harvard, up to then bristling with energy, strategy (a few feints that Restic, its coach, must have saved up for the event), and zeal, was suddenly deflated, and moments later Pagliaro, ending his days at Yale in what did indeed suggest a blaze of glory, racked up the thirty-fourth touchdown of his stay on campus. From then on in, it was Yale 24, Harvard 7 all the way. The jangling of nerves, both H. and Y., set up a cacophony that was almost audible; a segment of the script reads in this fashion: H. kicks off, forces Y. to punt; H. fumbles the punt, then draws a penalty, then allows its quarterback, Brown, to be overrun, then punts to Y.; on its first move, Y. fumbles the ball to H.; on *its* first move, H. drops a Brown pass; on its second, it fumbles the ball to Yale.

Cozza is a man of ideas—good ones. His decision last year not to become the Yale director of athletics but to stay with his team was such a notion: he knew what he had in Pagliaro and Rizzo and Angeloni and Sullivan and Nondorf and Skrovan and the rest, and he proved it. His decision some weeks back this fall in the final seconds of the match with Dartmouth was that Yale should go for a touchdown (and a victory) in place of going for a field goal (and a tie). Yale thereby lost a game, and for a time it appeared that it might likewise have lost the Ivy League championship, which it now has acquired. What it didn't lose was the sense that light-heartedly taking a great risk now and then is part of the sporting life. Restic is another man of ideas—good ones; ideas that make football less mechanical, more happy-go-lucky.

Ivy League teams lead a butterfly life—a spare nine weeks from birth to death—but others begin earlier, end later. The most volatile of all these is still Colgate. Totting up the points scored against it is a task—the number runs into the hundreds—but Colgate, ten weeks old on Saturday last, is still out in front, and still looking forward to the end of a season during which it will not once be bested. Last Saturday, it undertook, on its home grounds, the mastering of Northeastern, a fair-to-middling-peppery team this season, and ceded it thirty-nine points. But, keeping always, and tantalizingly, ahead—often by no more than a touchdown—it collected forty-eight points for itself. The blocking, the handwork, and the footwork of the Colgate offense are sometimes imperceptible to a mere naked eye; a slow-motion film of the entire Colgate season under its newest coach, Dunlap, would be a far more absorbing study than what is offered up to that naked eye on most Sunday afternoons and Monday nights.

New Hampshire, thought by this correspondent to be the pick of the Yankee Conference, fell out of the apple tree on Saturday—Massachusetts 19, New Hampshire 6. Actually, New Hampshire was at sixes and sevens: once, with fourteen men onfield, it drew a needless penalty; once, at the Massachusetts one-foot line, Burnham fumbled on third down, then got back only to the one-foot line on fourth. Army, which had handily put away an important rival, Air Force, at 31–6, the weekend before, ceded thirty-eight points to Pittsburgh during the first half and got none for itself, ceded fourteen points during the second half and got twenty-six for itself—those twenty-six by virtue of the fact that Pittsburgh had withdrawn Cavanaugh and its other first-stringers. In all, sixty-one Pittsburghers had playing time against Army. Navy just managed to do in Georgia Tech, at 20–16. Even so, the matching of Army and Navy the weekend after next may, it seems, be the sort of Army-Navy game we have all awaited for some years. —J. W. L.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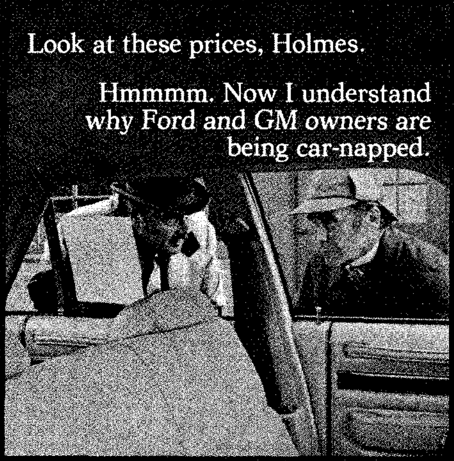
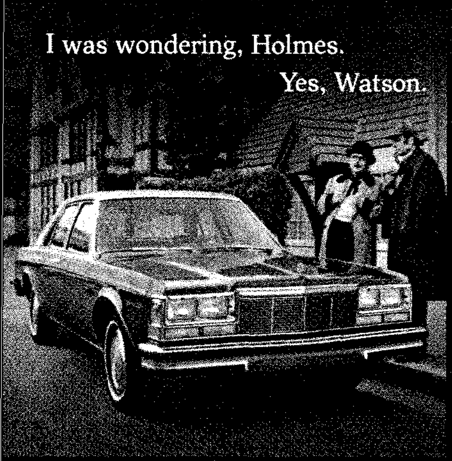
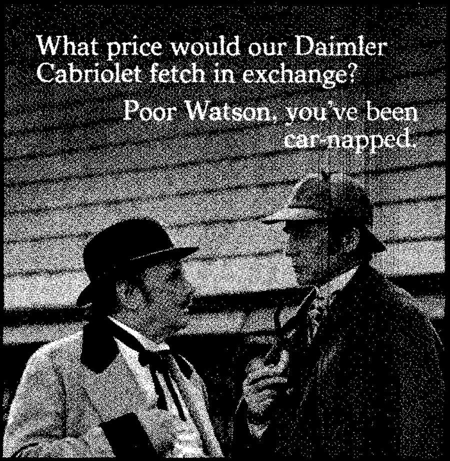

Look at these prices, Holmes.
Hmmmm. Now I understand why Ford and GM owners are being car-napped.


I was wondering, Holmes.
Yes, Watson.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TO MARKET, TO MARKET

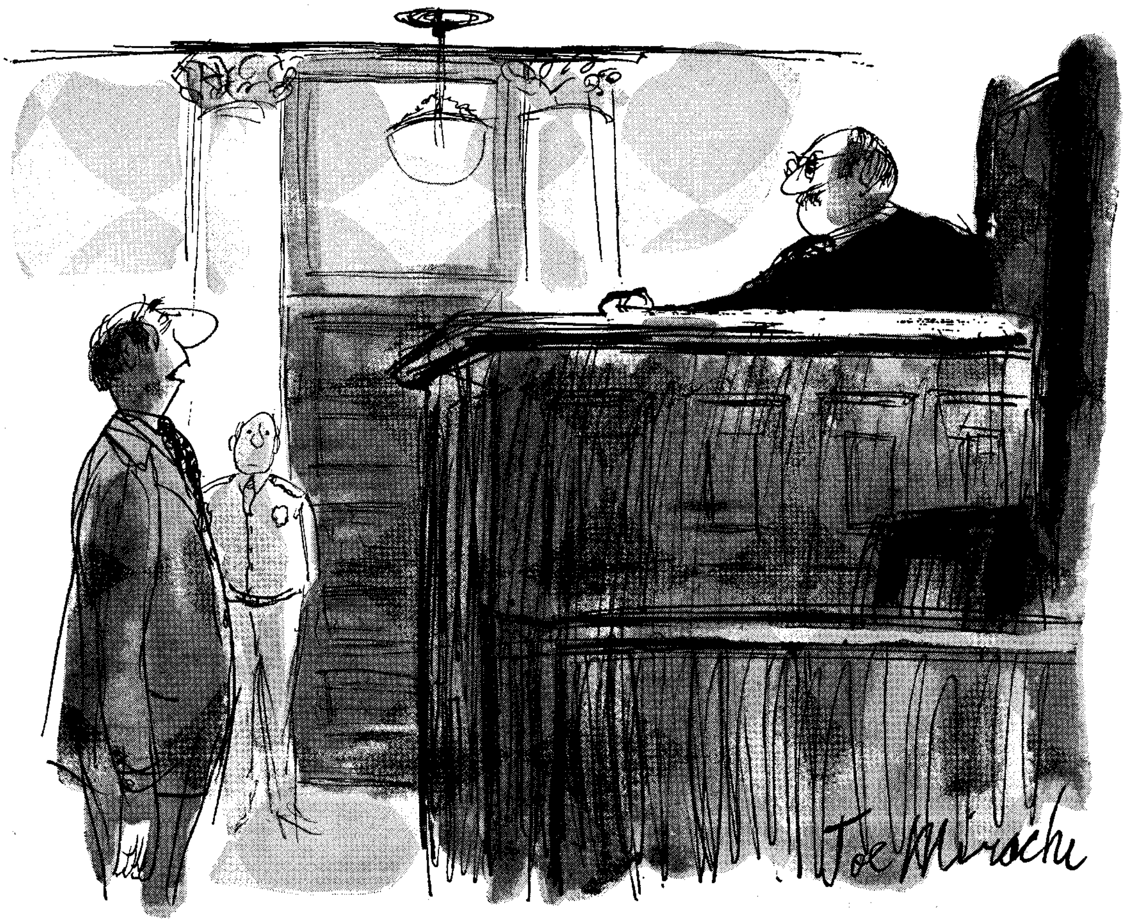
JEFFREY JOWELL, a friend of mine who teaches law at the University of London, likes to go to the Friday-morning market at Barnstaple to chat about poultry and eggs. "You say a bit of peat on the floor of the coop?" he will ask a farmer's wife, staring at her with the sort of intent look that law professors must dream of finding on the faces of their students during a lecture. "How very interesting!" Whenever I'm in the vicinity—the West Country of England—I go to Barnstaple with Jeffrey. I would go to Barnstaple without Jeffrey. I love weekly markets, even when they do not offer the added attraction of a law professor discussing chicken feed with a vender of brown eggs. Wandering through the Friday-morning market at Barnstaple—poking at fresh tomatoes or bargaining for what is purported to be an antique clipboard or munching on some Farmhouse Cheddar to keep up my strength between stalls—I occasionally pause to wonder why all of the other tourists are at Buckingham Palace or the Tower of London. My wife, Alice, is also enthusiastic about the Barnstaple market, although the suspicion lingers that when she seems to be completely absorbed in selecting peaches she is actually glancing over now and then to make certain that I make no overt attempt to corner the North Devon scone market.

A Friday morning at Barnstaple is definitely enhanced by the opportunity to hear Jeffrey say, "Yes, laying very well at the moment, thanks," to an egg vender, inspecting the color of her shells rather closely as he speaks. When the university is not in session, Jeffrey and his family live near Exford, a Somerset village about an hour's drive from Barnstaple. During their first summer there, three years ago, we were informed by letter that Jeffrey, whose interest in husbandry had previously escaped our notice, had *finished second* in the other-than-white egg division of the Exford and District Flower and Produce Show. Jeffrey did not take the victory lightly, even though, we later learned, the other-than-white egg division of the Exford and District Flower and Produce Show had only three entries. According to the reports we got from England, he talked a lot about chickens and he talked a lot to chickens. "Good night, ladies," he would say each evening when he shut his hens into their coop, safe from marauding foxes. "Sleep well, my lovelies." Jeffrey's wife, Francie, even reported that on visits to neighbors in Somerset Jeffrey had taken to cracking eggs he found in the pantry and sneering at their yolks. I wasn't certain whether or not Francie was joking until we arrived in England for a visit, about a year after Jeffrey had acquired his flock, and noticed on the desk in his study, in the sort of frame some people might use for a picture of their wife and children, a five-by-seven-inch color portrait of Rudolph, his rooster.

I attended the second Exford and District Flower and Produce Show that Jeffrey entered, and I was with him when he learned, to his great dismay, that he had fallen to third place in the other-than-white egg division.

"Look on the bright side," I said, trying to cheer him up. "There were four entries this year, so in a way you did just as well as you did last time—second from last."

Francie offered some token condolences, but she does not like to encourage what she occasionally calls Jeffrey's "obsession." I can't blame her. It was presumably her picture, after all, that was on Jeffrey's desk before Rudolph came along. Also, it must be embarrassing for Francie to be sitting quietly at a neighbor's dinner table when suddenly her husband snatches an egg from the pantry, cracks it into a dish the hostess was planning to use for the custard, and begins a lecture on causes of yolk paleness. Francie has been known to make light of Jeffrey's career in poultry management. She was among those on a panel of Jeffrey's family and friends—a panel on which I also had the privilege of serving—that, after some informal calculations, priced out the cost of Jeffrey's home-grown, economical eggs at "one pound fifty per egg, plus a hundred points of cholesterol." She has neither confirmed nor denied rumors that she may have



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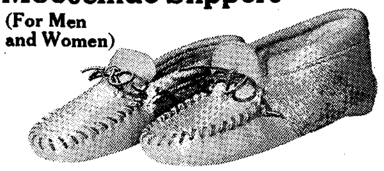

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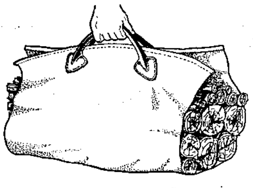

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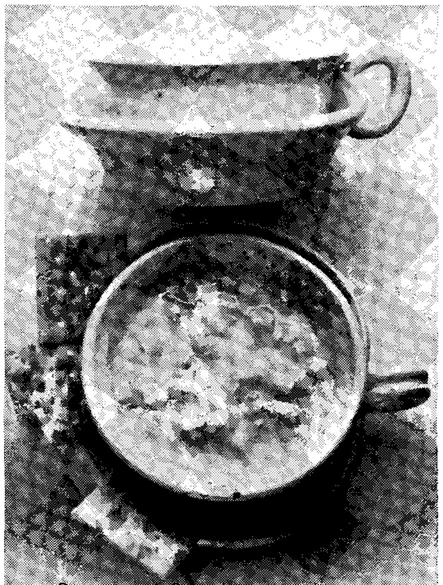
been privy to a conspiracy by which some London-supermarket eggs were secretly substituted for the freshly gathered eggs that Jeffrey so proudly serves his guests as examples of what fresh farm eggs should taste like. There is no denying that what she has lately taken to calling Jeffrey is Chicken George.

These days, of course, there is nothing particularly unusual about a law professor's being deeply involved in poultry raising. It wouldn't surprise me, in fact, to find that some Midwestern university professors of agricultural science, who were once thought of by the liberal-arts faculty as ranking just above phys. ed. majors, were now being sought as dinner guests by the chairman of the English Department, in the hope they might share some of their erudition in the area of soil preparation or slug eradication. Academics do have their own way of approaching agriculture. Jeffrey, according to my last count, owns at least fourteen books and several pamphlets on poultry keeping; he has read "Starting Poultry Keeping" and he has read "The Small Commercial Poultry Flock" (Bulletin No. 198 issued by the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries, and Food). He sometimes says that the sight of his chickens taking their first tentative steps into the sunlight—they had been kept in cages by their previous owner, and Jeffrey decided to allow them to roam the farm as what the English call "free range" hens—reminded him of the prisoners' chorus in "Fidelio," an image I have never heard used by the farmers' wives who sell eggs at the Barnstaple market.

Although professors may reach for a literary image to describe a barnyard phenomenon, it must be even more common for them to discover that what they had assumed was a metaphor is simply a fact of farm life. An informed citizen who comes to the country rather late in life is often astonished to find that a neighbor who mentions the need to prime the pump is not talking about tinkering with free-market economics but about priming the pump. People do make hay in the country, and if at all possible they make it while the sun shines, so it will be dry when they store it in the barn. "Rudolph, you might say, rules the roost," Jeffrey told me the first time he showed me his flock settling in for the night. Jeffrey also mentions now and then that his flock actually does have a pecking order—one that he can recite, as it happens, since he has given each chicken the name of one of his cousins. Jeffrey's barnyard observations on the



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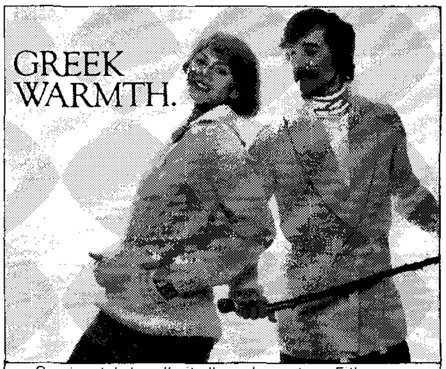
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matter of pecking order are, of course, buttressed by a certain amount of scholarly research. It is from reading a book—"The Chicken Book," by Page Smith and Charles Daniel—that he knows that the phenomenon of pecking order was discovered earlier in this century by a Norwegian psychologist named T. Schjelderup-Ebbe. I sent him the book. He once mentioned the possibility of commissioning some local potter to fashion eggcups bearing the Clarence Day quotation that it uses as an epigraph—"Oh, who that ever lived and loved can look upon an egg unmoved?"

"You will most certainly not," Francie said at the time. "This obsession has gone far enough."

Francie, I think, might make light of Jeffrey's poultry library except that she has, in addition to a doctorate in the history of art from Harvard, at least twenty-one books on gardening. She has "The Vegetable Garden Displayed" and she has "Potatoes" (Bulletin No. 94 issued by the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries, and Food). She has entered the Exford and District Flower and Produce Show in as many as eleven categories at once, including such exotic competitions as "Three Turnips" and "Four Sticks of Rhubarb." She does not bid her vegetables good night every evening, as far as I know, but I have heard her refer to store-bought provisions as "foreign vegetables," in the same tone of voice some British politicians use these days when referring to immigrants from the Indian subcontinent. In one Exford show, she won first prize in both "Heaviest Marrow" and "Two Matching Vegetable Marrows"—a marrow being what the English call a type of large squash. Jeffrey occasionally refers to her as the Marrow Queen of Exford.

I HAVE always been partial to market people. In England, the difference between market people and shopkeepers is pronounced. The grocers in Exford or Dunster or Taunton or Barnstaple strike me as the sort of correct English shopkeepers who find their greatest fulfillment in telling the customer who wants bread, "The bread's finished," and informing the customer who asks for bacon, "We don't do bacon, thank you very much." The people behind the tables that are lined up every Friday morning at Barnstaple may be rather quiet by the standards of, say, the Italian fruit-and-vegetable peddlers who appear at the Haymarket in the North End of Boston every Friday and

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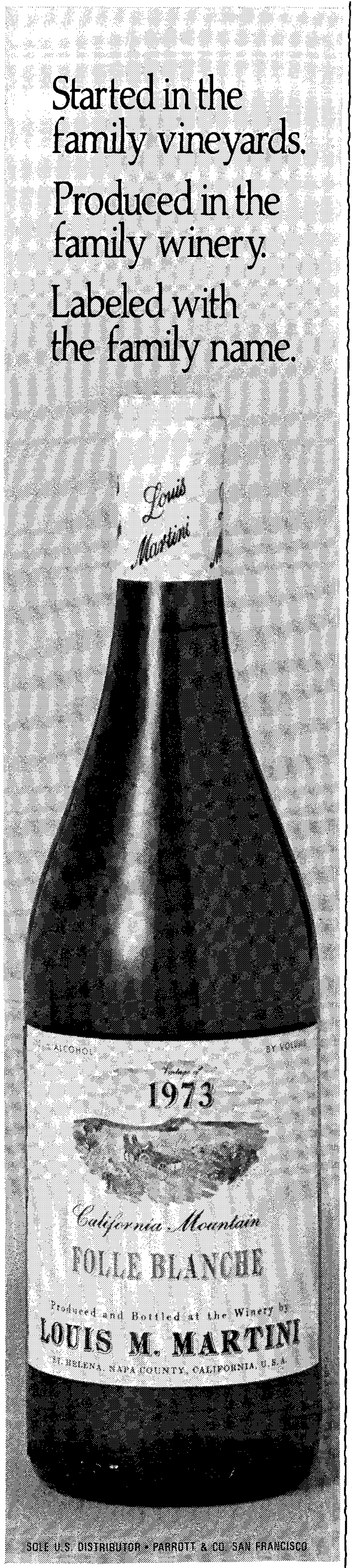
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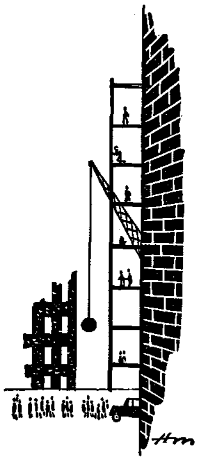
Saturday, but, compared to most English shopkeepers, they take a positively overt pleasure in selling their wares. In Barnstaple on Friday mornings, Jeffrey is not called Mr. Jowell by the venders but "my dear" or "my love." Informal, even intimate address is the norm in markets everywhere; I suspect that the only female customers not addressed as "honey" by venders in the Haymarket are those wearing nuns' habits. Once, when Alice and I were moving slowly through a Saturday jam of people in the Haymarket, a man who looked to be in his upper seventies stepped forward, kissed Alice warmly on both cheeks, and said, in a heavy Italian accent, "I would like to bring you home to meet my mother."

As much as I like the atmosphere at markets, I go mainly for the food. In the United States these days, some people shop at a market on the theory that it represents their only hope of coming across fruit and vegetables that have not been bred by the agribusiness Frankensteins to have a shelf life approximately that of a mop handle. They hope, for instance, to squeeze a tomato that does not have a bright-red skin so hard that anyone who wanted to indulge in the old-fashioned American pleasure of slinging it at a windy political stump speaker would risk being arrested for assault with intent to kill. By the time American consumers began to take serious notice of such matters, ninety per cent of, say, the broilers available in grocery stores were being produced by agribusiness corporations that had discovered the cost effectiveness of a "vertically integrated" method of mass-producing broilers from hatching to marketplace—a method whose drawbacks include the fact that it produces chickens that tend to have the taste and consistency of a regulation baseball. The English who are always chastising themselves these days for economic stagnation and failure to adopt modern management practices fail to realize that what they have avoided is the vertical integration of the broiler industry.

A lot of vegetables sold at the Barnstaple market taste more like vegetables than like shelf displays simply because they are the product of a kitchen garden rather than an assembly line. Although there are stalls at the market which sell great quantities of fruit and vegetables acquired from wholesalers, it is not unusual to see a farmer's wife standing behind a table that may hold three dozen eggs, one chicken, three bunches of carrots, some beetroot, five turnips, six baby cabbages, a bunch of rhubarb, one marrow, a jar of apple chutney, and a jar of quince jelly. Barnstaple does not have the sort of customers who demand to know whether a cucumber or a radish has been grown under conditions that qualify as "organic," but some of the eggs at the market carry prominent signs labelling them "Free Range." In England, consciousness of free-range eggs extends from venders at a provincial market to gourmet stores in Knightsbridge which label eggs "Free Range" and leave enough grit and hay sticking to them to support the claim. A preference for free-range eggs is based partly on the theory that a chicken that spends its life roaming around a barnyard instead of crammed into the wire cages used for what are called battery or factory or deep-litter hens is a healthier fowl and therefore likely to produce a better egg. But in England, where concern for dumb animals is so acute that there may well be people willing to picket beekeepers for keeping their bees in crowded conditions, part of the steam of the free-range-egg movement comes from groups with names like Chicken Lib—groups that object to hens' leading "a thoroughly miserable existence." According to the brochure of an organization called Compassion in World Farming, factory farm animals "degrade the sensibilities of all who work with them," while free-range animals "through their active self-expression . . . make a valuable contribution to the countryside scene."



"Oh, you mustn't coop them up," an egg vender at Barnstaple once told us. "With free-range hens, the yolks are that much richer altogether."

"My first hens had been deep-litter hens, and I set them free," Jeffrey told her. She nodded and smiled. Jeffrey beamed. The emancipator.

THE last time we were in Somerset, Jeffrey and Alice and I went to Barnstaple early one Friday morning for the market, leaving Francie home to tend her marrows. Jeffrey had said he was interested in arranging to buy two or three chicks from some farmer's wife whose egg display met his standards. I didn't even have that excuse; I was interested in acquiring

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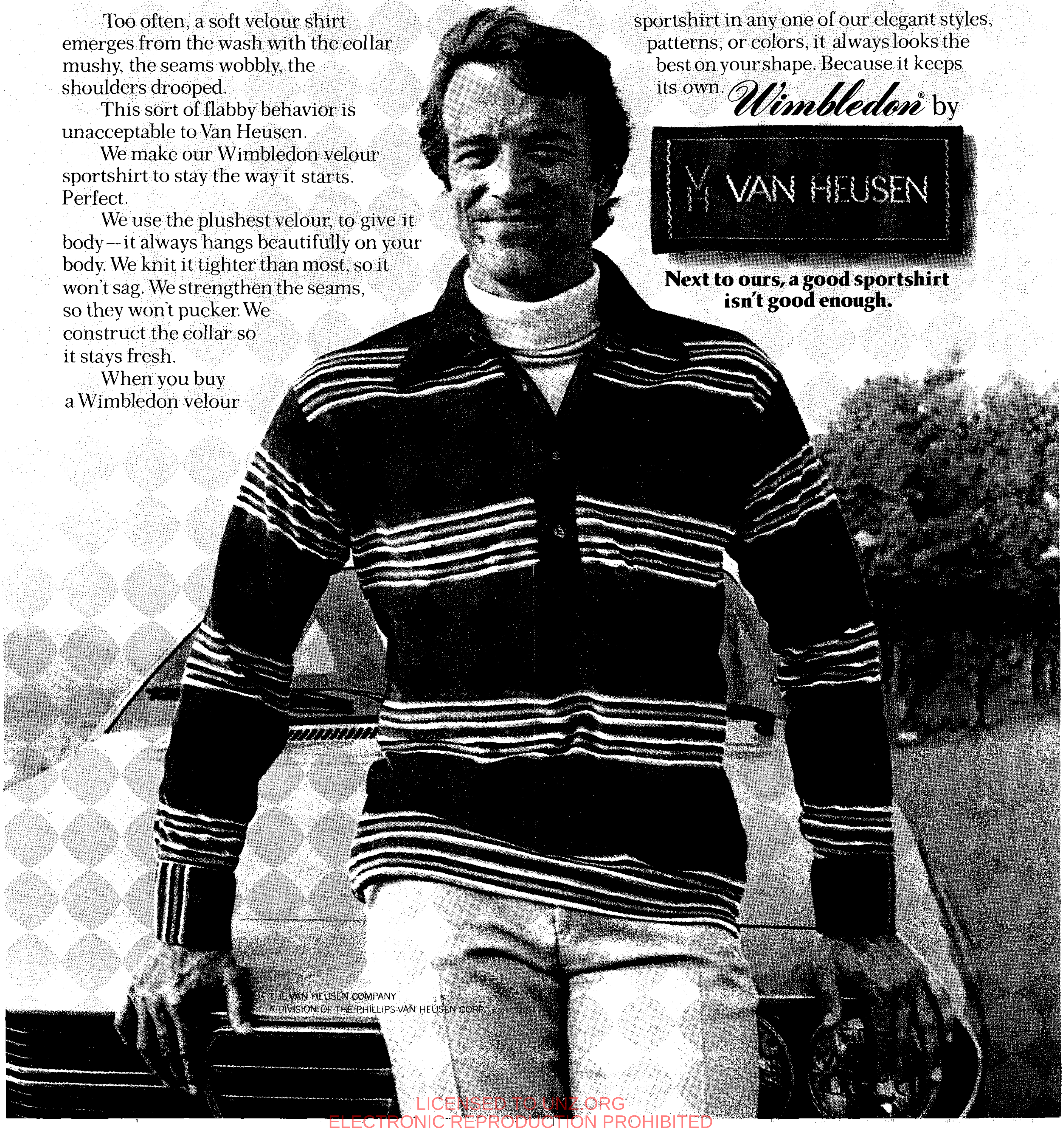

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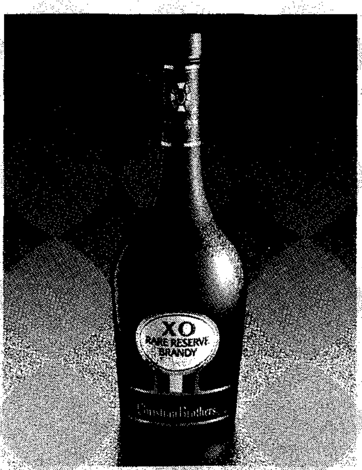

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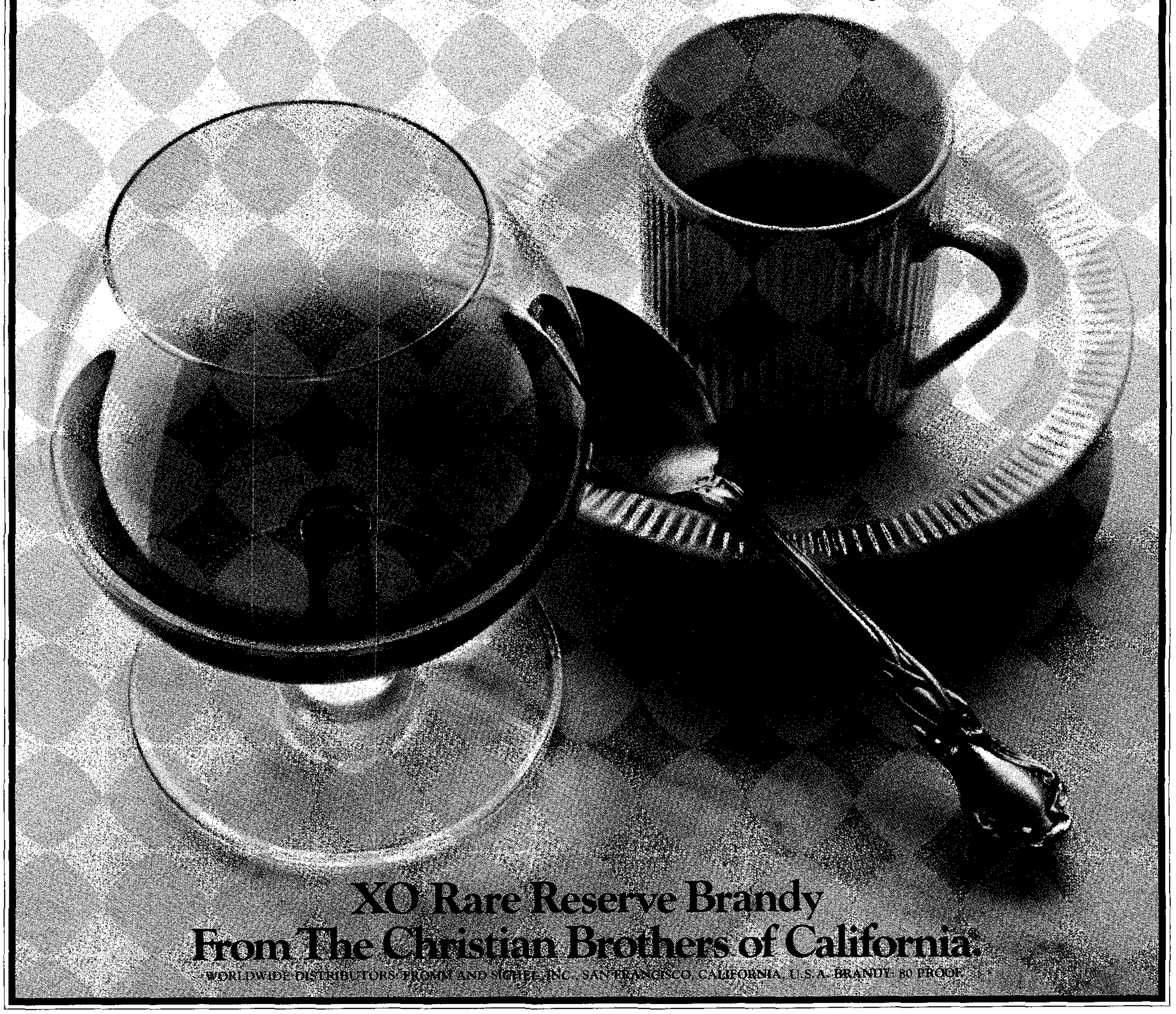

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whatever I could to eat. I have never been to an open market that did not have something remarkable to eat. I believe it is fair to say that the West Country of England is not internationally renowned for its food, but I have always found marvellous food at the Barnstaple market—hard cakes baked by members of the Women's Institute, for instance, or a marrow we once came across that is known locally as spaghetti squash, or runner-bean chutney, or some liver dumplings called faggots, or a regional delicacy called, indelicately, hog's pudding.

Jeffrey was putting a few things in a market basket himself as he searched for a trustworthy purveyor of chicks, and Alice made a detailed inspection of the fish and meat available in a line of shops across from the market known as Butchers' Row. We had thought we were just picking up a few odds and ends, but when we returned to Somerset and unpacked our market baskets in the Jowells' kitchen—carefully observed by Francie, who was presumably guarding against infiltration by foreign vegetables—we found we had three jars of honey, one jar of raspberry jam, two cabbages, a jar of pickled onions, some Cheshire and Caerphilly and Cheddar cheese, a half-dozen honey lollipops, a carton of raspberries, a carton of blackberries, a bunch of bananas, a jar of tomato relish, an astounding number of shortbread cookies, a package of clotted cream, some bread pudding, a few tomatoes, a pound of hog's pudding, a pound of sunflower nuts, some extra-fruit strawberry jam, a lemon cheesecake, a half-dozen rock cakes, some fresh salmon, some fresh haddock, a cooked crab, six scones, a jar of runner-bean chutney, a jar of loganberry jam, one melon, a second jar of raspberry jam, three toy horses, one toy car, a jar of olive oil, a bunch of grapes, some sunflower oil, some wine vinegar, a pineapple cheesecake, even more rock cakes, three kippers, two smoked mackerels, a knitted hat, two hundredweights of chicken feed, a few lemons, and half a faggot—another faggot and a half having been consumed in the heat of shopping.

Francie looked astonished. "Well," Jeffrey said. "We needed everything."

"Yes, I suppose so," Francie said. "We couldn't have lasted another day without those sunflower nuts."

ALICE and I went back to Barnstaple with Jeffrey the following Friday so that he could pick up his chicks and I could replenish my hog's-pudding supply—perhaps picking up some more

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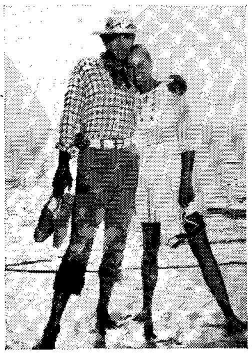

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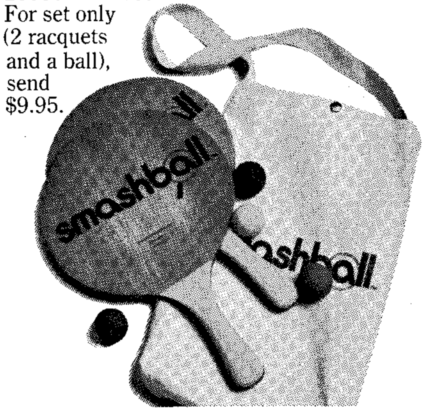

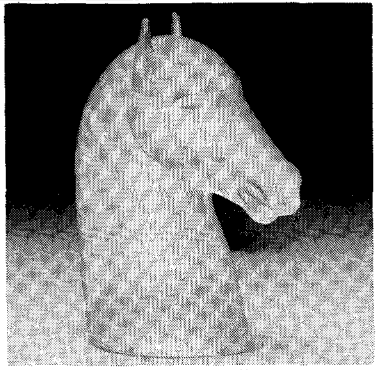

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Cheddar and another jar or two of runner-bean chutney as long as I was in the area. At one of the stalls, three chicks, in a pasteboard box, were waiting for Jeffrey. On the ride back to Exford, his only two concerns about them were that they might be cocks rather than pullets and that they might not be chickens of any kind. They were odd-looking little gray birds that were supposedly of the Maran variety of chicken but suggested to the untrained eye—the kind of eye Jeffrey happens to have—baby hawks, or perhaps vultures.

"Determining the sex of chicks has only been successfully done on a regular basis by the Koreans," Jeffrey said, apparently having pulled that fact out of "Natural Poultry Keeping" or "The Compleat Poultry Keeper and Farmer."

"I don't suppose you're going to be able to find any Koreans in Exford," I said. "Maybe in Taunton."

"Well, they're lovely little chicks anyway," Jeffrey said, apparently having decided to assume that the predatory-looking creatures in the back of the car were in fact chickens.

He slowed in the traffic leaving Barnstaple, and pointed toward a car in front of us that was towing a trailer containing a calf. "That's my next venture," he said.

"Does Francie know about this?" Alice asked.

"Lovely thing, that," Jeffrey continued. "Lovely. I once fell in love with a Jersey cow at the Dunster Show." —CALVIN TRILLIN

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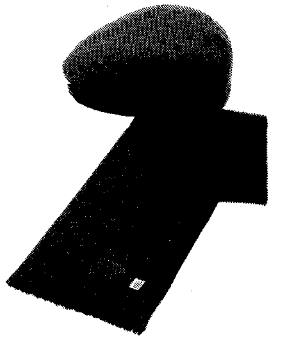

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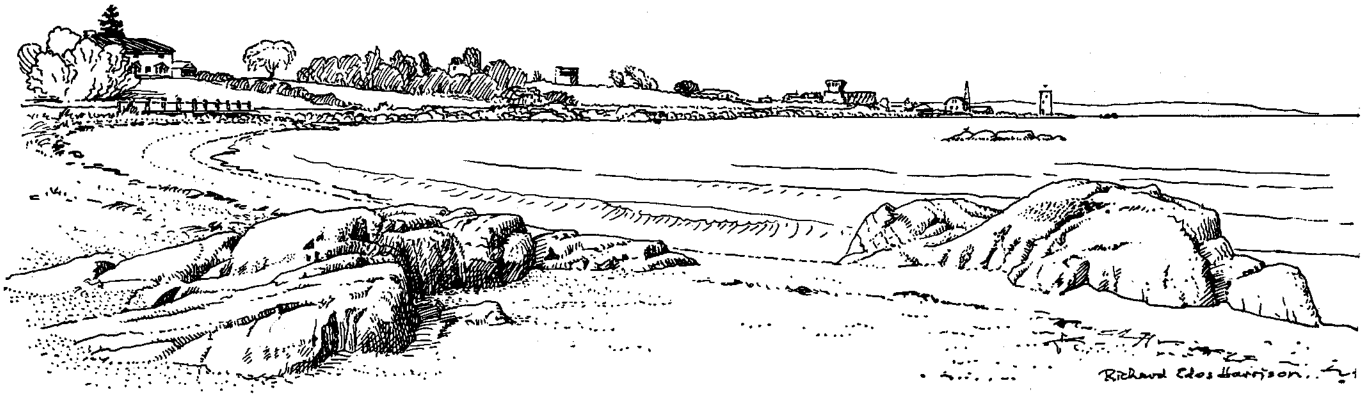
MEMORIES OF A DAY'S WALK FROM MASSACHUSETTS TO MAINE



IN the evening, hitchhiking back, I was quickly faced with the question of what I was doing there, a mile or so out of New Castle, New Hampshire, thumb pointing south, one foot supported by a yellow fire hydrant improbably stuck beside the dusty rural road, and my green nylon knapsack propped where the late-in-the-day, late-August light might dwell on it as evidence of an honest traveller. But since with strangers, even those kind enough to give one a ride, one has the right to shorten one's explanations, I said simply, "I've just walked the New Hampshire coastline." There was also the fact that, just then, starting back down a road I had trudged along a few hours before, I felt enveloped in a sort of concentricity, with time curled up on itself, my mind warm and swollen and in a blurry tingle, like my feet—I must have walked some twenty-two miles, counting the ins and outs and a few reverses—and I didn't feel like enlarging on my reasons. There were various answers—or parts of answers, anyway—to questions of motive. I could borrow Mallory's response "Because it is there"—in New Hampshire's case not record height, like Everest, but record brevity, the coast being eighteen miles long as a seagull might fly it, the shortest coastline of any state touching salt water. Or I could give another answer—that I was born on the coast of old Hampshire, England, but now lived mostly in London and took whatever chance I could of walking in sight of the sea. Or I could say that I was visiting old friends who, since I'd seen them last, had separated. I had a day free between seeing them separately, one in one Massachusetts town, one in another. An appropriate time, and time enough, to go walking.

I set off north along the New Hampshire beach at 7:50 A.M.—sand behind me, sand to my left, sand in front, and to my right the calm sea: small wavelets running in; sun low and very bright; a barely perceptible offshore breeze to be felt on my left ear. I had parked my car on Route 1A, two hundred yards inland over the slight ridge of dunes, where the honky-tonk sprawl of Salisbury Beach, the last town in Massachusetts, petered out at a road junction with a few cottages, a gas station, traffic lights, and restaurant signs. Just north of the junction, a big road sign said "Welcome to/*Bienvenue au* New Hampshire." I had failed to arouse any response in the house attached to a narrow roadside lot where all-day parking was advertised for one dollar (and offenders who failed to pay were threatened with being towed away). I walked across 1A to a combination gas station, motel, and general store called Salisbury Building Supply (which also sold Frisbees, fishing gear, and newspapers). A mustachioed young man who stood behind the till took the dollar bill I proffered as a parking fee and handed me fifty cents. I asked him if he could tell me exactly where New Hampshire began. He said, "Out through the door, about four yards on your left." I parked my old Saab on what was as yet the shady side of the building, front wheels in Massachusetts, back wheels in New Hampshire. So far, the day was cloudless. I left my raincoat and shoes in the car, donning an elderly white cricket sweater, worn blue sailing sneakers, and a broad-brimmed olive-green British Army bush hat—an item military historians might take into account when pondering Britain's success (compared with other nations conducting counter-insurgency operations) in quelling terrorists in the Malayan jungles. Wallet, spare socks, notebook, Texaco road map, geological-survey map, and coastal chart 1206 (Portsmouth to Cape Ann) went into the knapsack. I popped back into the store to ask the man whether there was any public transport back down the coast I intended to walk—any trains, buses?

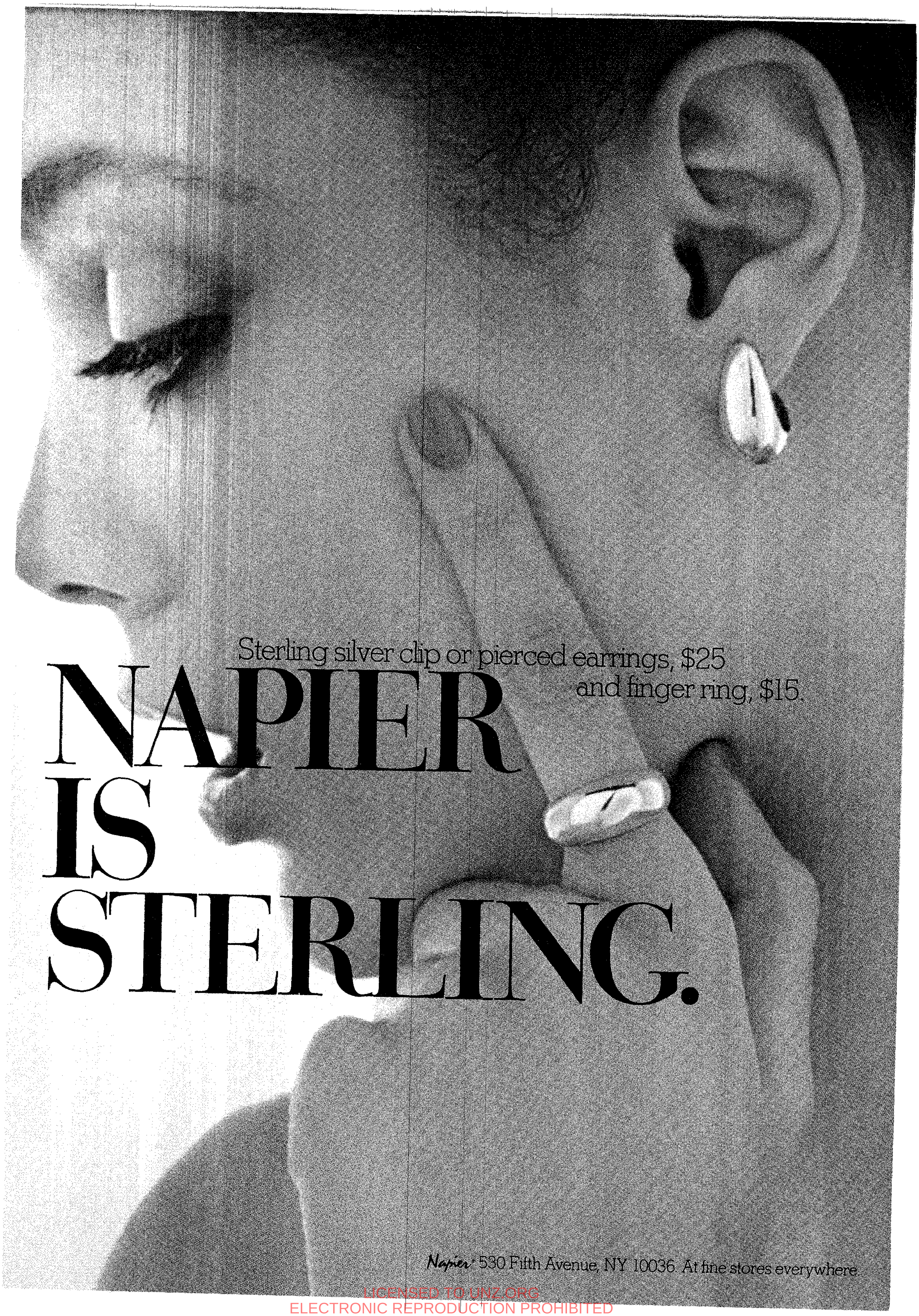
"Nope—not a thing."

"Then I guess I'll have to hitchhike back."

"Yep. Nothing like the good old thumb."

On the beach, I fell into an optimistic northbound stride. The low light, sweeping in from the sea over the gently tilted expanse of sand, gave dramatic prominence to the people already there: four solitary joggers; a man slowly searching the beach with a metal-detector, almost caressing it, as if polishing a floor; several dog owners being taken for exercise by their pets; and, in two ragged ranks to one side of the gap in the dunes through which I'd come, what in that light might have been taken for the larvae of a giant insect—long brown and green tubes that wriggled, opened, and released forms that stood up, stretched, yawned, and sometimes hugged one another. As I went by, one pair of teen-agers who had spent the summer night thus in their sleeping bags ran to the water's edge and stuck their feet in an inrunning wavelet and, to judge by their squeals, found it chilly.

The air, too, had a go-fast nip to it. The tide was roughly half up, and I walked midway between the water's edge and the high-tide line, following a strip of flat, hard gravelly sand. On it the footprints of joggers could be recognized by an abrupt ridge of pushed-back sand—the aft end of the mark made by the ball of a foot. There were also footprints of dogs, the trident marks of gulls' feet in the darker sand beside the tide pools, and—farther up the beach—the rippled tire tracks of a six-wheeled former Army truck onto which debris from litter drums was be-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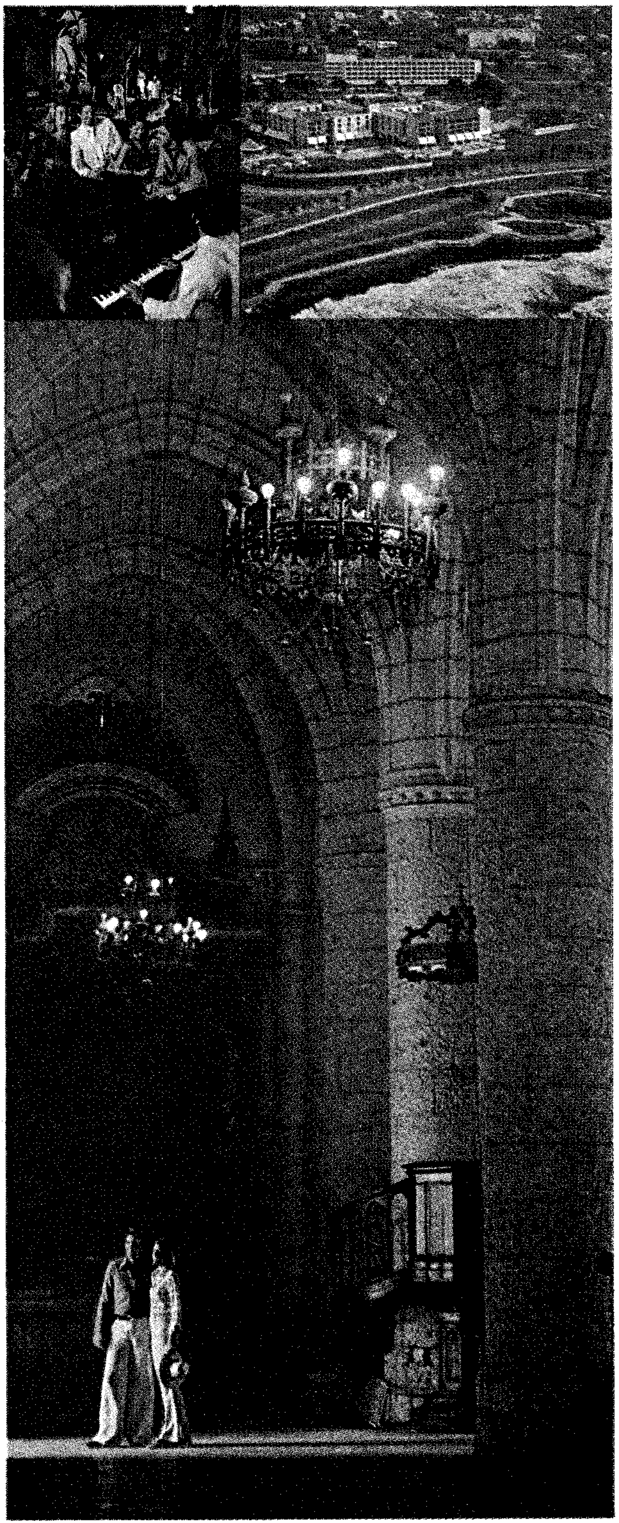

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ing emptied. The sand was furrowed in some places into miniature ravines and deltas, where water ran off seaward. The asphalt-shingled roofs of modest summer bungalows peered over the fringe of dunes; the roofs thickened not far ahead into the community of Seabrook Beach. Beyond, the visible coast stretched northward as far as a promontory I identified on the chart as Great Boars Head, roughly four miles distant. Seaward, the horizon seemed higher than one expected: I felt as if I were walking in a valley banked with sand and water; both nearby rocks and far-off fishing boats sat high on the sea's surface. The onshore light, glinting off the sea, skipping off tide pools and sand, and forming dark caves and slots under the cottage eaves and porches, had lost the hazy look of summer. It had an autumnal chiaroscuro, a specific New England property that is the effect of sunlight of a southern strength in a northern landscape. (Winslow Homer and Edward Hopper come to mind as painters who have captured it.) Meanwhile, my shadow, knapsacked and bush-hatted, progressed at right angles to me, uphill on my left.

AT eight-twenty-five, I reached the first break in the coast—in fact, a breakwater, composed of large granite blocks, forming the southern side of the entrance to Hampton Harbor, a marsh-backed estuary at the junction of the Hampton Falls River and the Taylor River. Here, warmed up by now, I took off my sweater and stowed it away. A party fishing boat, with party on deck, was bludgeoning its way out against the tide—whose incoming was announced by a black can buoy, C7, tilted inland. Less organized people, including a number of small boys, were already fishing, off the end of the breakwater. To the northeast, offshore six miles or so, could be made out the silhouetted humps and whalebacks of the Isles of Shoals—from that angle, which placed some islands in front of others, there appeared to be only two of them rather than seven. Westward up the harbor entrance lay the bridge that carries Route 1A, the only way across the channel. But when I started toward it I ran up against a barrier of private gardens, with fences, belonging to a prosperous clump of houses at this corner of beach. Evidently, a lot of people were put in a similar quandary here, for in the otherwise inviting yard of a modern gray cedar house stood a sign—"EXIT TO ROAD 7 HOUSES BACK." I therefore went back, and found between two houses a sandy path lined with chain-link fencing which led to the quiet streets of what might have been a year-round subdivision, unromantic except for the many Italian and French names outside the houses. At the Jolivets', an additional sign proclaimed that metal-detectors could be bought within. (I assume that loose change that falls out of the pockets and purses of beach-goers is the lure.) Not a person was to be seen on the streets, though numerous cabbage butterflies were taking an eight-thirty-five spin. The houses were eerily quiet. In one front yard, a pale middle-aged woman lay sleeping in an aluminum garden chair. Had she spent the night there? I'd gone past when the name Cedarburg jumped into my head. I spent a long summer college vacation in Wisconsin, and one of several jobs I had for sustenance and pocket money was assembling garden loungers. Several days a week, I came in from my digs in the outlying town of Cedarburg to work for a sweet couple called the Jungs. They lived in a pastoral suburb of Milwaukee with an apple orchard, a garden store, and a lissome seventeen-year-old daughter called Susie. I picked apples, read Yeats and MacNeice to Susie, chatted with the Jungs over lunch about the wild doings of Senator Joseph McCarthy, and in the afternoons bolted together the webbing-covered tubular frames that formed the light, stretched-open Z shape of the loungers. (I believe I still could—if handed the cardboard box in which the parts came—assemble one in three minutes, possibly while declaiming MacNeice's "The sunlight on the garden/Hardens and grows cold,/We cannot cage the minute/Within its nets of gold,/When all is told/We cannot beg for pardon.") At summer's end, I hitchhiked to New York to get the boat back to England. Come to think of it, that, twenty-four years ago, was my last serious venture in free road travel.

"New Hampshire" (1938), the W.P.A. guide to the state, says that in 1657 a stone on the dunes near the Hampton Harbor entrance was inscribed to mark the boundary between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, but I didn't see it. In 1938, the bridge here was wooden, and cars had to pay a fifteen-cent toll to make the crossing. Now it is steel, and free, with a bascule section that lifts for boats needing the headroom. I walked across it a few yards behind a barefoot girl in flared bluejeans. Perhaps we should note for future historians that some in

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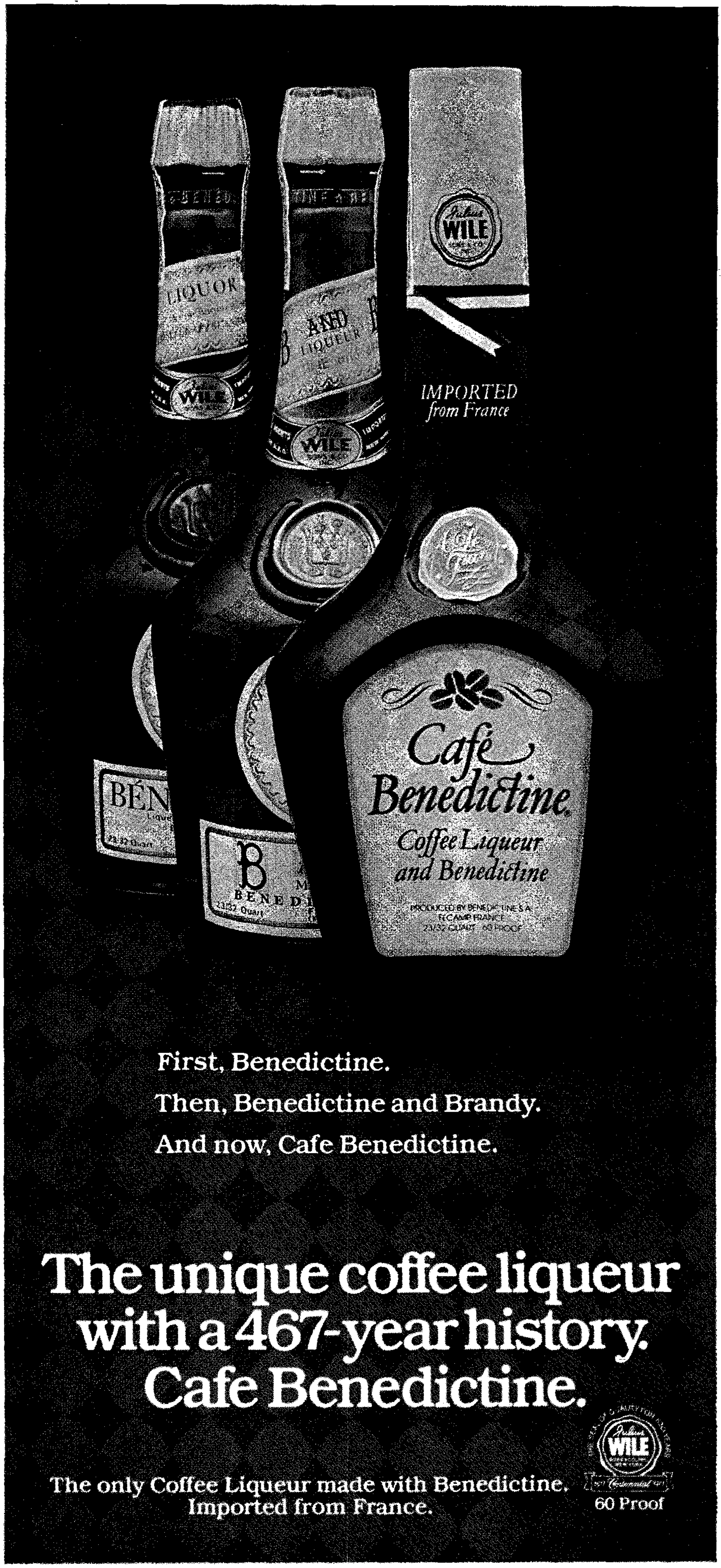

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our time went barefoot by choice or fashion, and not out of necessity.

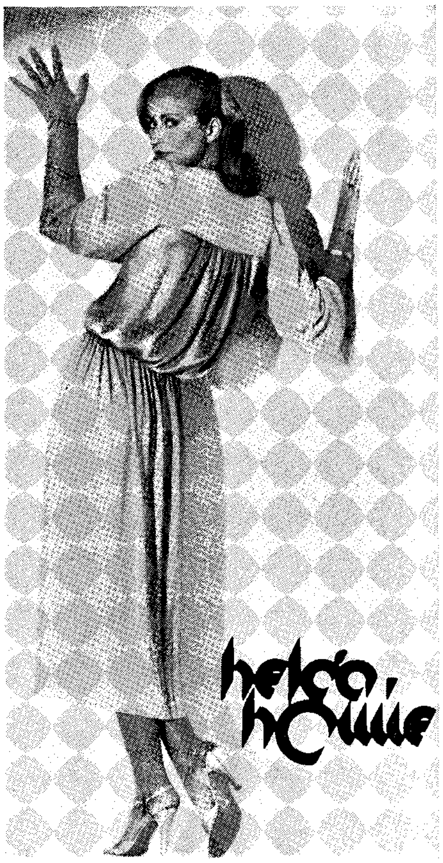
Hampton Beach is the town on the north side of the span. It is also well placed, in that it is at the seaward end of Route 101, a two-lane highway that comes in at right angles to the shore from Manchester and other inland points and gives Hampton Beach good reason still for the W.P.A.-guide description of it as "the mecca of hundreds of thousands of vacationists." Atlantic City rather than Mecca is the resort you would probably think of in Hampton Beach, though the scale of things is smaller. A wide oceanfront boulevard aptly named Ocean Boulevard has amusement arcades, a state beach, and various hotels and motels with such names as Sea Breeze, Hollywood, Sea Den, Alecia, King Neptune, Blue Haven, and Sun 'n Surf. Suggestions are made that the Hampton Beach vacationing crowd is cosmopolitan—or, at least, French Canadian. "*Ici on parle français*," a sign said outside one motel. "*Remorquage à vos frais*," which means "Towed away at your expense," declared a placard in a private parking lot. Between the boulevard and the beach lay a long state parking area, with meters, and with New Hampshire green-and-white license plates presenting the belligerent—but evidently rather wishful—state motto, "Live Free or Die."

At 9 A.M., Hampton Beach had the feeling of bustle building up: kids were arriving on the sand and getting their kites off the ground, flicking Frisbees, and laying the foundations for sand sculptures; bike and beach-umbrella stands were being opened for the day; elderly couples were parking their cars and getting out for a short stroll, quite a few of them speaking French. Other cars were moving slowly along the boulevard—partly, perhaps, because of the holiday atmosphere, partly because of frequent ten-mile-an-hour speed-limit signs and cruising police cars. Drivers were politely yielding to cars parking or unparking, and were stopping to allow pedestrians to cross the roadway. I walked along the seafront promenade, noting but refusing to be ensnared by the restaurants and cafés on the other side of the boulevard. Advertisements begged passersby to sample breakfast specials—"fried dough" being one that interested me, though not, then and there, to the point of actually wanting to sit down in front of a plate of it. (Other Hampton Beach fare, presumably for later in the day, included a bucket of spaghetti and eight meatballs for four dollars and fifty cents.) I took in the fact that the Bavarian Brauhaus Band was scheduled to play at the Sea Shell Stage at 7 and 8:30 P.M., and stored away the information that at 7 P.M. the Seabrook Greyhound bus left the Ashworth Hotel for the Seabrook dog track—offering, if all else failed, a possible partway trip back to my car. On Friday, the local Chamber of Commerce intended to "host" the weekly New Hampshire Sweeps drawing at the Sea Shell, with beach towels being awarded courtesy of the New Hampshire Sweepstakes Commission. Lotteries and sweepstakes have a long and useful past in no-state-tax New Hampshire; one institution that was given a boost by them is Dartmouth College.

Indeed, New Hampshire seems to have concluded some time back that man's baser instincts might as well be put to public use. Not only betting but drinking. Grog shops are run by the state government, and liquor is comparatively cheap. But, to make up for this largesse, numerous signs along the shore prohibit the consumption of alcoholic drinks on state beaches. And, perhaps to make up for *that*, other activities the Puritans might have frowned on were being countenanced as I walked through Hampton Beach: on the sand just past the Sea Shell Stage I saw five swimsuited girls in a neat circle playing gin rummy; nearby, a boy and a girl on a beach towel were having a morning cuddle.

Walking—and especially walking on beaches—provides good exercise for one's memory. I passed a green notice board bearing the chalked information that high tide that day was 11:12 A.M., low tide 5:05 P.M. The water temperature was yet to be announced. Another notice told the public, "Contact Life Guard About Lost Children." I remember being lost on the beach at Sandown, Isle of Wight, when I was four or five—or, rather (the truth doesn't turn up until one begins thinking about the occasion more intently), being found, being hugged and kissed ("Nothing to worry about; it's all right")—and I recall how vast that beach seemed, with nearly the whole population of the known world on it and no sign of my parents or my bucket and spade. And possibly because the water of the English Channel in those prewar British summers didn't strike me as hospitably warm, and so I was compelled to take adventurous excursions on foot, I didn't learn to swim until I reached America the first time—was evacuated for the duration of the war in Europe, and had the great good fortune to live with an Ohio family who spent the summer of 1941 on Cape Cod. In Chatham, aged eight, on the splendid beach that encloses Pleasant Bay, I discovered that the withdrawing tide left pools of various depths, which were soon heated by the sun. So I proceeded from shallow pool to deep, from feet on the bottom to strenuous dog paddle, and on Labor Day I was awarded the cup for the dog-paddle stakes in the end-of-season swim meet of the local beach club. The cup still sits in a glass-fronted corner cupboard in my parents' house, my sole contribution of prize silverware among the many pieces won at county athletic meets by my father, a middle-distance runner.

I WAS forced to stay on Route 1A for the next mile or so, behind Great Boars Head and along North Beach. The beach, already narrow by natural circumstance, was made even more so by the rising tide. Rather than hop from rock to rock, I walked on the sidewalk, which was sheltered from the waves of storms by a four-foot-high green-painted steel seawall, a bit rusty in places. From this point, I could see the remainder of the New Hampshire coast stretching ahead—could see, in fact, across the mouth of the Piscataqua River, where the state ends, to Gerrish Island, Maine. From this angle, four of the Isles of Shoals were visible. At this point, too, it became palpable that my sailing sneakers weren't ideal road shoes, and at 10 A.M. I was happy to clamber down to the actual beach again. Here, at the north end of North Beach, groins had been built of large granite blocks to preserve the sand, and seemed to be



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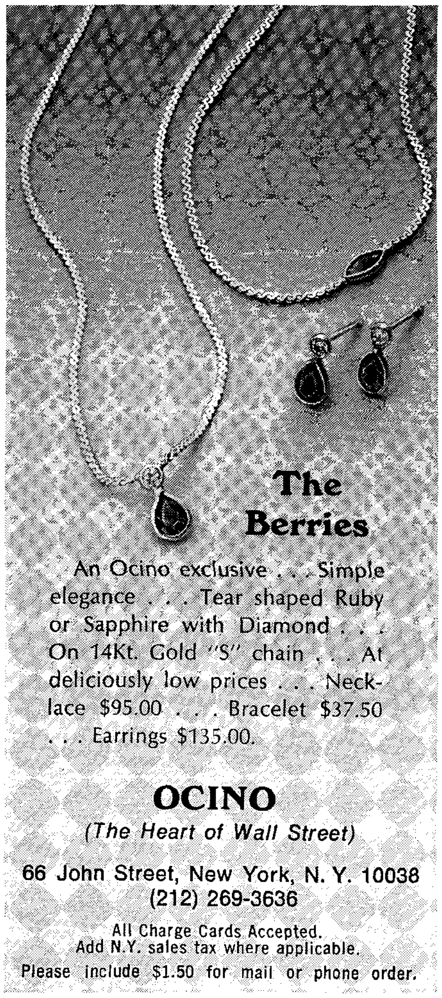

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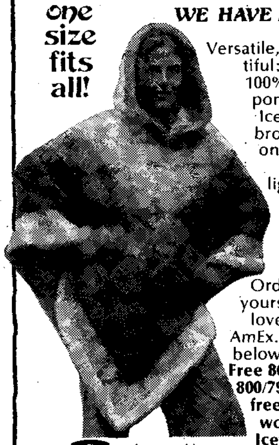

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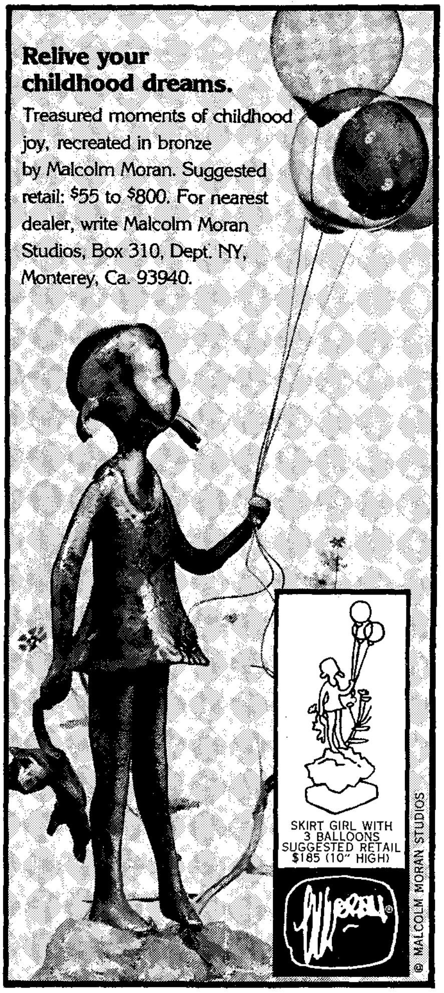
doing their job. But the beach thus formed was zigzag, the seaward edge of the sand between each pair of groins slanting outward to the northeast. From dry sand on the near side of a groin, one climbed over the granite barrier and was met by water on the far side. This forced one to scramble inland a little along the groin before arriving over dry beach that one could jump down to. Inland, behind a single row of houses spaced along the inshore side of 1A, marshy meadows ran westward for a mile or so; then there was a range of low green hills. Along the road itself, a procession of cars streamed north, faster here, perhaps, because under the seawall drivers had no view of the sea. Unlike cars that notoriously flood into cities on weekday mornings with a single occupant, these were generally filled to bursting with children, dogs, sleeping bags, and suitcases, and sometimes bikes on the back, carried like lifeboats in davits.

Here I began to wonder about 1A's potential for southbound hitchhikers. An unworthy thought at this time of morning, no doubt. Would Scott have reached the South Pole if he'd worried about getting back? Ah, but Scott didn't get back. My hitchhiking life flashed before me. At one time or another, I had given plenty of rides to high-school students clearly stranded by later-than-usual school hours and no bus service, and to backpacking youngsters on the way from London to the cross-Channel ferries. But I'd also passed a lot of hitchhikers by in the years since I last put myself out on that particular roadside limb, and I doubted if my standing was good in the record of whatever god or goddess (Mercury? Iris?) looked after hitchhikers' interests. Drivers, of course, think of the risks to themselves, but, as I remember it, the peril to the rider should also be considered. One wet Good Friday, hitching from Dieppe to Paris, I was given a lift by a French angler, and drinker, who as the car went round the bends of a slippery *route nationale* at numerous kilometres an hour kept taking his hands off the steering wheel to demonstrate to me, in the back among *his rods and baskets, the length of a* fish he had caught or was going to catch (the tenses were hard to make out), often turning to grin amiably at me as he gestured. Coming east from Wisconsin, armed with cardboard and crayon for making destination signs, I had an apprehensive ride across part of Indiana with a man whose business card, produced with a snap of the fingers from a point in midair up near the



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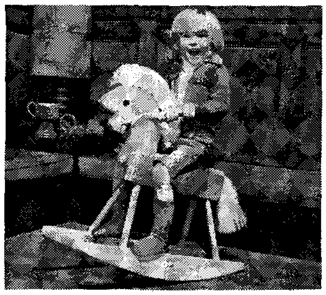

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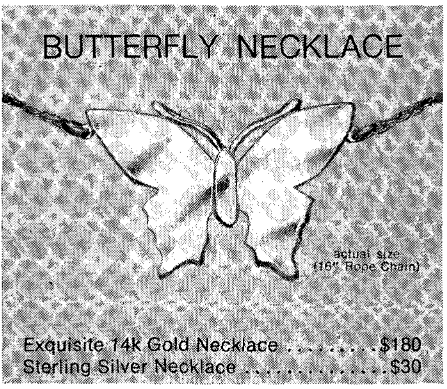

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rearview mirror, proclaimed him a vice-president of the International Brotherhood of Magicians. (I expected rabbits to pop from the cigarette lighter. I neglected to ask how the lady was sawed in half.) And from Chillicothe, Ohio, to Charleston, West Virginia, on the great-circle route I took to New York City, I rode with a truck driver whose reminiscences consisted largely of the number of times he had overturned his tractor-trailer rig, skidding great distances and skittling Burma-Shave signs.

At the north end of North Beach, a small, unnamed promontory gave a measure of shelter from the north and west to a dozen boats moored there, bobbing. Two lads were joyfully rowing a pair of brightly painted dories in the gentle surf. I made my way over the rocks that buttressed the headland, with its complement of unpretentious, well-built shingled summer houses. The rocks, interspersed with patches of mud and eelgrass, ran out to an offshore ledge, and as I negotiated them three small girls in swimsuits came by. One, also wearing purple bedroom slippers, said to her friends, "You guys going out on the rocks?" It was the sort of place where things are assembled by wind and tide. I saw a dead seagull; a single flip-flop; fragments of foam mattress; a crushed coffee container; a plastic spoon; a frayed strand of polypropylene lobster-pot line. But very little driftwood. There were midges in the air, and a swooping band of swallows, presumably gobbling up midges. Friends had warned me of the possibility of "greenheads"—fearsome flies that torment beachgoers, at least in Massachusetts, forcing communities to the expense of setting out trap boxes to try to catch them. But so far no greenheads.

A difficulty with beach walking is that after a while you feel that one leg is getting longer than the other. As I stepped out onto the sand again, I tried walking backward for a way to put things in balance. It may not have helped my muscles, but it certainly gave me more "visibility." Several people, turning their heads to look at me, said, "Good morning," and an elderly man in sun hat, swimsuit, and sneakers called out, "How's it going there, young fella?" On the extensive porch of one beachfront house, a crowd of informally dressed people had gathered. I was wondering if it was a property owners' meeting, when I heard a boy call out to a woman coming down the steps from the porch, "Was he old?" Perhaps it was—albeit in

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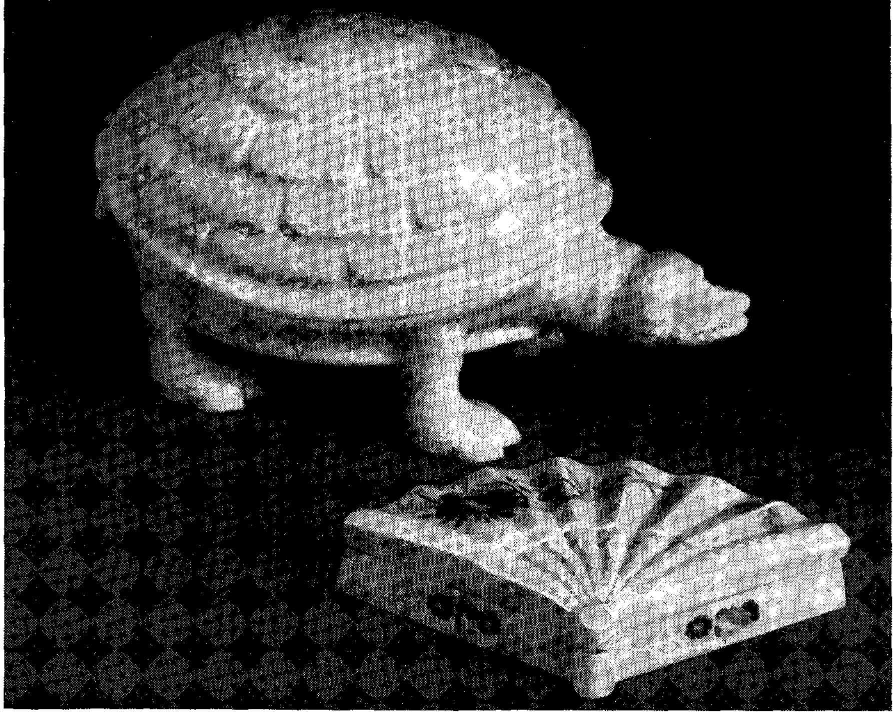

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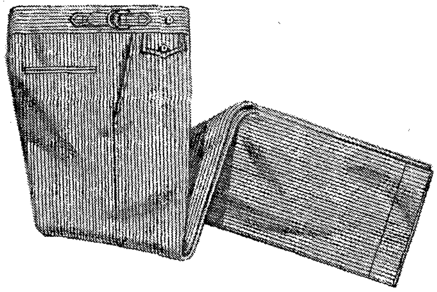

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bright Bermuda shorts and terry-towel wraps—a wake.

For a change, the parking lot at this North Hampton beach (just south of Little Boars Head) was free. However, one had to pay if one wanted to use the little shingled bathhouses—fifty cents for a quick change, three dollars for the day, according to a sign. I crossed 1A behind the beach at this point in order to reach the Sand Dollar Sandwich Shoppe, for what back home we call elevenses. I'd had a boiled egg and an English muffin for breakfast much earlier that morning, and now felt the need of some small thing to get me through to lunchtime. I found a place at the crowded counter, next to a woman eating a blueberry muffin, which looked scrumptious. When I was approached by one of a pair of somewhat sullen-looking girls—who wore the nurselike uniform of white dress and white shoes that is apparently de rigueur for summer help along this coast—I said I would like a cup of coffee and a blueberry muffin, please. "We're fresh out of blueberry muffins," she said. "How about an English?"

I'm usually a pushover for English muffins. I sometimes take a large box of Thomas's back to England, since the English muffin as known in America is just about unobtainable there (Sainsbury's, a supermarket chain, sells a muffin that isn't a patch on Thomas's) and I've gone off a former love, the crumpet. But one muffin a day keeps desire at bay. I made do with a coffee while I tried to read that morning's Manchester *Union Leader*. (A single-seat space at a coffee shop doesn't give much scope for page turning; I read what I could of the *Union Leader's* front page, folded up, on my lap.) The paper goes in for blue headlines, a row of white stars on a blue band runs down the right-hand margin, and under the paper's name is an epigraph from Daniel Webster: "There is nothing so powerful as truth." The woman on my left who had just finished the ultimate blueberry muffin was saying to her female companion, "But if they're not living together anymore, why does she still get up at seven?"

THE southwest breeze had bestirred itself while I was in the Sand Dollar. The flap of my knapsack blew against the back of my neck and had to be secured before I walked on. Offshore, darker patches of wind-ruffled water seemed to travel seaward, where a gray lobster boat was hauling

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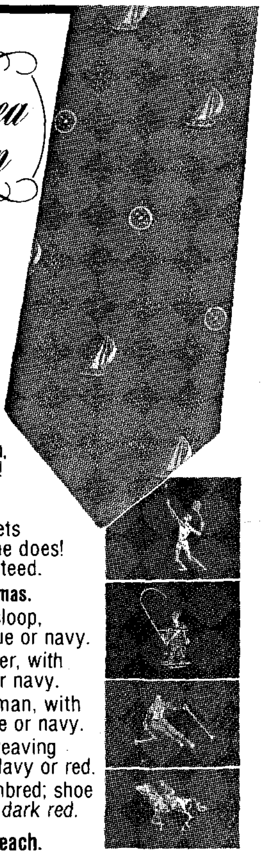

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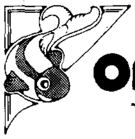

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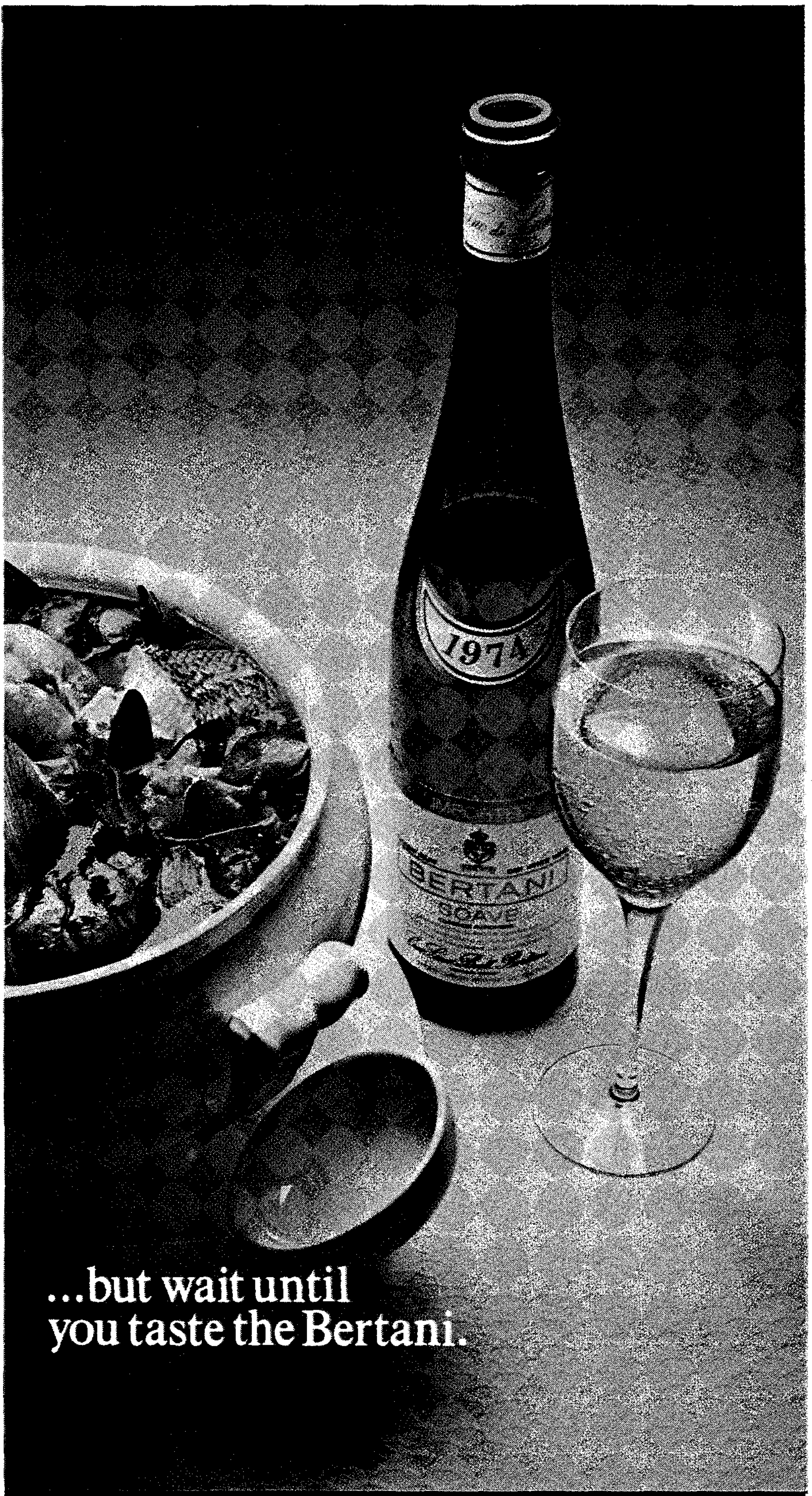
and shooting traps off Little Boars Head. The road climbed the headland, which, despite its name, is a good deal more impressive than Great Boars Head. Beside an introductory bend of the road, a gardener was weeding a big cambered bank of flowers, including phlox and chrysanthemums, provided by the local residents' association. The local residents didn't have their names on their gates or mailboxes, but, according to the W.P.A. guide, which in these dynastic matters may still have some force, "from the south and rounding the curve in the road appear in order the Studebaker estate, and the Nutting, Fuller, Spaulding, Manning, and Studebaker mansions." The mansions were what people in Newport call cottages—big, well-built nineteen-twenties houses with (one imagined) butler's pantries, nurseries, and laundry chutes. Garden contractors were at work on the spacious lawns, their pick-up trucks parked in the driveways, their mowers mowing, and their hedge clippers buzzing. There was actually a sidewalk here, and a trim grass verge on the sea side of the road, which was now a corniche thirty or forty feet above the rocks. Bushes and other plants had a placed look about them, and several comfortable varnished pine benches had been set out for people who wanted to sit and admire the view. The additional height above sea level allowed one to see the whole sweep of the coast southward past Ipswich Bay to the tip of Cape Ann. To the north, off Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and the mouth of the Piscataqua, a huge black tanker rode at anchor.

Little Boars Head merges with Fox Hill Point, and the land then makes a shallow dip to the town of Rye Beach. There were neither boars nor foxes to be seen, but plenty of birds. Six cormorants and a lone black-backed gull stood on a single rock, half awash, while in the adjacent swell twenty-four ducks swam, riding high—exactly a dozen couples, or so it seemed, reinforcing my doubts about the natural rightness of the metric system. I also saw four plump but graceful downy gray birds, which later consultation of Roger Tory Peterson's guide led me to think were dowitchers or knots; a flock of sanderlings skittering along the water's edge; and, in a pond on the inland side of the road, a heron, standing so still I wondered if it was a statue of a heron—heron-still. Beach roses, beach plums, morning glories, bayberry, and goldenrod grew in niches and patches between the rocks. The sidewalk turned into a genuine board-



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walk, on which I headed toward Rye Beach. Six-inch-wide planks, twelve to fifteen feet long, were laid four abreast on the summit of a man-made stone-and-shingle embankment protecting the road from the sea. The planks, clattering a little as I walked along them, made a pleasant change from sand and asphalt. Moreover, the contact with what's there, through the soles of one's feet, that one gets while walking produces a marvellous equanimity. Down below on the road, a yellow Corvette went snorting by, driven by a bare-chested youth who had one arm on the wheel, the other round the shoulders of a girl passenger. He shouted something up at me—words I didn't get, but the tone was arrogant and abusive. I threw him a cheerful, dismissive wave. (If I had been in a car he was overtaking and heard him shout the same thing, I would have been furious.) On the narrow boardwalk, I encountered only a ten-speed Peugeot, pedalled rapidly toward me by a boy in a bright-red T-shirt. I stepped aside onto the stones to let him pass, and got a wave of thanks.

I kept up a good pace through Rye Beach—though tempted by a pizzeria, and sudden desire for a *quattro stagioni* of the kind I used to get at Luigino's, on West Forty-eighth Street. (The pleasure of eating pizza at Luigino's was finally undermined by continual dynamite blasting as the great office-building boom engulfed Sixth Avenue; and Luigino's in the end went, too.) But this pizzeria was closed. Rye Beach has a short strip of stores, houses on both sides of 1A, and an unfancy beach of gray sand. On the section of it called Jenness Beach, three girls—undeterred by state law—were keeping their eyes on a half-gallon bottle of red Paisano cooling in the foamy edge of the sea.

One doesn't get a great sense of the past along much of this coast—perhaps because of the impact of the summery present, perhaps because the early settlers tended to make their first settlements farther inland (Rye preceded Rye Beach; Hampton, Hampton Beach)—but Straw's Point, which I was approaching, has not only a history but a prehistory. The section of 1A running up to it was formerly called Cable Road, because in 1874 one of the early Atlantic telegraph cables came ashore at Straw's Point, from Ireland. The mansard-roofed, clapboard-sided cable station on what is now called Old Beach Road is today part of a motel, with bright-red doors and window trim. Before it was Straw's Point, it was Locke's Neck. One of the first settlers, John Locke, came upon the ca-

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noes of an Indian raiding party here and cut holes in them, causing the warriors to walk south. One day in 1694, they returned for revenge. They found Locke reaping grain, and shot him with his own gun, which he'd left on a nearby rock. But before he died Locke swung his sickle and cut off the nose of one of his enemies. A state historical marker on 1A near here draws attention to the fact that off the point are the remains of an ancient sunken forest. Large gnarled stumps, with the original Atlantic cable weaving through them, are said to be visible at extreme low tide. Since it was scarcely forty minutes after high water, I didn't see them. Deprived of pizza and blueberry muffins, and with hope of sustenance a mile away at Rye Harbor, I pushed on.

AT 12:05 P.M., after more than eleven miles, I entered the first eating establishment I came to: Rye Harbor Restaurant, which, for the purpose of taking in northbound travellers, was strategically situated a quarter of a mile south of Rye Harbor itself. Instead of the harbor, a nutrient-looking marsh abuzz with birds and dragonflies could be viewed through the screened restaurant windows. The décor within was seashore driftwood, with fishnets and lobster-pot markers draped over cheap plywood panelling of the sort that looks like greasy brown linoleum, which was further enlivened with dreadful "original paintings" of schooners, draggers, yachts, and waves breaking on picturesque headlands. The paintings were for sale. I was the first lunch customer, and the young waitress—white dress, white shoes—was friendly. I had clam chowder, fried Maine shrimp, a bottle of Heineken's, and blueberry pie with vanilla ice cream—a dish that, at least in restaurants, is invariably better in the relish of anticipation than it turns out to be in the syrupy staleness of fact. (One of life's little lessons which I don't seem to learn.) When I paid the bill, the waitress said, "Thank you very much, sir. Have a nice day."

The nice day I was having might have been even nicer if the road had not felt quite so hot through my sneakers. A little roadside marker informed me that 1A is called the Yankee Trail here, and I stepped along the edge of the trail, where tarmac thinned out into gravel and sand that was interwoven with lonely blades of coarse grass, hardy weeds, shreds of old beach towels and fibre-glass insulation, fragments of brown beer bottles, and flattened Schlitz cans. The early Yankees

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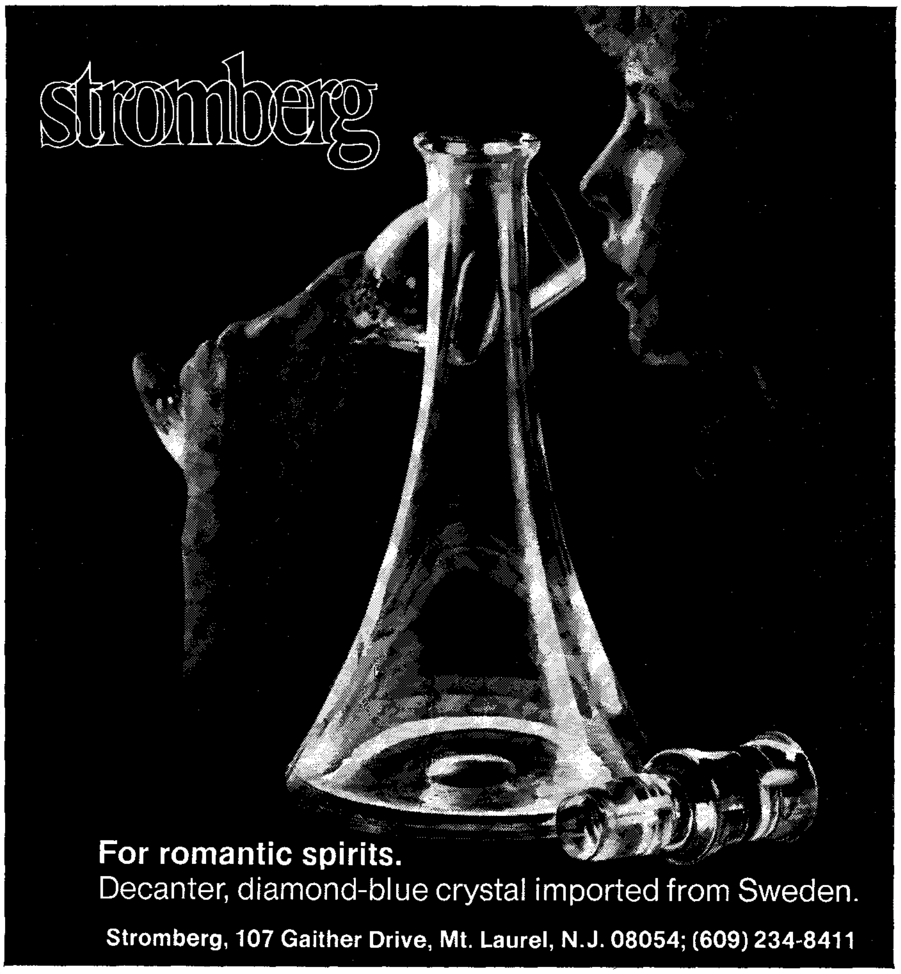

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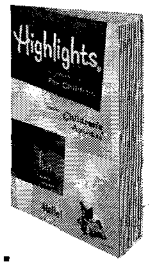

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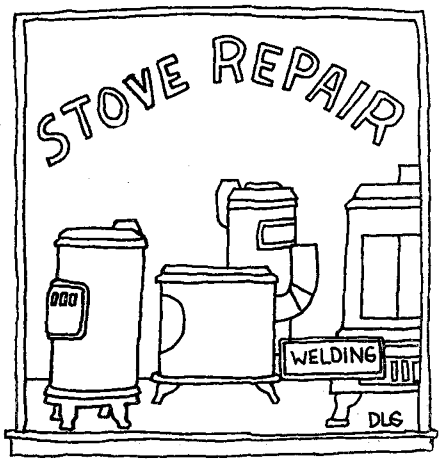
dredged out the cove here for their fishing boats, and more recent improvers have enlarged it for yachts and lobster boats. A square bite out of the coast, partly closed by a stone breakwater, and with a few necessary sheds and buildings: that's Rye Harbor. I was glad to get onto the beach once more—first on the sands south of Concord Point, on Rye North Beach, and then, after another mile of roadwork, on the beach of Wallis Sands. Each of the New Hampshire beaches seems to lie between similar rocky points and to have a crescent of summer cottages, bathhouses, lifeguard chairs, flags flying above a club or pavilion, and kites flying. But Wallis Sands had a somewhat more intimate family scale than the others. Small children were kneeling, digging deep holes toward China, or sitting with their knees up and patting the sand into the shapes of forts or fishes; one was making a complacent-looking shark. It's nice to see people lying on beaches, face and stomach up, accepting the blessings of the sun, or face down, dozing in the warmth of it. One small child lay bottom up alongside his mother, an arm stretched across her back so that his fingers lay flat in total contact with her skin. A young couple—he in swimsuit, she in halter top and denim shorts—lay face to face, kissing lightly, as if not to get each other sticky or sandy. In the sand nearby, someone had carefully written, in large capitals, "DRACULA LIVES FOREVER."

At Wallis Sands, I perched myself on a flat stone, took off my sneakers, and stuck my feet in the sea. Lovely feeling! From my chart, it appeared that the rest of the coastline was rocky; it was going to be edge-of-the-road work for me from here on. Off Portsmouth, the tanker was still there—closer now, but looking as if she were lower in the water. One remarkable thing about this coastline is the lack of oil or tar on it, compared to any British or European beach, where black globules of the sticky stuff are likely to get on your clothes or skin, and take a lot of getting off. How long this state of Eden will last, who knows? Here the Isles of Shoals were at their closest. Sunlit yellow sand and green hillsides were visible on Appledore, the largest of the islands. The white sails of several yachts leaned from the afternoon breeze. Small waves splashed over my feet against the rocks.

Undoubtedly, it is the sight and sound of natural movement, the perceptible evidence of time passing, that make anyone sitting by the sea brood—or, as the poets used to put it, "muse." A century ago, John Greenleaf Whittier was the prime example of this activity in these parts, and he wrote a number of now scarcely readable poems (mélanges of earnest newspaper editorials and women's magazine stories in strict metre) with such titles as "Hampton Beach" and "Amy Wentworth." Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach" is the inimitable star of the genre, rendering, as it does so precisely, the way in which "the tremulous cadence" of the sea, with its "melancholy, long, withdrawing roar," gives one a powerful sense of transience and justifies his cry: "Ah, love, let us be true/To one another!" Perhaps one should react this way only on shingle, on steeply shelving beaches like Dover, but I found myself on Wallis Sands thinking about my separated Massachusetts friends, whom I had known since the early days of their marriage. They had weathered twenty years of ups and downs, much giving and taking, but now seemed to be giving in to the seductive idea that they could by splitting up reach "a land of dreams,/So various, so beautiful, so new." And perhaps it wasn't just thought of them that made me sad; it was also self-interest, as another marker in my life, a marriage, was swept away on the ebb.

"Enough of this. Got to be moving on," I said aloud. At this stage in a long walk, one often starts talking to oneself. I'd done about sixteen miles; it was just past two-thirty. I not only spoke encouraging remarks to myself but whistled snatches of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" and sang the chorus of "The Caisson Song." Marching songs, well designed to keep one foot swinging past the other. This was on a rural stretch of road, a little way in from the shore, that bent out around Odiorne's Point, another headland with some history. Among the first voyagers to the spot were Captain Martin Pring,



who arrived in his ship Speedwell in 1603, looking for sassafras, a laurel with bark and roots then valued for their medicinal properties; the French explorer Samuel de Champlain, who came by in 1605; and Captain John Smith, who visited and admired it in 1614. (He gave the Isles of Shoals the name Smith's Isles.) The first proper settler on Odiorne's Point was a Scotsman, David Thompson, who picked it in 1623 as a " 'fitt place to build their houses for habitacons' " because "it was high, it had good harbor and a fine spring of water, and the great salt marsh to the west made it easily defensible against savages." The road wound beside the wooded crest of Odiorne's, on the right, and the wide salt marshes, pale green with the afternoon sun on them, stretching away to the left. Along here, I had to make a decision I had been putting off; this involved answering the question: Where does the New Hampshire coast actually stop? In many ways, Odiorne's Point has a good claim to be its termination—and I could have walked out along a little road that ran through a state park to the point, the end of the continuous mainland coast. But my chart showed that New Castle Island, to the north, had a small spit sticking out a smidgen to the east of the most easterly reach of Odiorne's. It seemed that if I had stood out on the tip of Odiorne's and leaned well forward, I—or my nose—would have been as far east as that New Castle spit. There was also the fact that the geological-survey map, showing state borders, made it clear that New Castle Island lay cheek by jowl with the Maine border, running down the Piscataqua River, whereas Odiorne's Point was about three-quarters of a mile southwest of this frontier as it ran out to the Isles of Shoals. And there was an even more serious aspect of the situation. Although I sat pondering the problem some two miles as the crow flies from the Ultima Thule of New Castle, the route I would have to take to get there, around various bays and inlets and across bridges, looked to be at least five miles. I and my leg muscles had a little tussle with my conscience then. No one would dispute that, having reached Odiorne's, I had conquered the New Hampshire coastline, would he? *Would* he?

It was the inner glow of glory, therefore (and the fear that I might be denying myself a just helping of it), that kept my feet going. I trudged past Odiorne's Point and westward past Frost Point, and over the bridge that spans an inlet from Little Harbor,

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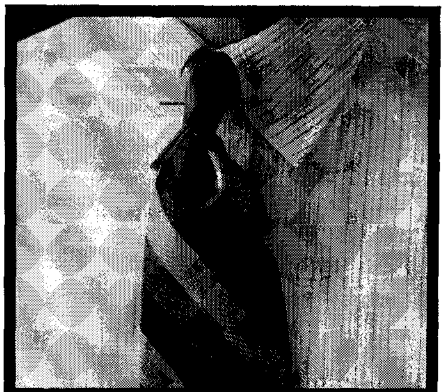
which takes a considerable chunk out of the marshes and had to be rounded. I was no longer quite so observant of roadside detail. I failed to proceed farther than I had to off my route in order to see the house, on Little Harbor Road, that the W.P.A. guide informed me had been the summer residence of Francis Parkman, the great nineteenth-century historian, and before that had been the home of Benning Wentworth. Benning was one of three Wentworths who were Royal Governors of New Hampshire—in his case, from 1741 to 1767. He held court here (the guide says) "in high-spirited style, keeping up the aristocratic tradition of bees-wing port and high play at cards," and "at the close of a banquet celebrating his sixtieth birthday and attended by the cream of New England's aristocracy, he called in Martha Hilton, his housekeeper, and bade the Reverend Arthur Brown, rector of St. John's Church in Portsmouth, read the [marriage] ceremony then and there, which the astonished prelate did." Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the Portsmouth-born writer ("An Old Town by the Sea," 1893), called the house "an architectural freak" and "a cluster of whimsical extensions," and wrote, "It originally contained fifty-two rooms. . . . The chambers were connected in the oddest manner, by unexpected steps leading up or down, and capricious little passages that seem to have been the unhappy afterthoughts of the architect. But it is a mansion on a grand scale, and with a grand air. The cellar was arranged for the stabling of a troop of thirty horses in times of danger."

ROUTE 1A went on into Portsmouth, and a mile or so before reaching that city I turned off on 1B. This ran past an occasional elderly private house and Mike's Marina, with a motley collection of old boats no longer in their element. Other boats were moored in the creek beside the bridge on which I crossed to New Castle Island. And there, overlooking the harbor and a golf course, was a sight! Why it isn't listed among the seven wonders of the world—or, at least, of New England—I don't know. But I nominate the Hotel Wentworth. It must be one of the largest clapboard buildings extant. Built in the eighteen-seventies, four stories high, with towers at both ends and a Swiss-chalet roof, it stretches—like the Empire State Building lying on its side—about a quarter of a mile along the road, which has the feeling here of being part of the golf



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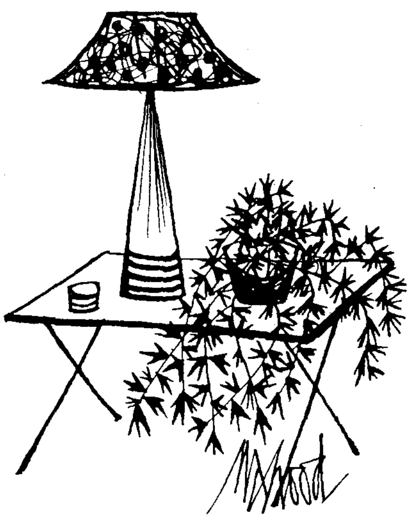
club, with golfers and caddies strolling along it. At the Wentworth in 1905 stayed the delegates to the peace conference that brought to an end the Russo-Japanese War. Walking by it, I felt a bit dizzy, perhaps from the scale of the building, the light on the white clapboards, the weird vocabulary of golf that came to me in snatches, and the fact that my reserves of energy were fast running down. I felt overwhelmed by surreal images of sunlit clarity, as in a Magritte—one such vision being of the battleship Potemkin planked in clapboards and manned by Lilliputian golfers.

Fortunately, it was only another mile or so, through a wooded area of prosperous, tucked-away exurban homes, into New Castle. Once a busy fishing community and military post, it is now a rather somnolent, fixed-up place, with narrow, winding streets that feel like mere paths widened by use. Old saltbox houses sat on grassy banks. But there wasn't much to suggest that New Castle was formerly the seat of the Royal Governor and his court, a town with crowded docks, taverns, and prisons; or that in 1682 the place was enlivened by the antics of a stone-throwing devil, who (according to Richard Chamberlain, Secretary of the Province at the time) "threw about, by an Invisible hand"—and particularly at one George Walton and his family—"Stones, Bricks, and Brick-bats of all sizes, with several other things, as Hammers, Mauls, Iron-Crows, Spits, and other domestick Utensils." The only thing flying in New Castle as I hobbled through it was Old Glory, the only noise the ping of halyards against the aluminum flagpole at the Coast Guard station. Here, overlooking the pretty, half-mile-wide Piscataqua toward Kittery, Maine, with Portsmouth and the Navy shipyard just out of sight behind several small islands, a mile up-



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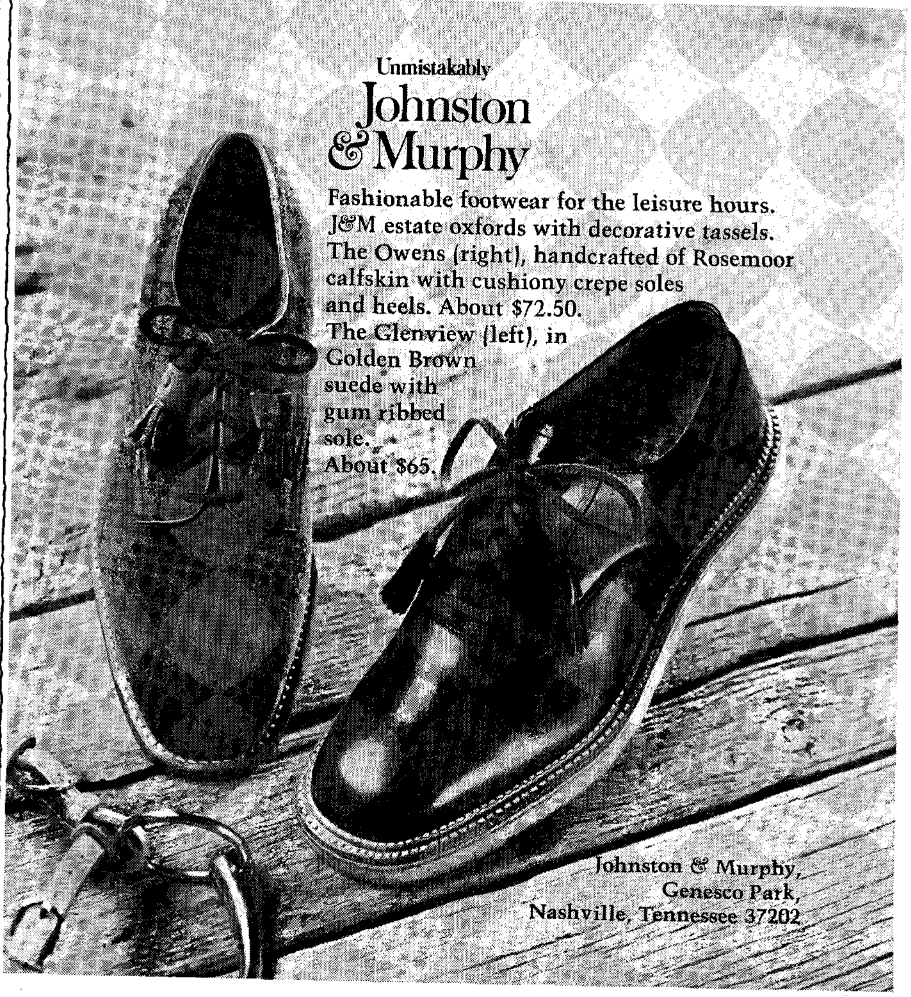

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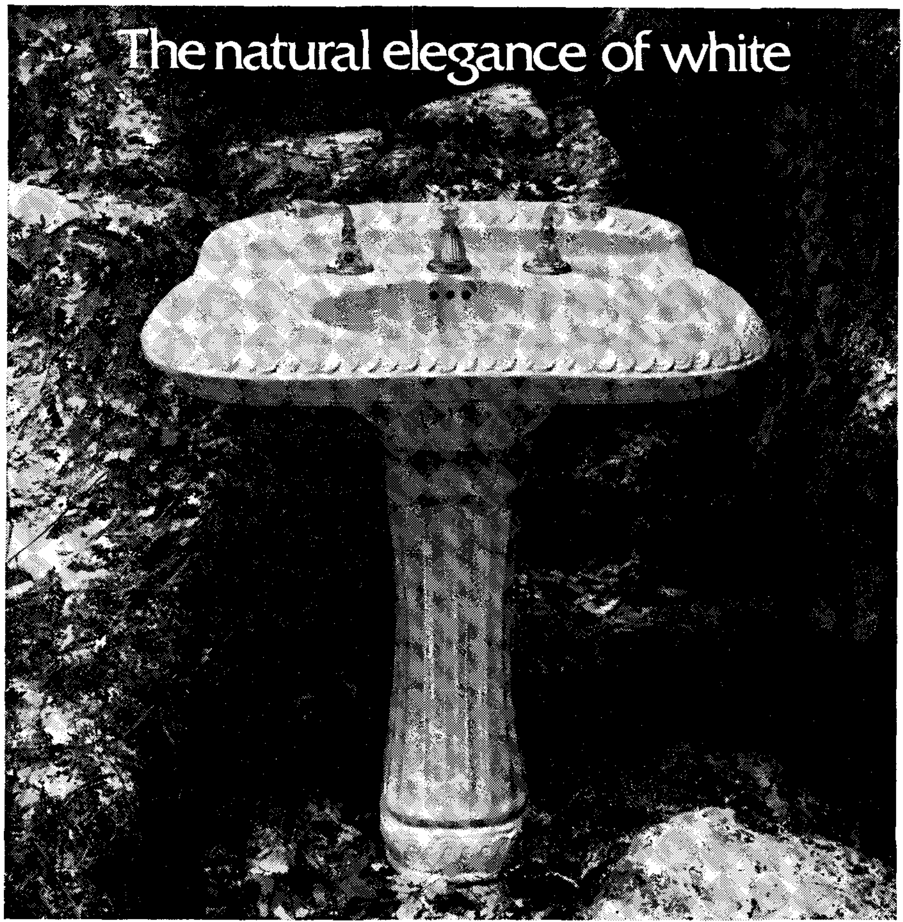

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stream, and to the southeast the mouth of the river and the Isles of Shoals, stood the military buildings and fortifications of several epochs. There were concrete bunkers of a battery put up during the Spanish-American War; a modern, glass-windowed control tower standing near a helicopter pad; the stone walls, with empty window embrasures, of an uncompleted Civil War fort; and, from before the Revolutionary War, the brick-and-masonry walls and bastions of Fort Constitution. I entered the last through a gateway with a wooden portcullis, recently replaced by the New Hampshire Daughters of the American Revolution—an anniversary present celebrating events in December of 1774, when, stirred by an early Paul Revere ride from Boston to Portsmouth to say that the British weren't going to allow any more military stores to be shipped to the Colonies, four hundred local "patriots" overpowered the five-man British garrison of the fort, then called Fort William and Mary, and carried off, among other things, a hundred barrels of gunpowder, put to use later on at Bunker Hill. This enterprise, says a handy sign, was one of the first overt acts of the American Revolution.

The fort is nicely bare, with crabgrass growing in the open space between the low battlements. I walked through the fort and the adjoining Civil War fortifications and out along a little gray-and-white painted wooden catwalk to a small lighthouse. This was it—the end of the coast. Five o'clock. Gulls and lobster boats made their rackety, preoccupied pronouncements; the big tanker was closer and even lower in the water, either sinking without making a big thing of it or taking on fuel through an unseen pipeline; vivid blues and greens and bright white-gray of sun on rocks. I took a long, sweeping look to stick it all firmly in my mind, and then started back through New Castle, putting to use the good old thumb.

—Anthony Bailey

•

MEMORY

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Sometimes it's avoidance;
Sometimes it's the capricious
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—Robert Dunn

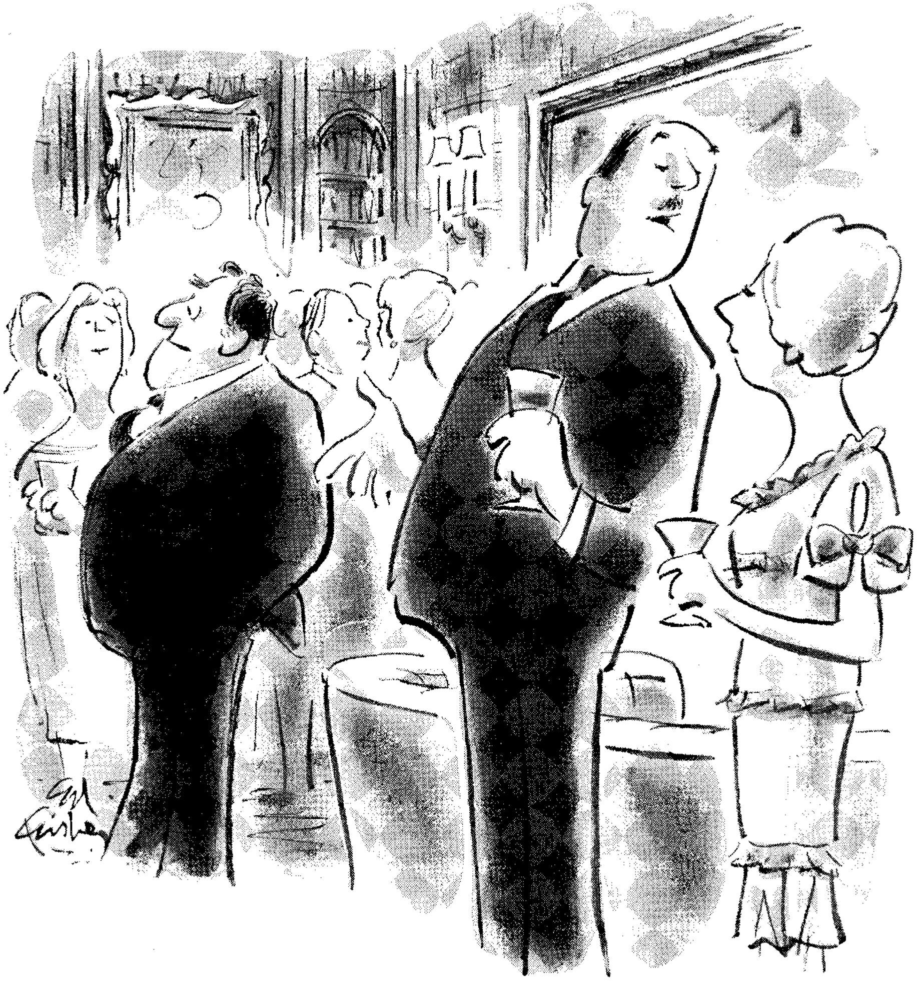
MUSICAL EVENTS

What the Composer Wanted?

THE first new production of the Metropolitan season is a "Rigoletto" conducted by James Levine and staged by John Dexter, the company's music director and its director of production. Like much of their earlier work, it suggests that Mr. Levine's talents are ill suited to Italian opera, and Mr. Dexter's to nineteenth-century opera. The production is not careless, but it is undramatic and ineffective; the collaborators' approach seems to be at once innocent, ignorant, and pretentious. Mr. Levine, talking about the show in an intermission of its relay by Channel 13, spoke of "benefitting from all the previous productions we have seen and maybe achieving greater fidelity to what the composer wanted." Mr. Dexter, talking to the *Times*, said, "All I can deal with are practical, technical problems. If something aesthetically interesting arises out of the solution, that's wonderful. But you don't go to a piece with an aesthetic approach—you go with a technical approach." He also said, "Everything I've done is based on economics." The new "Rigoletto" does not look cheap. In fact, it looks as if it cost more to build than four traditional sets of painted canvas and a reversible two-story structure—one side Gilda's house, the other Sparafucile's—would. But I hope it *was* cheap, for then it would have at least economy to recommend it. In this staging, designed by Tanya Moiseiwitsch to Mr. Dexter's prescription, all four scenes of the opera are played on or around a tall, conical, disintegrating tower—part garden pagoda, part Bruegelian Babel—with a walkway around it at second-floor level. Between scenes, it revolves. Mr. Levine suggested that its decrepit condition was intended to reflect the decadence of Mantuan society. (The traditional alternation between the glittering court and "a house of modest appearance" or a low tavern seems to me a more potent symbol of the drama.) If Mr. Levine's and Mr. Dexter's cogitations had produced something fresh and powerful, I would be the first to applaud. But this was not a potent "Rigoletto," like Walter Felsenstein's, in Hamburg, which departed from nineteenth-century stage techniques to make much of the great dramatic moments patent or implicit in Verdi's score. On the contrary, it missed point after point and seemed almost incompetent in the way it tamed what should be a stirring drama.

As in the Met "Aida," Mr. Dexter got things wrong from the moment of curtain rise. Verdi began his "Aida" unconventionally, in mid-conversation. "Yes: it is reported that the Ethiopian dares again to defy us" is the first sentence. In Mr. Dexter's production, the high priest makes a big solo entrance toward a Radamès already onstage, and then says "Yes . . ." The start of "Rigoletto" is even more unconventional—a transformation of the standard *introduzione* of Ottocento opera, which consisted of expository choruses enclosing solo utterances. Verdi suppresses the initial chorus. The curtain rises on an empty stage while bright dance music sounds from the background. After sixteen measures, we glimpse dancing in halls that open out of the one before us. At a clearly defined musical moment—the resumption of the opening strain—just two people, the Duke of Mantua and his confidant Matteo Borsa, advance to the foreground and converse over the dance music. The pit orchestra strikes in only to accompany the Duke's ballata, "Questa o quella," which he sings to Borsa (and to the audience), not to an assembled company. A string band onstage takes over (Verdi's indebtedness to the party scene of "Don Giovanni" has often been noted) to accompany a minuet danced in the background while in the foreground the Duke pays court to the Countess Ceprano. At last, Rigoletto makes his sudden, dramatic first appearance with an unaccompanied exclamation, and then the full stage band resumes, *brillante*. Pit orchestra and stage band join forces only when the whole company has mustered; out of the last chord of their ensemble there rings the voice of Monterone, unaccompanied, thundering his monotone denunciation. And so on. The "dramaturgy" of this scene—rightly described by Julian Budden as "a single organism from first note to last" and one without a formal precedent in the whole of Italian opera—is set out clearly in the score; and it is all confusion in the Met production.

After this *introduzione* comes the direction "N.B.—The curtain falls for a moment to allow the scenery to be changed." In Verdi's day, scene changes



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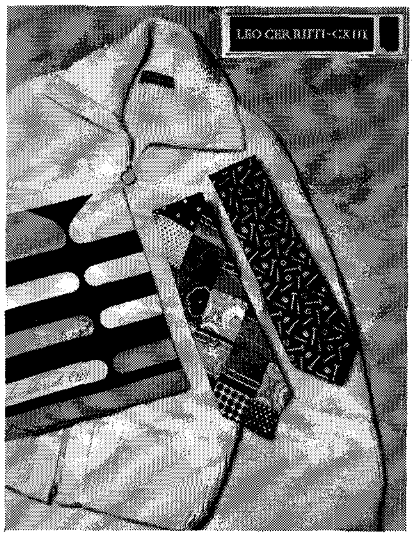

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were generally effected on an open stage. Here he wanted something different. The curtain fall indicates the passing of a day. As the composer said, the party and the abduction of Gilda "could not take place all in one night, because if the party ends toward dawn Triboletto [as Rigoletto was originally called] could not meet the bravo toward *evening*, and moreover it is unlikely that Bianca [Gilda] would have stayed up all night." Therefore, Piave, his librettist, was instructed to write lines making it clear that the courtiers' assignation to gather and take revenge on Rigoletto is for the following evening. But in the Met staging Verdi's "N.B." is ignored. An open-stage scene change is made. Rigoletto does not even leave the set. Crushed by Monterone's curse, he sinks down on the palace floor—and then rises to converse with the street-corner assassin outside the house where he has installed his daughter. On the surface, it may sound like a clever idea. In that *Times* interview, Mr. Dexter described it thus:

> We can't stop the momentum [after the first scene]. What I want is this: After Monterone curses Rigoletto, the jester collapses in a heap on the floor, and the chorus rushes off, leaving him alone. Then this great, decaying Renaissance tower turns slowly, a giant silhouette in the darkness. Suddenly we're in front of Rigoletto's house. As he gets up with the curse still ringing in his ears, he bitterly wipes off his court jester's makeup, and the stage is set for his sinister meeting with the assassin Sparafucile. It should be very effective—if it works for the audience. You never can know.

It didn't work. And I think you *can* know that this is not the kind of effect that Verdi needs—not when he has specifically prescribed a curtain fall. The curtain not only marks the passage of hours. It gives Rigoletto time for a quick change into mufti: Verdi wrote of a change of costume, and Gilda has no idea what her father's profession is. (At the Met, Rigoletto peels colored patches off his face at the start of the second scene, and he doffs his jester's tunic, bundling it into the gutter, after the first phrase of his monologue "Pari siamo.") It clearly divides Rigoletto's two lives—as a jester, jeering at other fathers' misfortunes, and as a tender, loving father. Mr. Dexter hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. All the same, better no punctuation than the once-common full-length intermission after the twenty-minute introduction. That *does* stop the momentum.

Miss Moiseiwitsch has taken the trouble to provide, in Act II, the full-length portraits of the Duke and his Duchess, flanking the entrance door, that are called for by the libretto. Monterone should address his bitter "Felice pur anco, o duca, vivrai" to the Duke's portrait, but Mr. Dexter stations him up on the top deck, whence he cannot see it. In Act III, Rigoletto, confronted with a body in a sack, identifies it by the spurs he can feel; but neither the Duke in his soldier disguise nor Gilda in her riding outfit has been wearing spurs. Those are small points. (Another small textual point is that the Duke's Act III order to Sparafucile is "Two things, at once . . . A room and some wine," whereas it later becomes evident that the inn has no rooms. I imagine that Victor Hugo's original line, "Deux choses, sur-le-champ . . . Ta sœur, et mon verre," was simply toned down for Venetian censorship.) Larger points are the ludicrous handling of Gilda's abduction, which suggests village-hall theatricals, and the tableau at the very end, which dispels concern for Rigoletto amid a melodramatic lighting display.

I attended the second performance. (At the first, the rehearsed Rigoletto, Cornell MacNeil, was ill, and Sherrill Milnes stepped in.) The lighting was absurd. In a bright, full blaze, Rigoletto remarked, during the second scene of Act I, "In such darkness one can see nothing;" in another, during Act III, he called for a light to see by. But the lighting designer, Gil Wechsler, was not responsible. Although this was a performance to a paying audience, it served also as a rehearsal for the television relay, and what Mr. Dexter described as the "soft Giorgionesque light" of his show had been sacrificed to the needs of the cameras. Since Mr. MacNeil had risen from a sickbed to sing, it would be unkind to review his performance (though perhaps not unfair, for it was a public occasion and he had sent no messenger before the curtain to crave our indulgence). As heard over WQXR and seen over Channel 13, three days later, he was still uneven, and scarcely more interesting than in the past. Once again, there were good notes and evidence of serious thought and study; once again, there were passages—important ones, such as "Ah! veglia, o donna," "Miei signori, perdono," "Piangi, fanciulla," "Non morir"—where the tone became dead and heavy and he failed to be moving. He does not command the timbre of passionate tenderness. It was surprising, however, that so forceful an Amonasro should have brought so little ferocity to the utterance of "Cortigiani, vil razza dannata." Mr. Levine must take some of the blame: no boiling string attacks there but an almost light, rapid, and even accompaniment; and a bland cello line in "Miei signori, perdono."

Placido Domingo, a handsome Duke, sang a fast, stiff "Questa o quella," without the rhythmic and tonal inflections that provide the *eleganza* Verdi asks for. His address to the Countess Ceprano was similarly unwinning. But when he reached "È il sol dell'anima," he and Mr. Levine became different people, adept at the unwritten rubato that gives life to the phrases, and responsive to the written dynamic marks, which range from *ppp* to *ff* and on through a further crescendo up to the climactic B-flat. The Act II aria was also sung with freedom and expression. Mr. Domingo reduced the cabaletta to a single verse, and it went unapplauded. "La donna è mobile" was hard and bright, rather than charming, but it had some bounce, and until the interpolated high B Mr. Domingo's voice stayed purely in focus. Earlier, his tone had sometimes been impure. In a talk transmitted during an intermission of the television performance, he owned to being taxed by both the high tessitura and the high spirits of the Duke, saying that he preferred, when onstage, to be a suffering character. The delicacy he also found difficult; he scamped the little notes—the turns in "È il sol," the passing notes up to "amore" and "tuoi" in the quartet. "La donna è mobile" was not improved by having its second verse sung at Maddalena or by the intrusion of an extra note, almost, consequent on Mr. Domingo's failure to elide "-na" and "è." Verdi's portamento slurs between the third and fourth notes of the famous tune went unobserved, and this also destroyed some of its essential character. (The "è," in fact, gets taken up in the slur when it is properly made.) During the quartet, in the climb to the B-flat on "conso*lar*," just before the reprise of "Bella figlia," Mr. Domingo produced four marvellous notes, generous, open, and free, which shone like the sun.

Ileana Cotrubas's Gilda was delicate, winning, and strong in its portrayal of a girl who, like Juliet, moves from innocence and unthinking obedience to passion, willfulness, and tragedy. She looked enchanting; that piquant face is made for mischief—she is a born Susanna, Adina, Norina—but in distress it can become wonderfully touching. A few years ago, her Tatyana, sitting forlorn in the garden after Onegin's chilly

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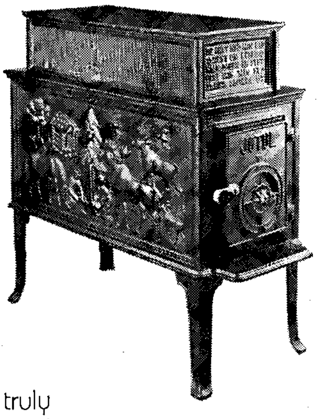

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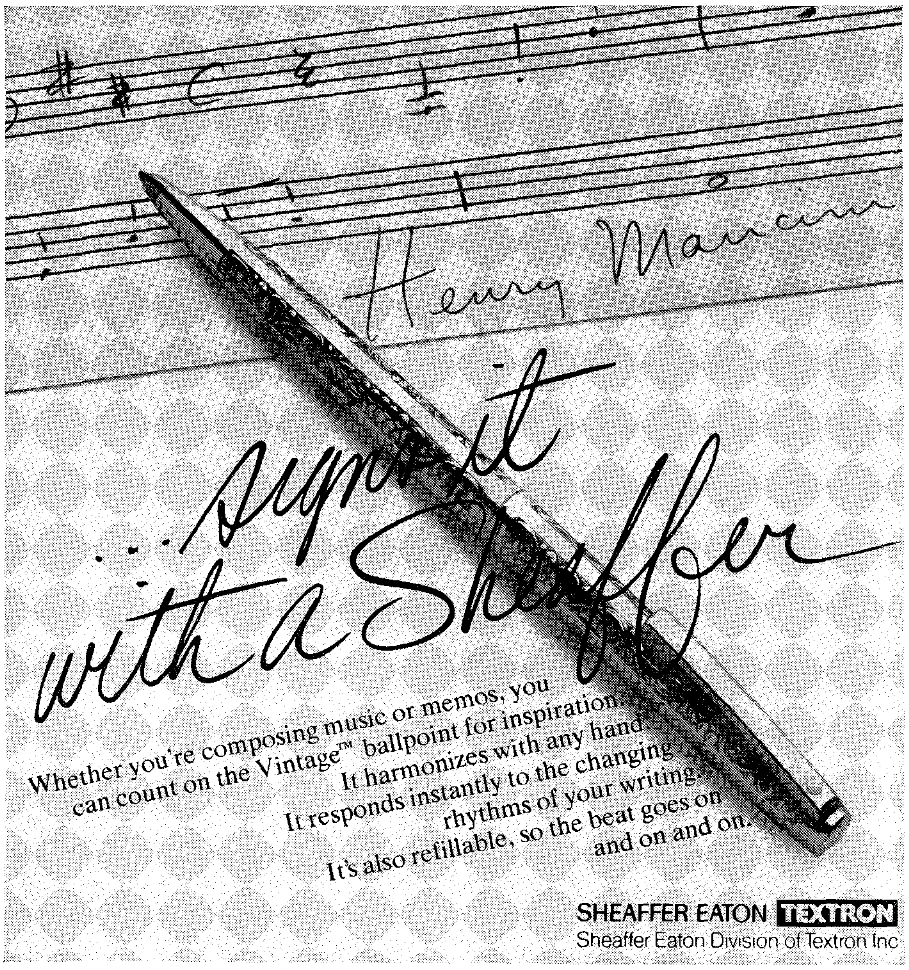

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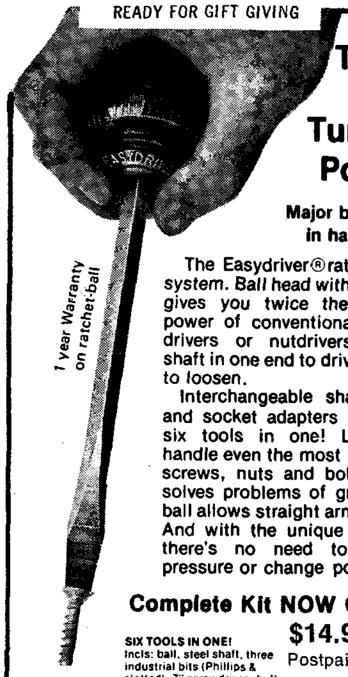

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response to the letter, was unforgettable; so were the expression of her Gilda as at the start of Act III she sang "Io l'amo. . . . Ma pur m'adora" and then "Ah, padre mio" and her whole demeanor as she entered the inn to go to her death. Her first dress, described by Miss Moiseiwitsch as "roughly sixteenth-century with strong leanings to the Victorian age," was voluminous and unbecoming; the others were better. She wore all of them well. She sang making much of the words, giving syllables their full value and joining them into eloquent lines. Her voice was limpid and beautiful, and surprisingly large in the climaxes of the "Sì, vendetta" duet, the quartet, and the storm trio. It poured out effortlessly. Elsewhere there were some disturbing moments when its steadiness failed, when there was a small but noticeable beat accompanied by a slight flickering of the jaw; then the tone seemed to be pushed out instead of flowing naturally. She must beware of any temptation to force in the huge Met. Her voice is a rare and precious instrument.

Verdi said that Monterone should be entrusted to "the best baritone in the company"—by which he presumably meant the best house baritone, since he designated the role *secondo baritono*. Basses usually sing the part today, and at the Met John Cheek was not imposing enough. (I suppose some ingenious director has already thought of doubling a bass as Monterone and Sparafucile, to be twin manifestations of Rigoletto's nemesis.) Justino Díaz was a smooth and sinister Sparafucile, the more impressive in that he did not bluster. But Mr. Levine held the Sparafucile-Rigoletto duet to so rapid and rigid a pace that it slipped by without making its full effect. (In performances by singers who were coached by Verdi himself, one hears that his metronome marks are only a starting point, not a straitjacket.) Isola Jones was a luscious and almost topless Maddalena—in appearance, not voice. The other roles, Verdi said, scarcely matter; among them, James Atherton's Borsa was animated, lively, and elegant—a Duke in the making, perhaps.

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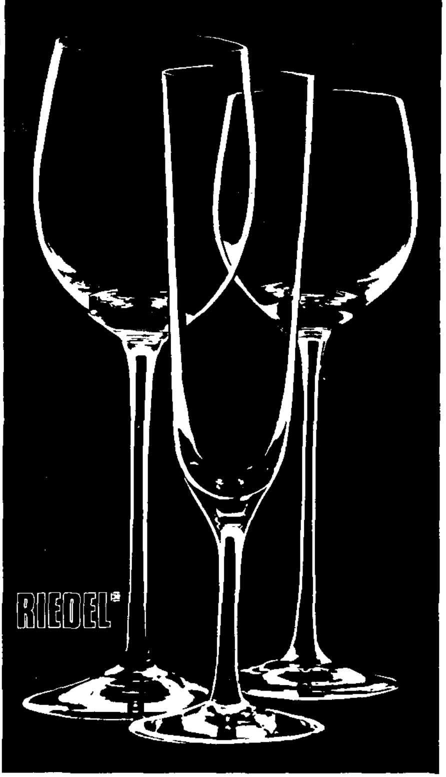

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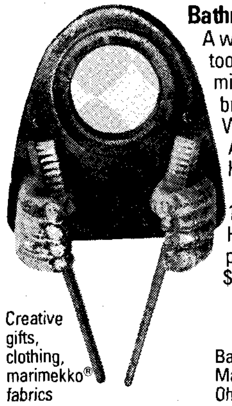

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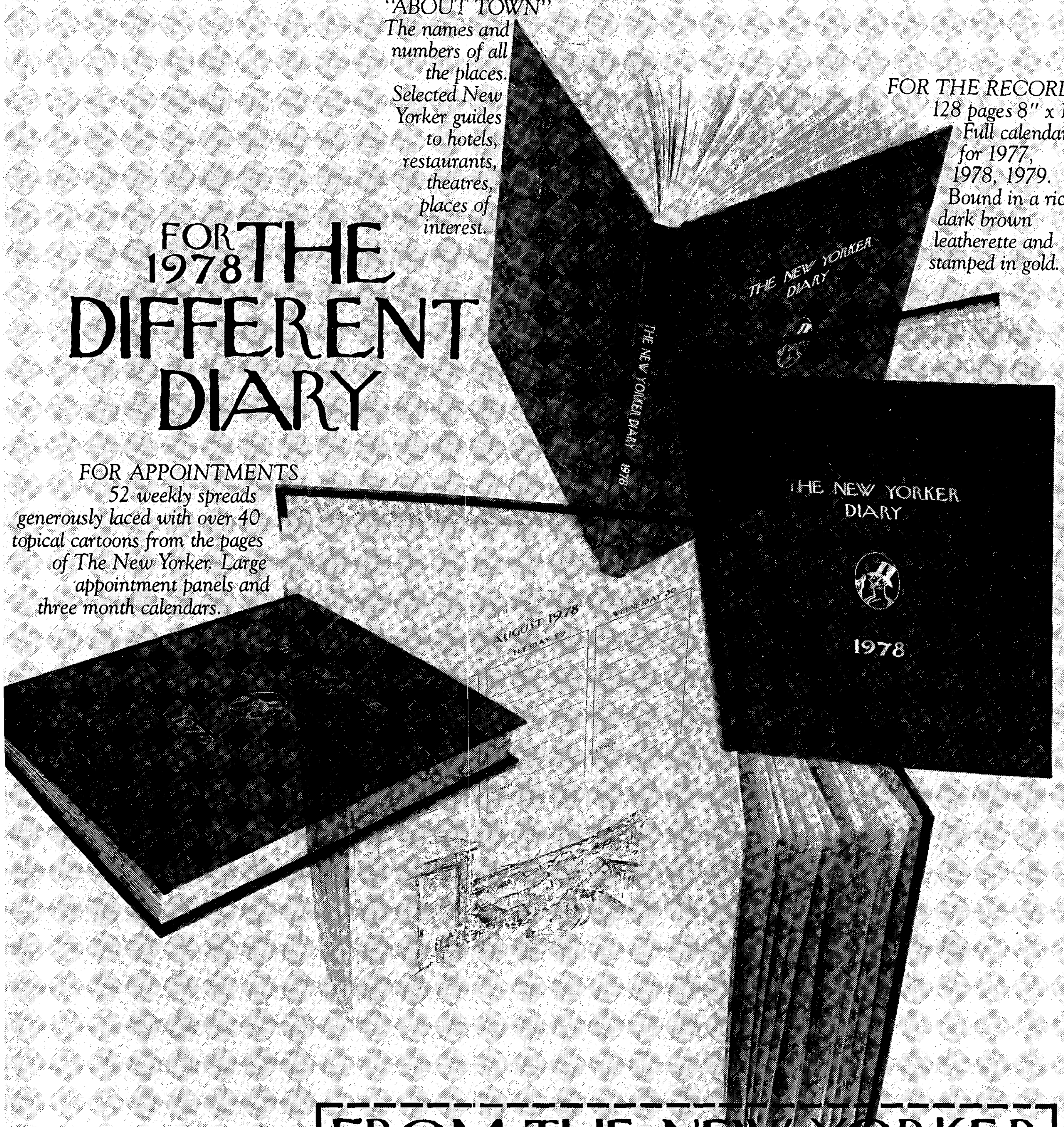
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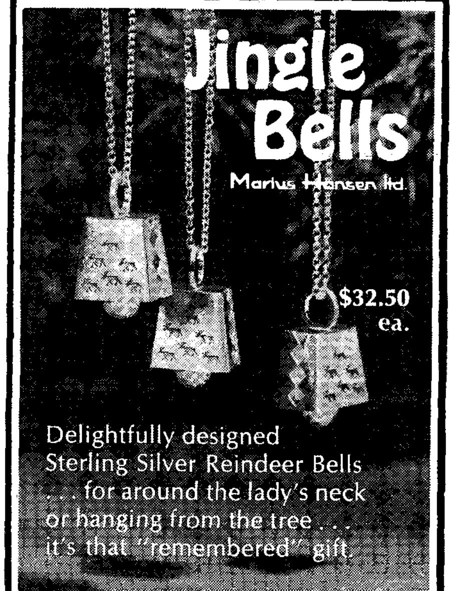

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intonation. He is responsible for the following single RCA discs:

(1) "The Classic Flute," which contains Stamitz' Concerto in G, Opus 29; Mozart's Rondo in D, K. 184; and Hoffmeister's Concerto in G (ARL 1-2091). Mr. Rampal is accompanied in the first by the Saar Chamber Orchestra, under Karl Ristenpart; in the second by the Vienna Symphony, under Theodor Guschlbauer; and in the third by the Vienna Baroque Ensemble, again under Guschlbauer. The Hoffmeister and Stamitz compositions are remarkably Mozartean, which makes sense, since Hoffmeister was a bosom friend of Mozart, and Stamitz, who was one of the pioneers of modern symphonic music, had a general style very much like that of Mozart.

(2) "The Romantic Flute," which contains Schubert's Introduction and Variations on "Ihr Blumlein Alle," Opus 160; Schumann's Three Romances, Opus 94; and Karl Reinecke's Sonata "Undine," Opus 167 (ARL 1-2092). Here Mr. Rampal is accompanied by Robert Veyron-Lacroix, pianist.

(3) Vivaldi's "Il Pastor Fido," which consists of six sonatas (Opus 13). Again, Robert Veyron-Lacroix is the accompanist (FRL 1-5467).

(4) Telemann's Sonatas for Flute and Piano; his Concerto in D for Two Oboes, Trumpet, and Continuo; his Sonata in C and Sonata in G for Flute and Harpsichord; his Sonata in F for Recorder and Continuo; his Trio Sonata in A Minor for Flute, Recorder, and Harpsichord; and his Partita No. 2 in E Minor for Recorder and Continuo. Collaborating with Mr. Rampal in these performances are the oboists Pierre Pierlot and Jacques Chambon; the excellent trumpet player Maurice André; Paul Hongne, bassoonist; and Mario Duschenes, who plays the recorder. Mr. Veyron-Lacroix is the harpsichordist (FRL 1-8081).

As long as I am on the subject of the flute, I should mention a splendid performance of Mozart's Flute Concertos and his Andante, K. 315, by the astonishing Irish flute player James Galway, accompanied by the Lucerne Festival Strings, under Rudolf Baumgartner (RCA ARL 1-2159; single).

So many present-day conductors have left their imprint on the complete symphonies of Beethoven that it is difficult to make a choice among them. They include Solti, Szell, Leinsdorf, Kubelík, Krips, Kletzki, Ansermet, Bernstein, Cluytens, Goehr, Karajan,

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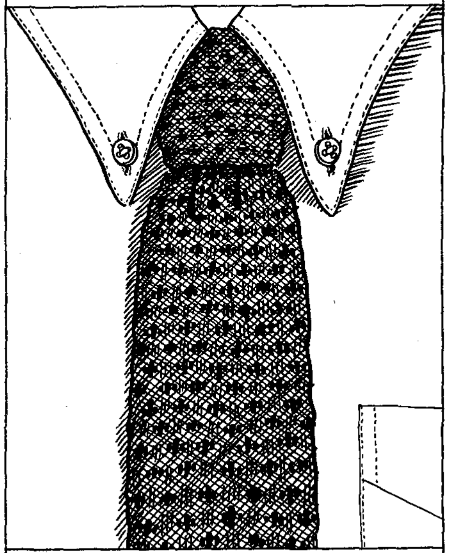

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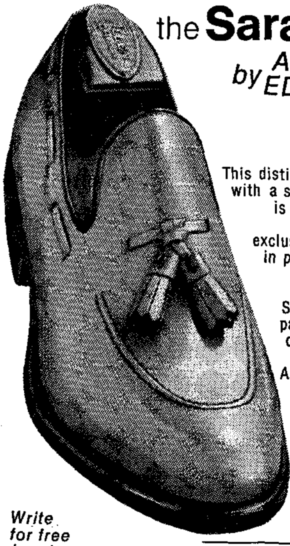

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Kempe, Klemperer, Ormandy, and Walter. One of the most recent recordings is by Bernard Haitink, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Philips 6747 307; fourteen sides). I shall not attempt to make comparisons with the others. Haitink's versions are altogether traditional, precise, and generally of high quality.

Daniel Chorzempa, the Minneapolis-born organist, has recorded all sixteen of Handel's organ concertos, with the Concerto Amsterdam, Jaap Schröder conducting (Philips 6709 009; ten sides). These were pieces originally designed to be played between acts of Handel's operas and oratorios. Chorzempa, a master organist, harpsichordist, and pianist, gives them sensitive performances.

Handel's complete Sonatas for Wind Instruments have been recorded by Frans Brüggen, recorder and transverse flute; Bruce Haynes, oboe; Anna Bylsma, cello; Hans Jürg Lange, bassoon; and Bob van Asperen, harpsichord and organ (ABC Records ABCL-67005; six sides). Brüggen makes the recorder into a remarkably expressive instrument, and Mr. Haynes is an oboist of cultivated style. The instruments used are from Handel's period, and were made by the Stanesby family, instrument-makers who were admired by Handel himself. A liner note says that these works, which are numbered Opus 1, may date from Handel's German period, before he went to live in England. The sonatas abound in anticipations of later Handel works, including the organ concertos, the harpsichord pieces, the violin sonatas, an overture or two, and the second Water Music Suite. The performances are immaculate.

THE paucity of worthwhile contemporary music and the over-recording of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century classics have led the recording companies into a large-scale preoccupation with music from medieval and Renaissance times up to the seventeenth century. Some of this music sounds strange to modern ears, but there are people who love it. Here are some outstanding examples:

"A Guide to Gregorian Chant," with texts, translations, and sources, is performed by the Schola Antiqua, R. John Blackley directing (Vanguard VSD 71217; single). The album also includes a small dictionary of chant terminology, examples of neume notation, and an analysis of medieval rhythmic and melodic conventions. In the same category is "Resurrexi," Gregorian chant by the Benedictine Monks of St. Maurice and St. Maur of Clairvaux, in Luxembourg (Philips 6580 105; single). This record consists mainly of Easter music, and the singing is accompanied, discreetly, by the organ. "Christmas Music of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries" has been recorded by the Capella Antiqua of Munich, Konrad Ruhland conducting (ABC Records ABCL-67002; single). These are Lutheran works, archaic but interesting, played on the instruments of the period. "Four German Psalms" (Nos. 12, 13, 37, and 86) by Thomas Stoltzer (1480-1526) have also been recorded by the Capella Antiqua of Munich, under Mr. Ruhland (ABC Records ABCL-67003; four sides). Stoltzer was a great contrapuntalist and one of the leading composers in Eastern Europe. He served as musical director at the court of Ludwig II of Bohemia and Hungary. A Magnificat by the Spanish composer Cristóbal Morales (1500-53) has been recorded by Pro Cantione Antiqua of London (Archive 2533 321; single). Morales was prominent in Rome under Pope Paul III, and he later became director of music at the Cathedral of Toledo and the private Kapellmeister of the Duke of Arco at Marchena. His music struggles toward the counterpoint of later periods and is quite intricate and strong. The cadences are usually in unison, as were those of the descant that preceded him.

Monteverdi, of course, is regarded by many people as the greatest composer of the seventeenth century. His Vespers (1610) have been recorded, in a performing edition prepared by Denis Arnold and Philip Ledger, by the Choir of King's College, Cambridge, and the Early Music Consort of London, conducted by Mr. Ledger (Angel SB-3837; four sides). Johann Pachelbel's (1653-1706) great Canon in D starts off a recording that also includes his Suite in B Flat from Musikalische Ergötzung and his Suite in G. The reverse side contains Johann Friedrich Fasch's (1688-1758) Concerto for Trumpet and Two Oboes in D and his Sinfonias in G and A (RCA FRL 1-5468; single). If you are not familiar with Pachelbel's Canon, you owe it to yourself to hear it. It is truly noble music. The performers here are Maurice André, trumpet, and Pierre Pierlot and Jacques Chambon, oboes. Mr. André's performance is absolutely brilliant, and the entire record is scrupulous and very pleasing. The "Pièces de Clavecin" of Antoine Forqueray

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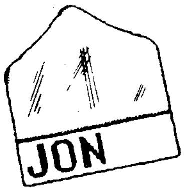

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(1672-1745) are expertly performed by Gustav Leonhardt on the harpsichord (ABC Records ABCL-67009; single). Forqueray was a musician of Scottish ancestry who served for some time at the court of Louis XIV. His music is spirited and forceful for its period. "The Baroque Lute, Volume I," is the title of a recording made by Eugen M. Dombois on instruments of the period (ABC Records ABCL-67006; single). The disc also includes a sonata, "L'Infidèle," by Sylvius Leopold Weiss (1686-1750); two Fantasias by David Kellner (c. 1670-1748); and a Prelude, Fugue, and Allegro, BWV 998, by Johann Sebastian Bach. A "Missa ma Maistresse," a "Missa au Travail Suis," and several motets and chansons by Johannes Ockeghem (1410-97) are performed by the Pomerium Musices, Alexander Blachly directing (Nonesuch H-71336; single). They are sung in Latin or in French. Ockeghem, a very famous and widely travelled French-Flemish composer of his time, was both director of the French Royal Chapel and a renowned basso.

Tomaso Albinoni (1671-1750) was a Venetian composer whose Adagio appears (in an edition by the musicologist Giazotto which sounds to me rather unauthentic) on a record that also includes Two Canzons by Albinoni's fellow-Venetian Giovanni Gabrieli (1557-1612); Antonio Vivaldi's highly amusing Concerto in C Major for Piccolo and String Orchestra, F. VI, No. 4, 1009; and some very early essays in program music—"Le Chant des Oiseaux" and "La Bataille de Marignan," by Clement Janequin (1472-1560). The performers are La Grande Écurie et la Chambre du Roy, Jean-Claude Malgoire directing (Columbia Y 34605; single).

Vivaldi's Four Oboe Concertos have been performed by Heinz Holliger, with I Musici as accompanists (Philips 9500 044; single). Holliger's virtuosity is well known; his tone is pure and not at all nasal.

Finally, an album entitled "The Art of the Netherlands, Volume 1," contains a lot of lively music that is Dutch and, mysteriously, a good deal that is not, all dating from between the fourteenth and the seventeenth centuries (Seraphim SIC-5104; six sides). The composers include des Prés, Ockeghem, Antoine Brumel, Heinrich Isaac, and Jacob Obrecht, and the compositions are performed by the Early Music Consort of London, David Munrow conducting.

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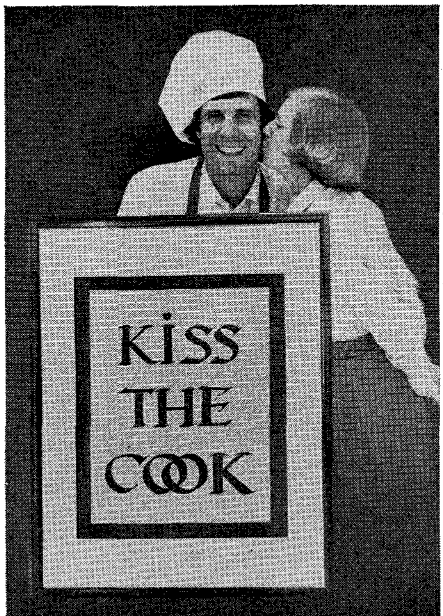

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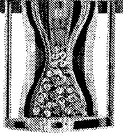

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DANCING

The Godmother

IN "Alicia," a 1976 documentary made in Cuba and now being shown here (at the Renoir Cinema), Alicia Alonso is asked "What is the hardest part of dancing?" and she answers "Dancing well." She gives a Humpty-Dumpty answer to nearly every other question, too, and her stiffly impassive face yields nothing to the camera. But Alonso's mysteriousness seems to illustrate a powerful truth: that when a dancer's life and art exist fully in the theatre her secrets cannot be called to account in any other medium. Filmed records of performances are, of course, valuable, but their value must be estimated in relation to the actual event. No one who sees a legendary "Black Swan" or "Giselle" in a movie feels he's been given more than a suggestion of what the real thing must have been like. But when the filmed record is of an aging Alonso (as it is in most of the dances in "Alicia") or an aging Ulanova (as in the 1956 Paul Czinner film "The Bolshoi Ballet"), we can feel pretty certain that the experience isn't a partial one—that there really wasn't much more happening than we see up there on the screen. As a dancer's prowess declines, she becomes more accessible as a camera subject. Alonso is now in her late fifties, and her "Carmen" ballet, which she has been dancing since 1967, looks no different on film from the way it looks on the stage. Margot Fonteyn is actually more vivid in the film version of "Marguerite and Armand" (included in Nureyev's "I Am a Dancer") than she was on the stage. In "Alicia" we see the young Alonso dance only once—in a performance of the first-act solo of "Giselle"—and it's different from the later Alonso in ways both good and bad. A "Black Swan" filmed in 1967 shows a perfection in multiple pirouettes which is missing in the "Giselle," yet in the earlier performance Alonso's whole figure dances and has an active humanity that baffles the camera. In the "Black Swan," Alonso has declined to the sum of her specialties, and in "Carmen" (filmed for this movie) the parts seem greater than the whole. We're conscious only of the driving feet and legs; their tireless mechanical force is something the camera can depict clearly. "Alicia" shows the aging process if it shows anything. Most of the dance sequences are too short or too recent to show more than that. A jumble of excitable graphics, cheering audiences, and clips from dances filmed we're never told when, the movie means to celebrate Alonso's still impressive physique and her indomitable spirit. (The camera goes out of focus when she describes her struggle with blindness.) But it exudes pathos. Alonso is seen living for the stage in a way that makes sense only in movies. A personality is caught as if in flight between two media.

Many dancers, when they retire, could take up acting, yet few of them do. Dancers do their "acting" in the classes they teach; their powerful temperaments and techniques of coercion are used on their students. But put them before an audience and they'll blaze again. Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin, presented by Walter Terry at Town Hall last month, reminisced about Diaghilev and their past triumphs, then got up and did mime scenes from "Swan Lake" and "Giselle." Sitting down and talking, or moving through the patterns they'd traced long ago, Markova and Dolin were casually spellbinding: Markova with that porcelain calm, that concern with "arrangements" which marked her last (late-Victorian) phase as a performer, and Dolin looking as he had never looked—wild of hair and eye, shrewdly dyspeptic of manner, a character out of Beckett. Another highlight was their coaching of two young dancers in the second-act pas de deux of "Swan Lake." The young Odette was asked to fold herself to the floor in one count. The young Siegfried was urged to lift her without showing effort. These instructions seemed unfollowable, yet on the slow falls backward into the boy's arms, when Markova said "Breeeathe," suddenly there was a difference. One wondered whether, extended and deepened by impromptu contacts and procedures, this "Evening With" could be as absorbing and as instructive to the lay public as the master classes that are given by great singers at Juilliard. Could great dancers, their own legends inadequately fostered by the only recording tools we have—photographs and motion pictures—teach objectively, selflessly, before an audience? At Town Hall, the live appearance was supplemented by a review of the Markova-Dolin years in pictures; it almost seemed a necessity. But no cues were needed either by the moonily nostalgic audience to pamper the stars or by the stars (Dolin especially) and Walter Terry to play upon that nostalgia.

LIKE Dolin, Alexandra Danilova seems typecast in certain acting roles, and, like Dolin, she has had some acting experience. (Dolin, a predecessor of Rudolf Nureyev, made movies in the thirties.) In 1948, she had a speaking part in one of her ballets, "Billy Sunday," and toward the end of her career she appeared in a Broadway show, "Oh Captain!," with Tony Randall. But in the nearly twenty years since then she has busied herself teaching and staging ballets, leaving us to imagine the Mme. Ranevskayas and Arkadinas she might have given us. In the new movie "The Turning Point," she has a small part, representing the eldest of four generations of dancers. As the coach Dahkarova, she's elegant and charming still, and she suggests the class that the next generation (as played by Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine) doesn't have. Class, apparently, is something you can't hand down the years. But you can't do without it, either. It's the big missing ingredient in this well-stocked but half-baked movie about ballet.

The main issue in "The Turning Point" is age. Looking ahead to a life of coaching like Dahkarova's, the aging Emma (Bancroft) sees herself becoming extinct. Looking back, her friend and former rival Deedee (MacLaine), who has chosen marriage and children, regrets the career she never had. This middle-age crisis stifles the interest we might have taken in the movie's one serious theme—the necessity for continuity in the ballet tradition—and in order to precipitate the crisis the movie concocts an outlandish story. It shows a young dancer, sixteen or seventeen years old, leaving Oklahoma City, coming to New York to join a company described as "the best in the world—well, in this country anyway," getting the lead in an important new ballet, and dancing the "Don Quixote" pas de deux opposite

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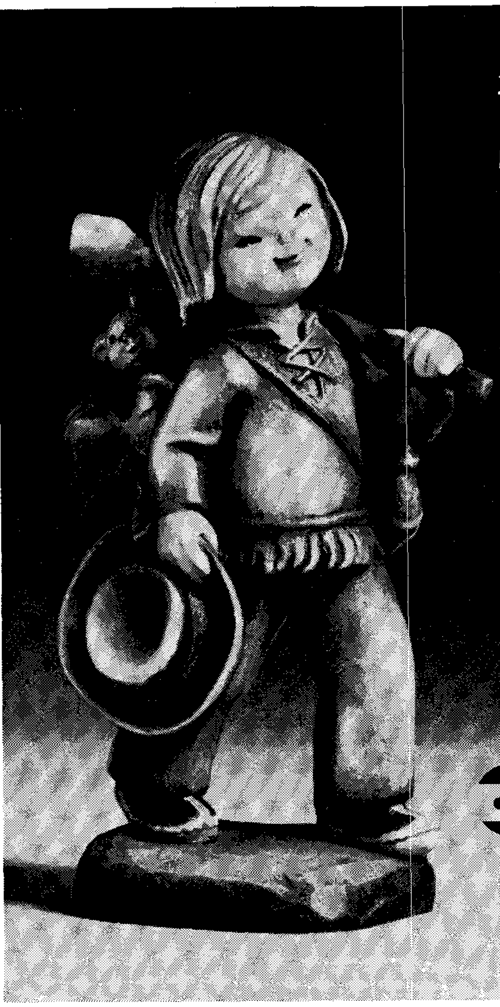
Baryshnikov, all in one summer. Children's books about ballet often indulge in such fantasies, although the most popular of these books, Noel Streatfeild's "Ballet Shoes," takes a fairly sober approach to its subject. But whereas juvenile fantasies in books don't seem to have caused much mischief, "The Turning Point" may raise temperatures around the country, with countless young aspirants seeing themselves as the Emilia of the film. The goddaughter of the prima ballerina Emma, Emilia doesn't depend on the link to get ahead, and though she sleeps with Yuri, the Baryshnikov character, that doesn't help her career, either. She succeeds on merit. But was merit ever—in real life—so swiftly rewarded? "The Turning Point" doesn't come out and say that in ballet you can sleep your way to the top. Nor does it come out and say that prima status can be won by operators like Emma, who bulldozed her best friend out of a key role. But the movie doesn't gainsay those things, either. And because it seems knowledgeable and hard-nosed, an insider's report on backstage realities, it leaves the impression that the Eve Harringtons and Sammy Glicks can have ballet any time they want it.

"The Turning Point" is a Beverly Hills view of professional ballet. Trying to use backstage life as material for a realistic, "mature" drama, the script doesn't even develop the aura of truth that clung to melodramas like "The Red Shoes." In "The Red Shoes," which starred Moira Shearer, the real-life story that was the basis of the script (that of Diaghilev and Nijinsky) was already so bizarre that we didn't question the absurdities piled on top of it. The movie was made from the viewpoint of infatuated outsiders; it had an appetite for magic. In "The Turning Point," we can't help wondering why the life decisions of the two self-involved heroines are irrevocable. Dancers have married, borne children, and gone on with their careers. Emma's case is so exaggerated that it appears to have been taken from "Camille." Looking for a way out of her misfortune, she humiliates herself before her "protector," a dreary businessman played by Marshall Thompson (a former juvenile actor cast so that we can see how he has aged). The movie puts its characters in a mundane setting where we can evaluate cause and effect. When to the question of what she wants out of life Moira Shearer answers "To dahnce!" she has already entered another world, and it isn't Emma's. Hardened pros in the ballet business can't be magnified into legends. Their real-life stories may be touching, but as the stuff of drama they acquire the coarse, unedifying texture of gossip. The real-life story used in "The Turning Point" is partly that of Leslie Browne, who plays Emilia. Leslie Browne, a soloist with American Ballet Theatre, is the daughter of two former A.B.T. dancers, Isabel Mirrow and Kelly Brown, and she's the goddaughter of Nora Kaye, the executive producer of "The Turning Point"—the same Nora Kaye who had her first big success in the Tudor ballet "Pillar of Fire" in 1942 and who became A.B.T.'s great dramatic ballerina. In the movie we are told how Deedee's pregnancy (with Emilia) imperilled her chance at the leading role in an epochal Tudorish ballet, and how by encouraging Deedee to have the baby Emma snagged the role and began her career as a great dramatic ballerina. In actual fact, Isabel Mirrow joined Ballet Theatre some years after Nora Kaye had become a star. But it doesn't matter whether the gossip is true or not—what matters is that it's *only* gossip.

Emilia's breathless ascent to stardom, during which Deedee and Emma renew their rivalry by fighting over her, is based on the career of Gelsey Kirkland, who was to have played the part. Even Kirkland had to put in her years of apprentice work, but with her in the role of Emilia the movie might have seemed less preposterous. Leslie Browne is still an unknown, who has done only one big role so far—"The Nutcracker," with Baryshnikov. Her perfect School of American Ballet body photographs beautifully, and camera illusion helps her dancing withstand Baryshnikov's onslaught. (Classical dancing on film may be unintelligible but it is also sensational. The camera increases a dancer's speed and heightens the physical glamour of stretched

limbs. You can imagine what it does for the spectacle of Baryshnikov.) Her best moment as an actress is a little drunk scene in a bar, but then the movie has her come to the theatre drunk and be nursed through her paces as a Wili by Emma, standing in the wings. Typically, the movie invents this highly implausible situation to launch another Deedee-Emma skirmish. It's also typical that, in one of the few scenes that come close to being fun, the fun is secondhand. The drunken-Wili number looks like a resetting (uncredited) of the Mistake Waltz in Jerome Robbins's ballet "The Concert;" no balletgoer can miss it. Herbert Ross, the director of "The Turning Point" and Nora Kaye's husband, is a former choreographer. He staged the "Swan Lake" parody in "Funny Girl," but he hasn't used his own ideas in any of the dances in this movie, and he hasn't extended ballet metaphorically to support the story. The little "Romeo and Juliet" passage, cutting from Emilia and Yuri in the MacMillan pas de deux to Emilia and Yuri in bed, is as far as Ross goes. An Ashton solo devised specially for this film is danced by Leslie Browne under the end titles, when the film is all over, and Emilia's first starring role turns out to be the Vortex solo from "The River," by Alvin Ailey. This number represents the progressive abstract ballet that an Eliot Feldish choreographer (played by Daniel Levans) has created, much to the annoyance of dancers who would rather feel music than count it. Feldish is not conceivably Aileyish, and neither one is the avant-gardish genius the script wants here. (Isn't it a bit late for the abstract revolution in ballet to be taking place?) There's no equivalent in the film to the "Red Shoes" ballet, and maybe there couldn't be. The story emphasis isn't on how ballerinas are made, it's on how they die. Even though the art of older ballerinas can be expressed more effectively in the movies than the art of young ones, we don't have any older ballerinas in the movie. (Bancroft, a non-dancer, demonstrates her greatest role by collapsing under a cloak.) And even though the movie is full of quotes from well-known ballets, it doesn't view them selectively, with an eye to their dramatic relevance. The most beautiful shot in the movie occurs under the opening credits, as dancer after dancer steps into frame in closeup. It's "La Bayadère"—could there be a better symbol in dance of the continuity of the classical tradition? All the fuss about aging dancers could have had at least



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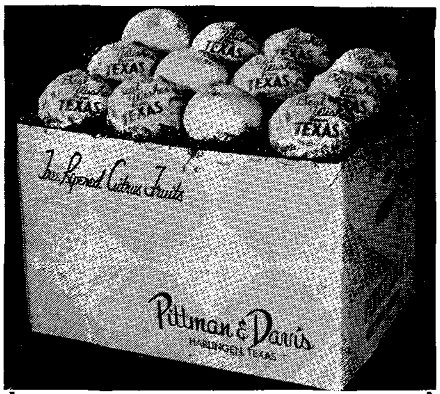

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this much dignity. The film might have said that all dancers are godmothers. But once we've made the transition from the credits to Oklahoma City, where the story begins, we never return to "La Bayadère." Eve Harrington had her progeny foreshadowed in mirrors at the fadeout of "All About Eve." But "The Turning Point," a film made by and about dancers—those people who spend their lives before mirrors—cannot reflect its own world.

ADELAIDE (Martha Scott), the Lucia Chase of the ballet company in "The Turning Point," plans a gala, musing, "Marcia and Richard are coming from Stuttgart . . . You don't suppose they'd travel tourist?" Anthony Dowell, who came from London a few weekends ago to dance Oberon in the Joffrey Ballet production of "The Dream," probably didn't fly tourist, but the new budget fares may open up a new era in cultural relations. With its Ashton repertory—"The Dream," "Façade," and "Monotones"—expanded by the addition of "Les Patineurs" and "Jazz Calendar" (and to be further expanded by "A Wedding Bouquet" next spring), the company might think now and then of importing Ashton specialists to dance as well as stage the ballets. That Dowell came on sudden notice to replace an ailing Kevin McKenzie speaks badly enough of the Joffrey's capacity to cast one of the big male roles in its repertory. But McKenzie also had to be replaced by an outsider—Dennis Poole—in "Monotones," which isn't an especially big role, though it is a demanding one. On the other hand, there in the same performance of "Monotones" was William Whitener, dancing the central role in the first trio, which is hardly ever given nowadays, because it's so hard. Men like Whitener and McKenzie need the example that Anthony Dowell sets; the style he exemplifies in Ashton choreography is what they're striving for. And Dowell is especially interesting now. Still slightly off form from injuries that for a while last year threatened to end his career, he hasn't been thrown off stride. In some ways, he's more powerful than ever. The second of the two performances at the City Center was the more confident one. He'd had time to adjust to the small stage (made smaller by David Walker's scenery) and the new partner (Denise Jackson) and to readjust to Oberon—a role he created in 1964 but hadn't danced in more than a year. Ashton appears to have built it

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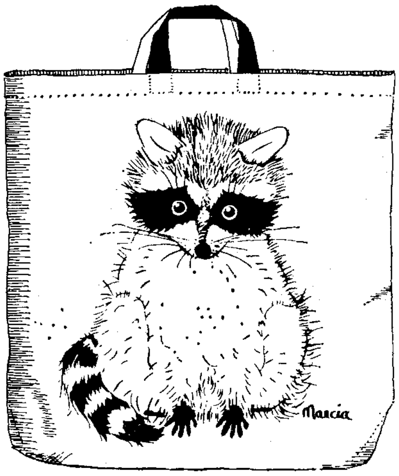

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on the model of the Spectre of the Rose; even the costume—vines of ivy trailing cobwebs and dew—suggests the Spectre. But Dowell is no longer elfin in the part. The weight he has put on in the past year adds to the stature he has been gaining right along, and though he wasn't dancing the role as well as he has danced it, he seemed almost too strong to be dancing it at all. He has outgrown it, just as Suzanne Farrell has outgrown Balanchine's Titania. Certainly among the Joffrey dancers he looked superhuman. Miss Jackson misunderstood Titania's wantonness and wrenched herself violently about in the pas de deux. Up to that point, though, she made a prettier show of the part than anyone else yet has in this company.

"Jazz Calendar"—in seven sections, following the nursery rhyme "Monday's child is fair of face"—is minor Ashton but is so well made that its hollowness does not offend. A pseudo-Ellington score, by Richard Rodney Bennett, dictates the style of the choreography, which suits the Joffrey, and almost everybody in the cast is good. Almost everybody in "Les Patineurs" is good, too. To Gregory Huffman, who dances the pas de deux with Denise Jackson or Ingrid Fraley, I would say what Markova kept saying to her charges at Town Hall: "Gently, gently." The ballet has been revived in its original 1937 version, with scenery and costumes—both ravishing—by William Chappell. The original overture (by Auber) is being played again—unnecessarily, I think. But there are incidents in the choreography I have never seen in the Ballet Theatre version. Seventeen-year-old Mark Goldweber makes his company début as the solo skater. He's in the growing-pains stage of elfhood, but his phrasing is already compelling. He shines with innocence and talent, and the audience eats him up.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Daily Telegraph*]

The Earl of Harewood was cleared of two motoring offences yesterday when he said he did not realise he had backed into a parked car because he was listening to a Mozart wind serenade on his car radio.

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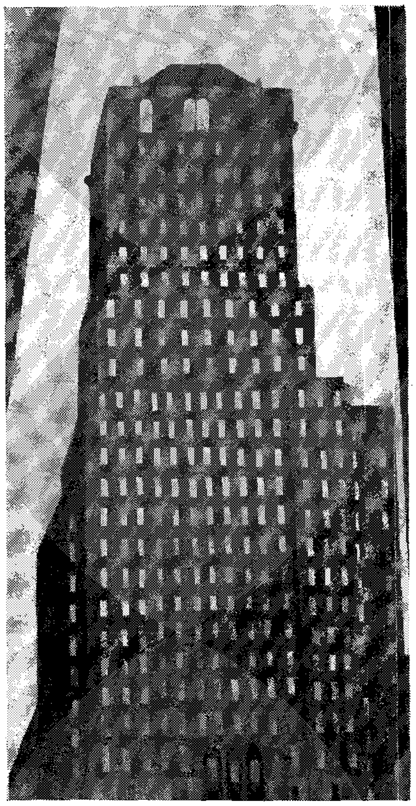

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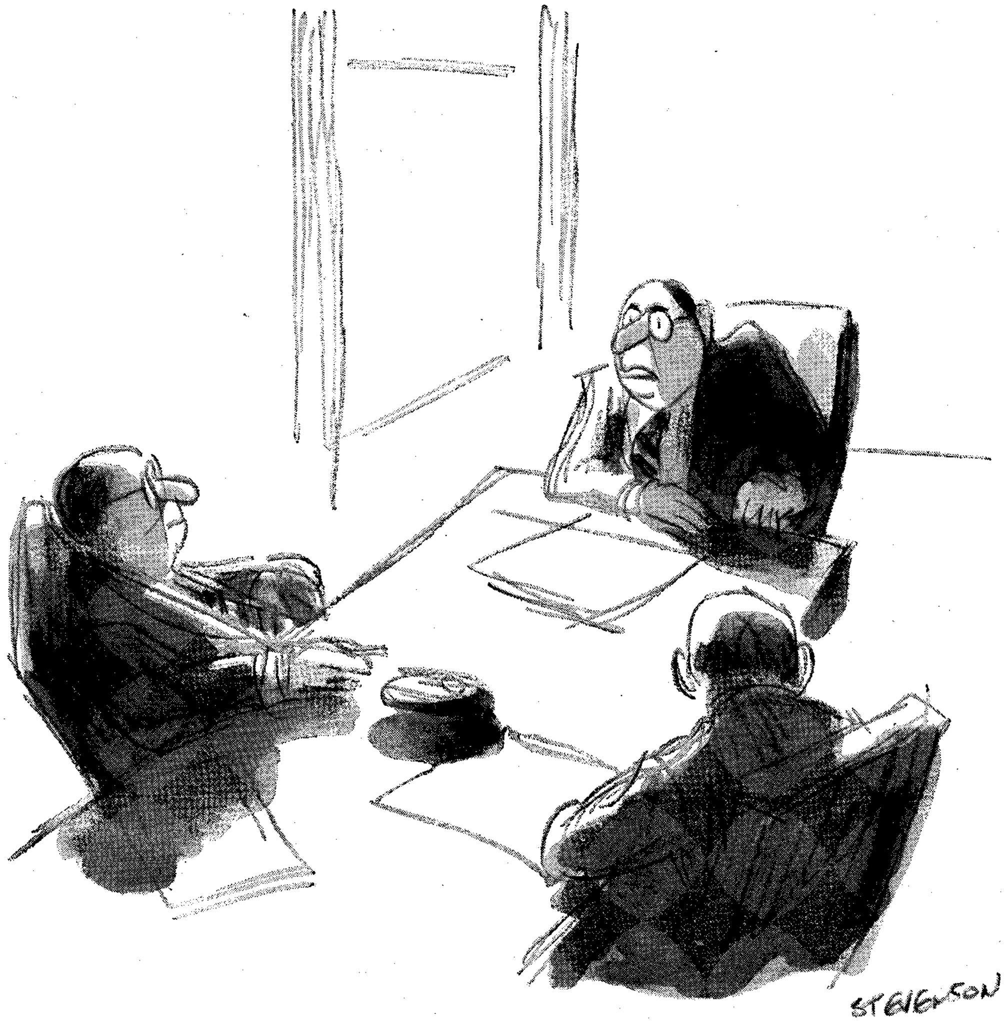
IT'S a Lewis Carroll sort of Christmas this year. Clothes and accessories have a surprising way of being much bigger or smaller than one might expect; of turning up in unpredictable places or serving other than their original purposes; and of resembling things entirely different from what they really are. Many of the prettiest potential gifts in the shops contrive to make something less than tediously perfect sense.

Bags

Everything was happening so oddly . . .

EVENING bags are often quite diminutive, perhaps because people who go dancing don't want to leave a purse behind them on a discothèque table but prefer to hang it across the chest, round the neck, or at the waist. Betsey, Bunky, Nini, 746 Madison Avenue (65th), has pouchy little satin dolly bags hung from long silk cords and shaped like lady's-slipper orchids. A choice of color combinations includes black piped at the pointed opening with fuchsia; $16. Saks Fifth Avenue has a palm-sized purse shaped like a heart, which is of quilted satin in a choice of lively colors; $42. Cul de Sac at Bloomingdale's has a good array of the latest ideas and shapes in evening bags, including a four-inch square of satin ribbons woven by hand into a basket texture and dripping like a Maypole with fluttering, yard-long extensions of the same ribbon. In a choice of brilliant, Christmas-decoration colors which includes red, purple, and emerald, the purse is by a designer named Jane, and is $32. Bobby Breslau has scaled a saddlebag shape down to a five-inch size and given it beanbag malleability by way of a mesh texture like cheesecloth dipped in gold; $95. The Midas touch is everywhere this year. It smudges itself in a gesso effect over tiny, lidded Chinese baskets that hang from shoulder cords; $65.



“Why the hell don't we have ‘strong links to the oil industry’?”

B. Altman's Collectibles nook has minaudières made from Indian boxes in brass, copper-and-brass, or silver-and-copper and variously shaped. For instance, a cornucopia shape hangs from a shoulder chain; $100. Altman also has some examples of the craftsmanship of the English handbag designer Clive Shilton, who scrutinizes and translates the forms of nature with a near Ruskinian reverence. At Altman is a cylindrical evening bag in écru silk, with a silk cord handle that also serves as a drawstring closing a frilly cuff. The texture is fluted and rippled, like the inside of a mushroom cap; $85. Bonwit Teller has a number of more elaborate Shilton works. His bags in fragile hues of China silk with tubular quilting are shaped like scallop shells; $245. Pouchy drawstring bags in snakeskin the color of springtime grass are hung from scarlet cords and trimmed with fluted ruffs of scarlet silk, the effect being something like that of a flowering cactus; $240.

Some of the prettiest bags in town have sprouted tails of fur. A most exuberant and artistic use of such appendages may be viewed at Bloomingdale's, on a bag that is also the handiwork of the aforementioned Jane. The fantasy begins with a six-inch pouch of burgundy leather, with freestyle pieces of snakeskin to trim the flap and to ring textural changes on the same color. When the bag is hung from the shoulder, on a knotted dressing-gown cord, a pair of claret-dyed fox tails—flanking a handful of lesser-sized ones—drip down to touch the hem of a midi-length skirt. There is also an ivory version; $150. Henri Bendel, too, has bags with tails. A small, pouchy clutch bag of glove-soft black kid is trimmed with leather streamers, Indian beading, and brown-and-black ermine tails; $145. A larger version in dove gray, with brown-and-white ermine tails, is $205.

Saks has meticulous and ironic bags of saddle-colored leather, shaped either like a binoculars case ($135) or like a box-shaped fishing creel of basket-weave texture ($180). Bonwit Teller has Judith Leiber's exquisite little shoulder bag in old-rose snakeskin, whose shape and carefully detailed brass trimmings make it seem like a Gladstone bag for someone who has shrunk after

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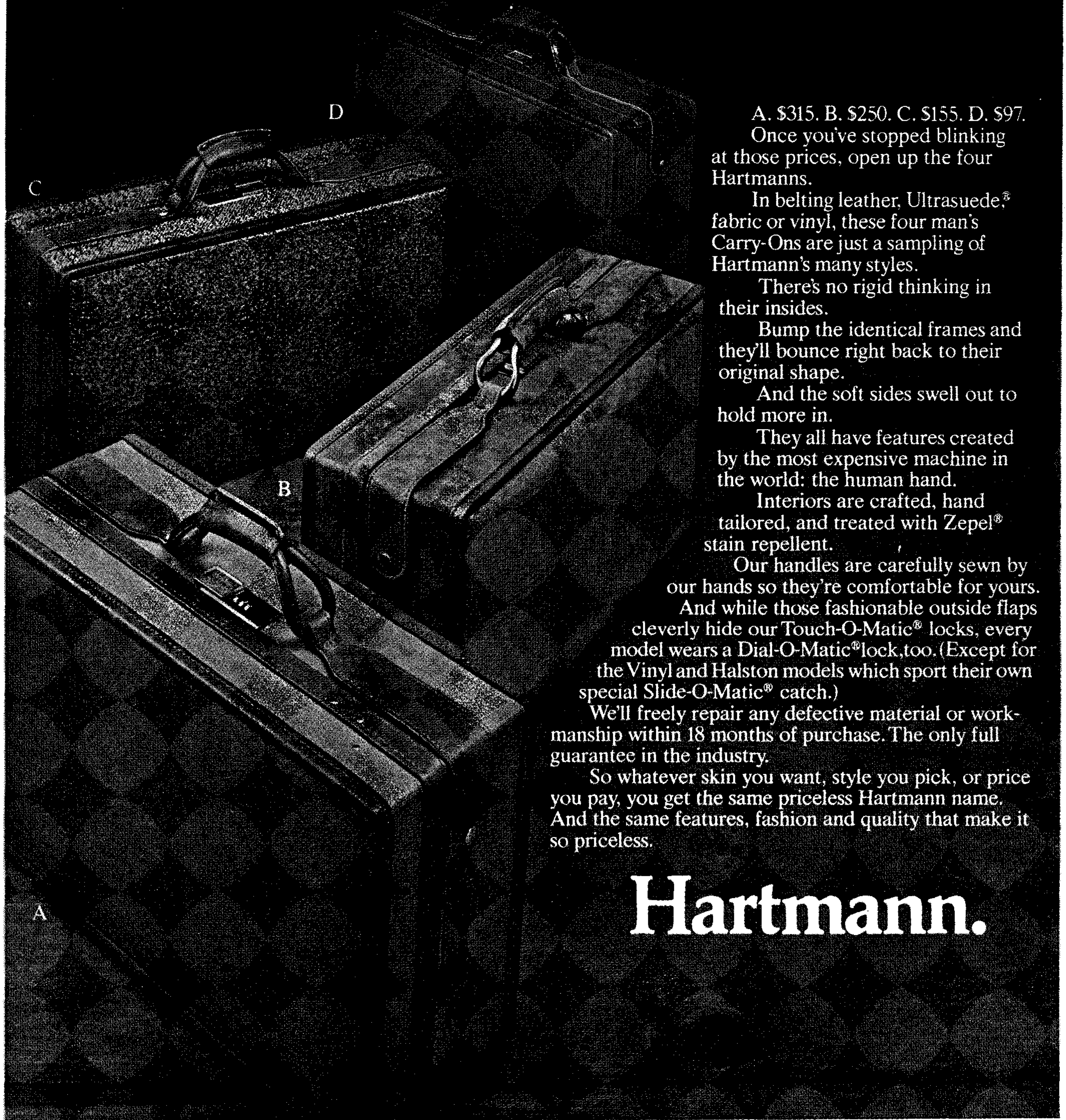

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imbibing from the bottle labelled "DRINK ME;" $285. Sermoneta, 740 Madison Avenue (64th), offers a selection of flat, Christmas-card-size pouches of hand-crocheted mohairs and chenilles—often in dusky pastel colors—that look a bit like mittens. They are bound at the top in soft chamois and hang from narrow chamois ribbons. Like many of the newest purses, they look good when they're slung diagonally across the chest, and they are sometimes worn in pairs; $24 each. Also fit for nestling on the hip of the softly voluminous new clothing fashions are some shoulder-hung "bags" of knitted angora at Lonia, 55 West 55th Street. There can be no doubt that these look a lot like bedsocks. They come in hot pink, canary yellow, and a choice of other colors, none of them quite serious; $12.

MESSAGES FOR FEET AND LEGS

Alice's Right Foot, Esq.
Hearthrug,
near the Fender . . .

SOME novel and often schizophrenic developments are taking place down here as well. Stockinglike leg-warmers are worn outside boots or pants; stockings are rolled down to boot tops; unmatching socks or stockings are seen around, sometimes worn with unmatching shoes or boots. Sermoneta has warm stockings (sold in matching pairs) of wool in a rib knit, which come in a choice of vibrant colors such as teal, magenta, and purple, as well as softer schemes; $10. Betsey, Bunky, Nini has footless Shetland leg-warmers, for $12, and amusing embroidered Rumanian slippers, whose tops froth over with puffs of fleece, for the same sum. Saks has a box of knee socks for the unmatched-leg brigade. There are three socks in solid bright colors and three in harmonizing Argyles; $13. Also here are cashmere knee socks, for $7 a pair, and Orlon ones—in a choice of navy, beige, or white—that are embroidered on the shinbone with twining green vines and pink flowers, for $5. Sweater-ribbed panty hose of Orlon and acrylic are $6, and pin-striped panty hose—for women in pin-striped business suits, perhaps—are $3.50.

Ménage à Trois, 760 Madison Avenue (65th), has some very feminine-looking cuffed ankle socks in cotton knit, for those slim-ankled young women who like to toy with a hosiery reference to the time in their lives when Christmas meant going to "The Nutcracker." These socks are distinguished by hand-painted decorations—multicolored sprigs and posies on one side of the anklebone, butterflies on the other. In white, they are $8; in wine, navy, olive, black, or brown, they are $10. Matching long-sleeved T-shirts are $30.

Bonwit's shoe department has some waterproof plastic boots that are both sensible and lighthearted. The reference here is to the hunting shoes of L. L. Bean. A six-inch band of fleece-lined nylon taffeta tops the leg, and may either stand up to hug the calf with a draftproof and snowproof drawstring or turn down to form a fleecy cuff. The choice of colors includes fisherman-slicker yellow and Father Christmas red; $32.

JEWELRY AND NECK ORNAMENTS

Curiouser . . .

CONVENTIONAL jewelry, even of the costume variety, is often replaced these days by unorthodox notions. These are sometimes textural hybrids that result from a cross between soft fabrics and metallic glitter. The lacy woollen scarves that are called fascinators are often seen, with a knot tied at each end, on fashionable necks. Betsey, Bunky, Nini, among other places, has a version of this new neck swathing in purple metallic knit, for $16, as well as a one-of-a-kind example in fine, gold-plated antique mesh, for $50. Cul de Sac has a bib of gold-dipped lace, for $30, and Bendel has a neck drape that is a triangle of bugle-beaded mesh, to be tied in various ways, perhaps like a cowboy kerchief. In a gleaming choice of gold, navy, pewter, or jet, this is $175.

On Bergdorf Goodman's sixth floor are oblong neck scarves of man-made silk whose already dazzling backgrounds—Shocking pink, bright blue, and scarlet are some of the choices—are further enlivened by threads of gold metal; $6. Nearby are an Edwardian-style ruffle of black lace that ties in back with gold cords ($32) and a lavish black net scarf that is dotted with iridescent flower sprays, finished at the ends with wisps of ostrich feather, and clasped around the neck or shoulders with gilded fabric butterflies ($48). Bonwit's main floor has a Pierrot ruff that ties in a bow round the throat. It is made of organza in shades of lilac and green, shot through with threads of tinselly gold; $40.

Henri Bendel has recently devoted a number of display cases—set into a wall covered with Art Deco plush which is to be found at the back of the handbag department—to jewelry and *objets* from

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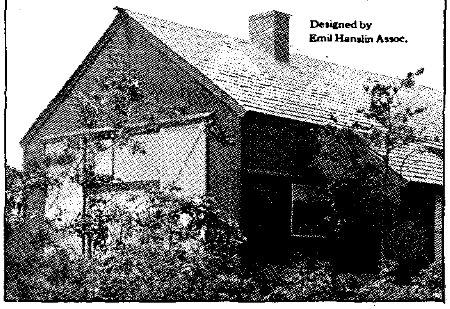

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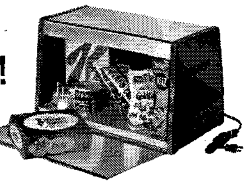

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the London firm of Butler & Wilson. These cases merit inspection by those in search of jewelry in the unstuffy mode. Some of the pins, pendants, belt buckles, and so forth are original Art Nouveau or Art Deco pieces; some are fastidious reproductions that employ the techniques and materials of their period. There is a whole group of pieces based on the skullcapped, ruffle-necked, baggy-suited Pierrots of the Noël Coward era. Pins made of a mock ivory called Galalith have the texture and color of well-used dominoes; they are from $30 to $50. A hand mirror made of brass has one Pierrot forming a handle and a second peering languidly down at his own reflection. The thin crescent face of the man in the moon gazes mournfully in from one side; $130. The Butler & Wilson stock also includes necklaces made up of antique glass flowers. One collarbone-length example strings beads of peach and emerald glass around three translucent, yellow-stamened pink hibiscus blooms; $100.

Necklaces with frozen flowers of glass may also be found at an attractive new shop called The Glass Store, 1242 Madison Avenue (89th). The flowers in this case are antique Chinese. A string of amber-colored beads hung with glassy amber-colored flowers and delicately veined green leaves is $15.

Lonia has a quaint but endearing choker consisting of a dozen featherlight nacreous-plastic forms whose shape and size link them to windfall pears or refrigerator light bulbs; $25. Also here is a necklace with several strands of invisible thread strung—irregularly and magically, like stars in the firmament—with different-sized "pearls." This is $12.

HATS AND HAIR ORNAMENTS

. . . and curiouser!

THE masquerade goes on in head fashions, too. Many of those who learned with flowers and combs to use their hairstyles as a background for self-expression are now moving on to feathers and found objects.

Kamali, on the second floor at 787 Madison Avenue (66th), always cultivates the unexpected brilliantly, and has now come up with some dramatic hats that remind us of Vivien Leigh. One example begins humbly enough with a little cap of black wool knit; it is rimmed with a face-framing band of black mink, then hung with a twirl of two dozen tails of black mink which tumble exuberantly over the shoulders. This is $275; other versions, with fatter tails of black fox or

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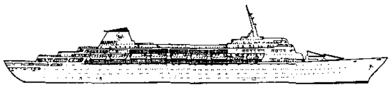

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red fox, are $225 and $325. Kamali also has cord-hung pocketbook-muffs of fur, for $150. Don Kline, who established his reputation as a milliner, has opened a new shop, on the second floor of 799 Madison (67th), with a stock of sometimes quite theatrical clothes and headgear. Here are chignon snoods made of crocheted gold thread and dotted with sequins, for $11; hair combs with brightly colored "flowers" of ostrich feather, for $16; and feather halos, for wearing low on the brow, of either black ostrich or ostrich-and-pheasant, for $32.

Tiffany has Angela Cummings' latest additions to her repertoire of jewelry for the hair and elsewhere. These revive the ancient technique of damascene, by which precious metal—in this case, gold—is inlaid in black iron. Patterns of gold cat's cradles and geometric waves show up on hair combs, which are $55 each, and on barrettes, an inch and a half long, that are shaped like minute boomerangs. These are $36 apiece, but they look most effective when pinned one above the other, so they should probably be bought in pairs. The same designer is responsible for a sterling-silver hair ornament that is like a sturdy hatpin topped with a ginkgo leaf; $59.

Betsey, Bunky, Nini has barrettes that are squared-off ovals wrapped with an upholstering of embroidery silk; one end is decked with a posy of artificial flowers. A deep-pink barrette sports lighter-pink posies, or there is an apple-blossom scheme of green with white; $8.

It will occur to the bold and ingenious shopper that much of the new decorative frippery could be assembled privately for little outlay. Those who balk at rummaging through the trimmings district for laces, flowers, and feathers, yet have the eye and the patience to look through quantities of shelves and boxes, might head for Julie Taylor's Supply Store, 251 East 77th Street. This is a sympathetic source of inexpensive and charming bits and bobs, both old and new—from thimbles, feathers, and scraps of antique fabric to old gloves, brooches, and buttons.

SWEATERS AND THEIR KIN

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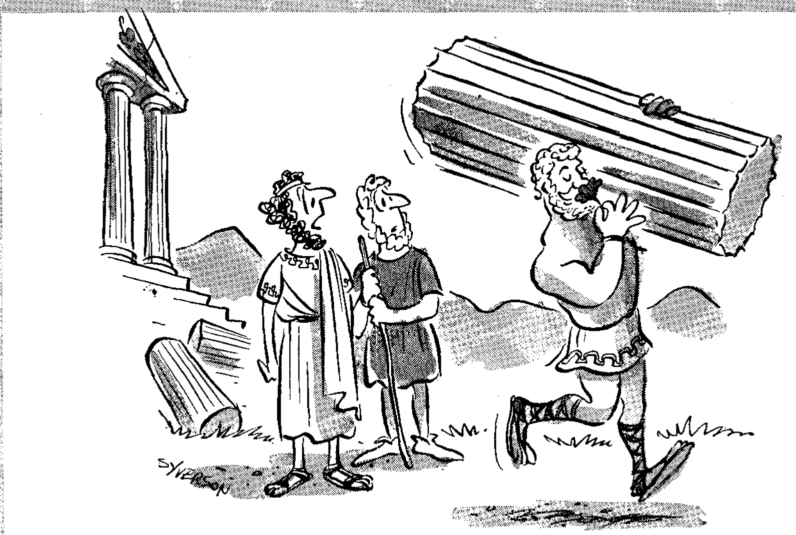
SOME of the newest sweaters have a deliberately oversized look, which makes them particularly easy to buy as gifts. Others are very neat and delicate. In either case, interesting textures and



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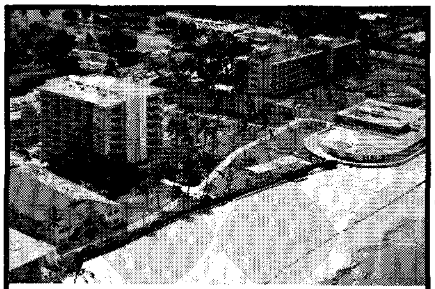

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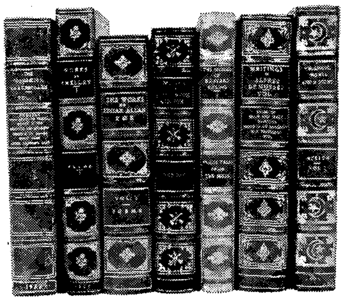

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the obviously hand-knitted look are the thing. Fluffy mohairs and lustrous chenilles have arrived in the shops from France and Italy, and Britain has sent a style with a self-consciously childlike, homemade air. Prices get quite steep, but many of the roomy sweaters can stand in for jackets, or even for coats—which are, in their strictest definition, on the way to being dodoes.

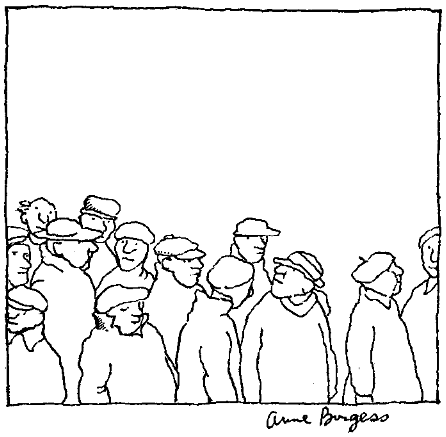
Jenny B. Goode, 1194 Lexington Avenue (81st), has the two extremes of the current sweater styles. The first, which the shop calls its "big sweater," is meant to be worn several sizes too large—for the full effect, as a kind of minidress over leg-warmers and boots. It is hand-knitted of downy mohair and has a huge contrasting cowl—a purple cowl on a black sweater or a pastel-pink cowl on a pastel blue. It's $100. The opposite is the shop's "baby sweater," which is meant to look a size or two too small. Several examples on this scale include an oatmeal-colored cardigan with a drawstring and peplum at the waist. The front closes with oval-shaped pearl buttons, which are flanked by diagonal rows of popcorn stitch embroidered with daisies in red, coffee, and forest green; $100. This cardigan was hand-knitted in England, as was a sweater at Betsey, Bunky, Nini that has a decoration of similar floral naïvetés. It's somewhat smock-shaped and is pale blue, with a curving navy shoulder yoke embroidered with starry, colored daisies. A little collar folds over a cord that ends in dandelion-clock pompoms, and the whole looks fine for going skating on some prewar rural pond; $90. A cardigan version in rust and camel, with the same pompoms and flowers, is $115. This shop also has the huge, happy-looking wool-and-mohair cardigan coats of the Paris-based Japanese designer Kansai Yamamoto; $231. They have snowy backgrounds and large abstract patternings in Day-Glo colors. The small-and-feminine is represented here, too. A birdlike, spencer-shaped cardigan in ivory, pink, blue, or rust hand-crocheted chenille is closed by fancy bronzelike buttons; $120.

Putumayo Imports, 857 Lexington Avenue (64th), has jacket-weight hand-knitted sweaters from Ecuador. One example, basically gray with dark-brown bands, has Indian patterning in turquoise, red, and orange, and knobby buttons resembling walnuts, which are really seeds from a South American bush; $60. Rodier Paris, 715 Madison Avenue (63rd), has discreet textures and muted colors from France in the form of pullovers of wool-mixture bouclé. Styles include crew necks ($55), turtlenecks ($60), and cardigans ($65). The choice of colors includes black, ivory, and heathery effects of two-tone beige, mocha, or gray.

Bergdorf Goodman's third floor has a congenial atmosphere and an excellent and unconfusing selection of the very newest sweater fashions. A roomy, slightly blouson, and very feminine sweater in cobwebby mohair is made by the Italian firm of Genny. Detailing includes dithery-looking vertical stitching, lingerie ribbon round the hem and at a softly gathered neckline, and the almost lily-gilding touch of a single pearl cuff button, dyed to match a choice of two indescribable ice-cream shades of pinkish-beige or soft gray-green; $198. V-necked cable-stitched sweaters in a choice of very fluffy pale-pink or peach mohair are $115. Perhaps the most spectacular of all Bergdorf's offerings is a blouson-shaped hooded cardigan by Roberta and Brenda, in a thistledown apricot mohair. Extra evidence of craftsmanship is seen in a crocheted cord that draws in the hem around the hips and in buttons that are wrapped and padded with strands of matching yarn. Few sweaters could look less athletic than *this*, but there are kangaroo vertical pockets, like those on joggers' sweatsuits; $195.

For more down-to-earth mooching around at home, there is a version of joggery toggery at Upper Mad, 1260 Madison Avenue (90th). A blouson top has short, puffed sleeves ($40); matching pants come either straight-legged ($50) or bloused at the ankles ($46). The fabric resembles terry velours, and the choice of color is bright blue or cinnamon.

Some singularly refined combinations of the idea of rugged outdoorsiness with the dulcet feel of heavyweight hand-knitted cashmere may be inspected at Stewart Ross/Stone Free, 754 Madison Avenue (65th). This newly opened shop specializes in the light-hearted country-squire style of fashion,



and most of its stock is imported from the workrooms of young British designers. For both sexes, there are such practical fantasies as Irish fisherman hats, Shetland gloves, mufflers, and tweedy pants, along with jokier revivals like old-mannish woollen neckties, bow ties, and suspenders. Many of the shop's hand-knitted sweaters are interesting and lovable. Cashmere gives a textural twist to V-necked cable-stitched sweaters that one would normally expect to see in bulky fisherman wool. These are $215. Even more dramatic and surprising cashmere styles, with an allover texture of raised bobbles or bosses, are $250. A more specifically female version of a similar theme is in mohair yarn, with a texture both cabled and bobbled. A peplum extends below a drawstring that ends in pompoms. The choice of colors includes teal, scarlet, dark brown, and an unusual pinkish beige; $150.

The best and cheapest way to get a sweater with the fashionable hand-knitted look is to knit it oneself. At 2 Needles, 1283 Madison Avenue (91st), there is a good selection of knitting wools—including mohairs—from all over the world. Gift certificates, good for the number of skeins it takes to make a sweater, are available, and the shop also provides a knitting service for the fainthearted, on receipt of one month's notice.

Many of the old categories of fashion have broken down by now. Sweaters are long enough to be minidresses or warm enough to be coats, and layers of easy fabric are the style. Lonia has a capacious outer garment—long and roomy enough to go over an assemblage of the new components—that is a cross between a steamer coat and a fine, brushed-wool baby blanket. The coat's designer is Japanese, so he instinctively restricts its detailing to graceful, double-pleated folds—one set from the yoke in back, and two at the front. The fabric makes one blink in surprise at its softness, and comes in a choice of teal, lilac, or rust; $175. The English designer Kay Cosserat makes coats and jackets in colors that echo those of nature, using mohairs with a richly textured and handwoven look. These may be found on Lord & Taylor's third floor, where an empire-waisted coat is $298 and a softly sculptured blouson with elbow-length sleeves (for wear over sweaters) is $275. Color combinations are related either to Indian summer, in gilded harmonies of rust and sand, or to wintry sunsets, in fading, intermingled tones of slate, pale blue, and pink. Kamali, a store that has nev-

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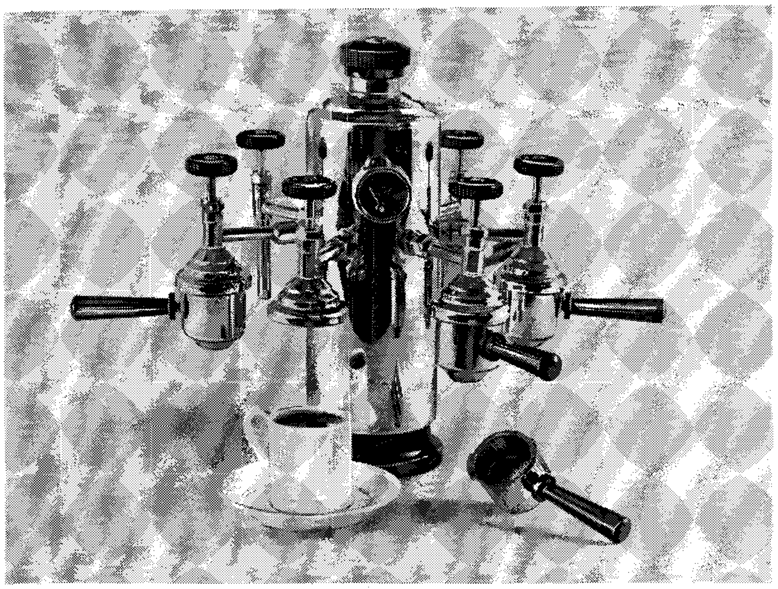

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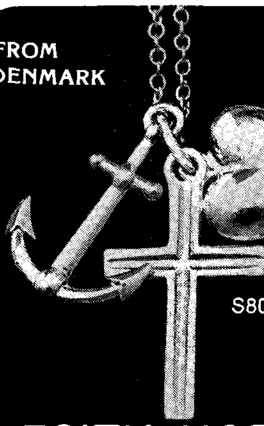

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er had preconceived notions of clothing shapes or functions, has come up with an easy garment that has the comfort of a bathrobe. In either red, blue, or red-and-blue plaid flannel, this garment might be termed a coat-dress if it didn't have wide legs that are more or less like pants. The sleeves are wide, waist deep, and rolled, and the sides of the legs can be unknotted at will to form something more like a tunic; $185. This hybrid is designed for wear primarily over pants—perhaps one of Kamali's ski-pant styles in burgundy, hunter-green, or black stretch fabric; $75. Such pants also look well under Kamali's black wool version of the big sweater—surely the most dramatic in town. As long as a miniskirt, it has a two-foot-deep cowl and chimpanzee-length arms to push up into generous gathers on the forearm; $110. To complete the wrinkled-forearm look, there are opera-length evening gloves in gold fabric to go rippling over the wrist into the sweater's sleeve; $15.

BOUDOIR THINGS, SOME FOR GOING PLACES

At any other time, Alice would have felt surprised at this . . .

CAMISOLES, French panties, and teddies in sensuous and silky fabrics that are often trimmed with lace—the sort of lingerie men are supposed to enjoy buying for women—are no longer a joke, and the tone of this season's examples leans toward the friskily innocent more than toward the risqué. Some shops stock nothing but this liberated style of underclothing (in which sizing is vague enough to make gift-giving easy), and hence indicate that women are now buying it in quantity for themselves. Bloomingdale's has a whole section of its Inner Circle devoted to the camisoles-and-tap-pants mode. Some particularly lively examples bear the name Shuba; it seems that the camisoles are often bought as tops to wear to discothèques. There are wispy sets in bright-red silk that glitters with gold thread ($55 for the camisole, $42 for the panties), and some in brilliant lapis trimmed with red ribbon ($45 for the top, $33 for the bottom), and also sets in lace-trimmed black. Less suitable for outgoing evening wear, perhaps, is a set of lace-trimmed camisole and pants in knitted silk that is semitransparent and as fine as a pair of silk stockings. In a choice of black, beige, or cocoa, the top is $30 and the pants are $25; a matching half-slip is $60. At Bloomingdale's, too,

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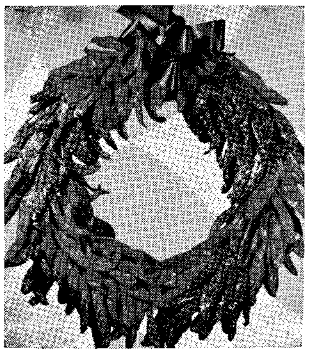

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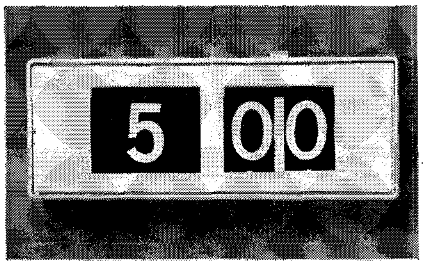
we saw a very pretty short-sleeved, mandarin-style bed jacket by the designer Fernando Sanchez, who is a master of the art of feminine and softly constructed flatteries. The jacket is frog-fastened and zigzag-quilted, and made of peach or coffee-colored satin; $60.

In Bergdorf's lingerie department, there are more of Sanchez's designs, these refining his already considerable refinement. Here he moves away from his habitual Harlow silks and lace-trimmed satins and comes up with a very elegant gray Swiss cotton batiste that is trimmed with dusty-pink French lace. A wide range of pieces on this theme includes pajamas ($156); short ruffle-necked and ruffle-cuffed robes ($110); flounced half-slips ($76); camisoles ($40); and tap pants ($36). The London designer Janet Reger—who has a perfect way of capturing a mood of quite lavish sensuality without ever permitting it to look vulgar—is responsible for a slip of a nightgown that is perhaps the prettiest and *possibly* the most seductive anywhere. It is of man-made satin trimmed with French lace. The lace edges a slit on one thigh, and there is a very, very low maillot back crossed by spaghetti straps. In a choice of black, white, oyster, or turquoise; $220. Bergdorf also has a delicately impish bed jacket by Tuttabankem. This is in pale-peach silk organza, trimmed with dotted-Swiss lace, and has floating capelet sleeves; $150. A whole boutique of lingerie by the California designer Loré, whose schemes are almost always in pure silk, may be inspected at Bergdorf. At Lonia, there is only the Loré teddy, but it is the designer's masterpiece. The silk is cut on the bias, for greater ease of movement, and is trimmed with French lace. The choice of colors includes a black wine that looks close to navy and is printed with pinkish lilies of the valley. This is $70; solid colors, including a delicious wisteria, are $65. Lord & Taylor has its own contribution to the liberated-lingerie style. A range of brassieres, camisoles, and tap pants bears the name Hanky Panky and they are actually made of embroidered white cotton ba-



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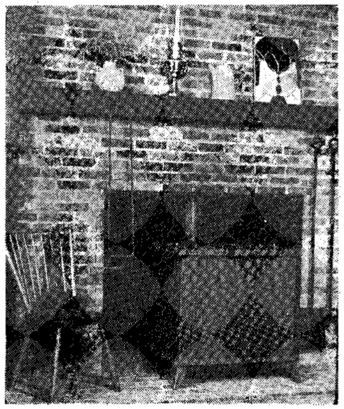

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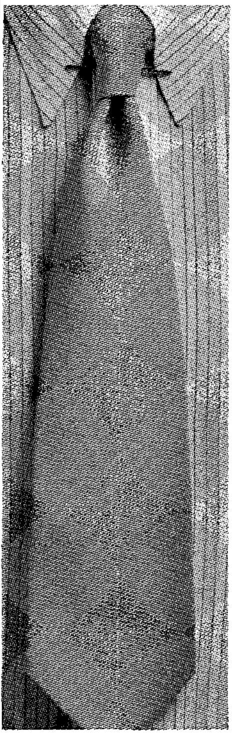

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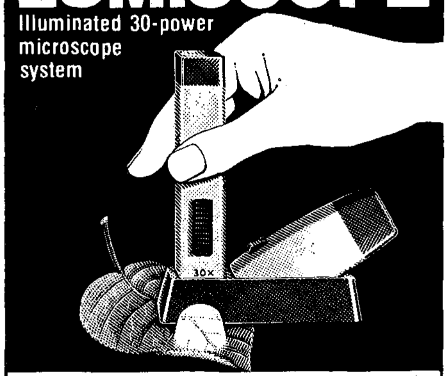

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tiste handkerchiefs. Panties are $12; camisoles $19; and bras $10.

Enigma, 238 East 60th Street, is a pleasant little second-floor shop with a stock of antique clothing that includes some romantically fluttering numbers from the nineteen-twenties. There is also an array of antique lingerie that is very suitable for evening parties today. A pajama set of very pale pink silk has a jacket trimmed with flower-patterned lace, a sleeveless, V-necked chemise, and pants that end in lacy traceries; $125.

Bendel's Beauty Shop is always full of stuffers for a feminine stocking. There are pastel-colored swansdown powder puffs on sterling-silver handles, for $38; a jewelry roll of brown-and-white striped cotton containing a dozen makeup brushes of various sizes, for $22; and a natural-bristle toothbrush whose handle is a wasplike combination of black with yellow racing stripes, for $5. A range of cosmetic purses and toilet kits—variously rolled, folded, or zippered—is made up in a cotton chintz print of pink and green hydrangeas on a rust ground.

Maya Schaper, 1022 Lexington Avenue (73rd), has a number of pottery soap dishes that once stood on the marble-topped washstands of Victorian England. They are handy either for holding soap or for keeping hairpins or earrings tidy, and have an assortment of gentle patterns on their domed lids; from $20 to $35. The soap dish might be filled with any of a choice of fragrant tablets found at Carnegie Hill, 1310 Madison Avenue (93rd). The soaps here are mainly from Truc International, of Switzerland—buttermilk, rose water, apricot kernel, and mountain raspberry are some of the flavors—or from Crabtree & Evelyn, of London, which produces such formulas as Tudor rose, English lavender, and jasmine. A choice of any three tablets, packed in a Christmas-trimmed basket, is $15.

FEMININE, MASCULINE, AND MASCULINE-FEMININE

"Who in the world am I? Ah, that's the great puzzle!"

ANYTHING from the corner that Bergdorf devotes to the luxurious and costly designs of the Italian firm of Krizia could hardly fail to please. The collection includes a delicate blouson of ivory silk with a scalloped collar handworked with cut-out, self-embroidered flowers. Each cuff is scalloped, too, and folds to a narrow wrist with a single silk-covered button; $210. A long silk muffler, like a man's evening scarf, is decked with the same doily work at each end; $160. Lord & Taylor's third floor Salon has Marisa Martin's Edwardian-looking white silk blouses, often with elaborate snowy lacework and white-on-white embroideries; $180. A balloon-sleeved, high-necked blouse is made of a beautifully textured rust-colored silk georgette; $250. And a collection by Jean-Claude de Luca includes long-sleeved blouses ($125 to $250) and flounced ballerina-length skirts ($155) made of a curious and attractive fabric that has a muted gleam, like stained glass, or perhaps like flower-shaped jewels under water. Alice Schweitzer, 739 Madison Avenue (64th), has some pretty, Proustian blouses made of white or black lace with a hand-crocheted look. Long sleeves have a raised puff at the shoulders, and there is a peplum below an elasticized waist; $140. Laura Ashley's printed cotton fabrics, from England, have now arrived at their new shop, at 714 Madison Avenue (63rd). They are delicate and nostalgic in mood, and are often based on Victorian-endpaper sprigs or dainty bird tracks, either in white or pastels or in pastels on white. The fabric is $4 for a yard thirty-six inches wide, or it may be secured already made up into picture frames, cosmetic bags, or sewing boxes. A lace-trimmed white cotton parlormaid's pinafore is $22; a flouncy petticoat of the same is $23; and nightgowns and high-necked dresses of the printed fabrics are $28 to $40, and $46 to $65, respectively.

Bergdorf has beautiful women's shirts made, in much the same way as they are for men, by Charvet, the famous Parisian shirtmakers. They come in the finest sort of pin-striped cottons, for $70; in white cotton with tuxedo pin tucks and a bow of grosgrain under the collar, for $86; or in ivory silk, for $160. There are also curved, triple-pleated evening cummerbunds in either white or vermilion slubbed silk, for $50. A new shop called Sea Island, 1295 Third Avenue (74th), similarly specializes in impeccably tailored masculinity for women as well as men. The women's shirts the shop makes up have cotton stripings and a cut that no Wall Street firm would raise an eyebrow at, but they also have the feminine touches of a grosgrain bow and of narrow crocheted lace trimming collar, cuffs, and front; $55. A handsome pigskin shoulder bag shaped like a shell case is $80. Paul Stuart, at Madison Avenue and 45th Street, one of our favorite men's stores, now has a department for women, too, and it

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offers styles that often vary only minimally from those for men. Well-tailored business suits for women are made of brown or gray wool flannel, with three-button jackets ($245) and fly-zippered skirts ($110). Here are striped dress shirts, of course ($45), and also wool challis bow ties ($8.50); pea-size cufflinks of bright braided silk ($2.50); and men's drawstring cotton pajamas ($35) and robes ($40) in women's sizes. Tender Buttons, 143 East 62nd Street, has a collection of antique collar buttons and shirt studs for the well-haberdashed woman or man. Collar buttons in ivory, sandalwood, brass, pearl, or bone are from $1 to $4. The store will also take any of its copious collection of antique buttons and make them into shirt studs or cufflinks. The Macklowe Gallery, 982 Madison Avenue (77th), has a wide array of stickpins, which make good lapel ornaments. These date mainly from the Victorian and Art Nouveau periods; prices range from $25 to $200. (There are always antique earrings here as well.)

Some of the newest-looking blouses are more like men's shirts or tunics, and their oversized and masculine cut lends fragility to the wearer by contrast. Ménage à Trois, whose very feminine style normally runs to satin-sashed Kate Greenaway delicacy, also has a huge, band-collared masculine-feminine shirt, in a variety of silks, for $95. And Stewart Ross/Stone Free has a tailed, military-shirt-style collarless tunic in either beige silk ($90) or beige cashmere ($140). A second tunic style, this in black silk, is cut as generously but has a pointed collar and hidden buttons on the chest. When these are undone, with an effect like that of opening a camera bellows, a fold of fabric pops out and drops down to form a cowl; $75.

China Seas, 149 East 72nd Street, has some full-length, wraparound silk skirts of the sort that were worn by nineteenth-century Chinese men. They are highly embroidered with chinoiserie motifs of birds, flowers, and butterflies; $80. There are also antique mandarin-style jackets, for the same sum. Umbrellas, in the Far Eastern cotton batiks and hand-screened print fabrics for which this establishment is noted, are $20. Paddle-shaped rice-paper fans covered with bureaucratic ideograms are $8. Cherchez, 864 Lexington Avenue (65th), is always a helpful source of unusual gift ideas, and also has a cache of antique mandarin skirts. A collection of Victorian paisley shawls ranges from $100 to $200; Victorian cotton nightgowns and blouses range

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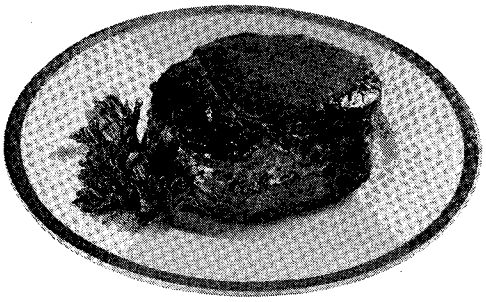
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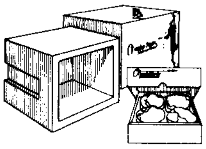
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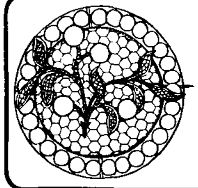
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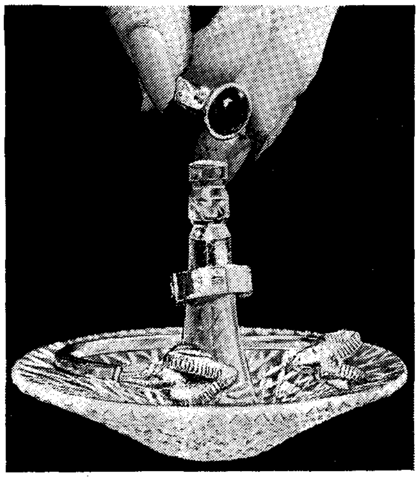

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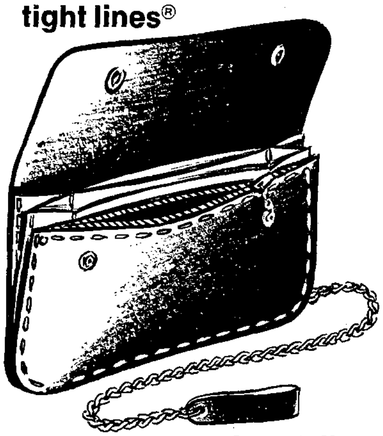

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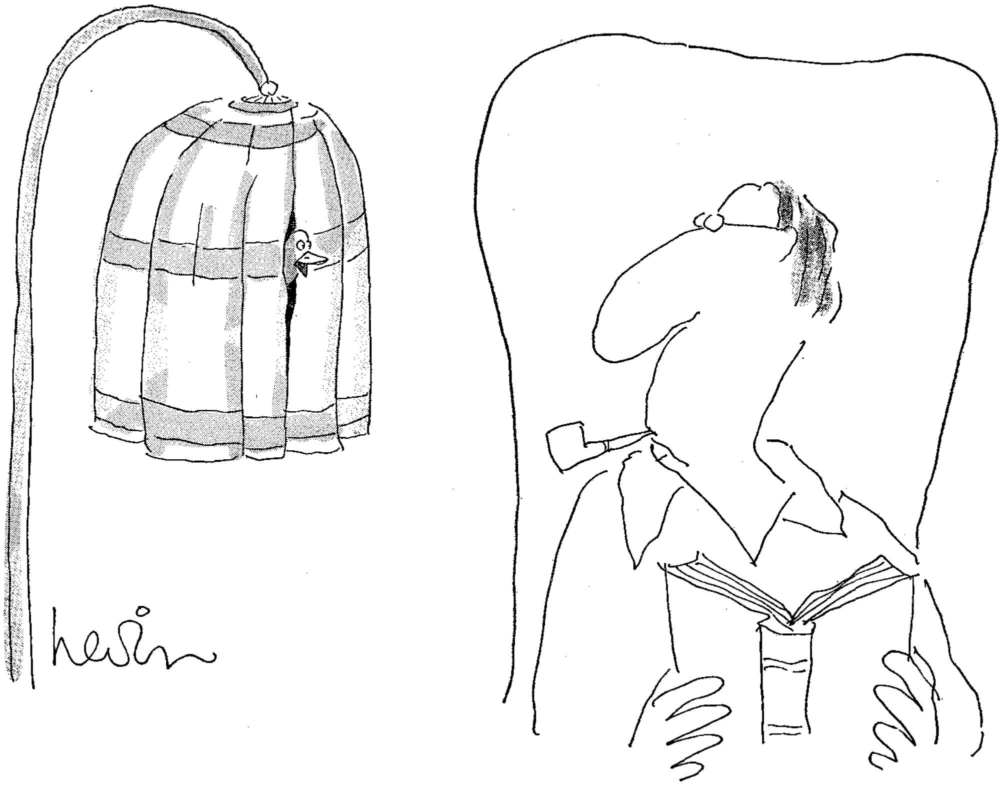
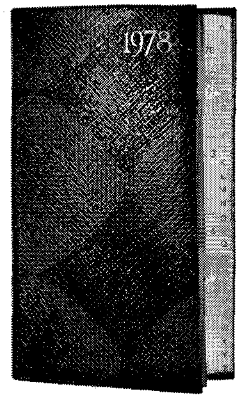
“NEW YORK is a one-party country. Everyone knows about one-party countries. They're the ones who beg wheat from the two-party countries” was a favorite comment by Barry Farber, the Conservative Party candidate, during this year's local mayoral campaign. He also liked to add that the Republican Party, as a “party of collaboration . . . richly deserves the humiliation of being outnumbered five to one by Democrats.” There are about two million registered Democrats in the city and four hundred and twenty-five thousand registered Republicans, and also some fifty-eight thousand Liberals and forty-four thousand Conservatives. Farber, who when he isn't running for mayor is a radio talk-show host, would presumably have been less hard on the Republicans if in the September 8th primary he hadn't lost that party's mayoral nomination to Roy Goodman, a millionaire businessman and state senator from Manhattan. Before the November 8th election, Farber threatened to give the city's Republican leadership even more to be humiliated about as polls indicated that he might come in third in the four-man contest, relegating Goodman to fourth place, but in the end Goodman beat him by a fraction of a percentage point. Two days earlier, Goodman had predicted a Republican victory—“the greatest upset in the city's history.” Another kind of history was made instead. His vote came to only four and three-tenths per cent of the total—ten points lower than the smallest Republican turnout in any mayoral election in this century. Even in combination, Goodman and Farber got only a little over eight per cent of the vote. The remaining ninety-two per cent, not including scattered support for a handful of fringe-party candidates, went to two registered Democrats—the Democratic nominee and next mayor, Manhattan Representative Edward Koch, who polled fifty per cent of the total, and Mario Cuomo, Governor Hugh Carey's secretary of state, who, having lost the September 19th Democratic runoff to Koch, remained in the race as the candidate of the Liberal Party and of the newly organized Neighborhood Preservation Party, and ended up with about forty-one and a half per cent. As the Democratic candidate, Koch had been treated as what the *Times* called “the mayor apparent” ever since the runoff, New York being indeed a one-party country.

The eight local officials (the mayor, the president of the City Council, the comptroller, and the five borough presidents) who will sit on the new Board of Estimate, a body whose role has been described as that of the city's board of directors, will all be registered Democrats, as are those on the current Board. In the case of some of the members, the election outcome was taken so thoroughly for granted that when, early in November, *News* reporter Mark Lieberman telephoned William F. Larkin, the Republican candidate for comptroller, to ask about his campaign against the Democratic incumbent, Harrison Goldin (who won last week with eighty-six per cent of the vote), Larkin congratulated Lieberman as “a great investigative reporter because you were able to find out that I was running.” The Board of Estimate will nevertheless have a new look in many significant ways. The present lineup includes two members in their seventies (Mayor Abraham Beame and President of the City Council Paul O'Dwyer) and only one, Bronx Borough President Robert Abrams, in his thirties. Most members of the Board that will convene for the first time in January will be in their thirties or forties, and the oldest member will be Koch, who will be fifty-three next month. In a city in which the local political arena was for the better part of this century the recognized province of Irish Catholics, not only will there be no representative of Irish heritage on the new Board but there will be only one Catholic—Staten Island Borough President Anthony Gaeta, an Italian-American. Five days before the election, at a joint appearance of the mayoral candidates before a hundred members of the Senate of Catholic Priests of the Archdiocese of New York and the Diocese of Brooklyn, the audience applauded loudest for Cuomo, the only Catholic in the race, but, being practical men, saved most of their questions for Mayor-apparent Koch. Noting that during the primary campaign Koch had promised to appoint a black deputy mayor, to give some representation at the top levels of city government to blacks, who will have no black member on the Board of Estimate for the first time in twenty-four years, Father Timothy Collins, one of the priests who were moderating the discussion, asked in a tone of some intensity whether Koch would name a deputy mayor “sensitive to our concerns.” Koch, who will be the city's second Jewish mayor, said he didn't think that it would be “helpful to have a deputy mayor who would be known as ‘the Catholic deputy mayor,’ ” but promised that *he* would be sensitive to their concerns. Unlike the old Board,



“Peekaboo!”



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the new one will have a woman member, thirty-five-year-old Brooklyn State Senator Carol Bellamy, who was elected last week to the presidency of the City Council—a somewhat Vice-Presidential-like office, whose responsibilities include that of taking over as mayor if there should be a vacancy. Both State Senator Bellamy (who will be the first Wasp to play an important part in city government since John Lindsay) and Koch are unmarried, and thus after January 1st the mayor and the person next in line for mayor will both be flouters of the maxim, long accepted here as elsewhere, that traditional domesticity is a virtual prerequisite for political advancement—a rule that, elsewhere as well, has lately been less closely attended to. By coincidence, traditional domesticity no longer prevails at the top level in Albany, either. Governor Carey is a widower, and Lieutenant Governor Mary Anne Krupsak is separated from her husband. And, of course, another break with the way it was once thought that things were supposed to be is that after January 1st those second in line for the governorship of New York State and for the top political role in its largest city will both be women.

FROM the beginning of the primary campaign through November 8th, the total spent by candidates eager to become the city's hundred-and-fifth mayor was over six million dollars, making this the most expensive of all such elections. Since it is estimated that from one-half to two-thirds of that sum was spent for public-relations advice and for campaign commercials, particularly on television, there was, as there has been in all recent American elections, much decrying of the power exercised by this for-hire medium over the people's political choices. In this race, however, as in pre-electronic days, local newspapers also had a great deal to do with the outcome—with the fact that for the first time in sixty years a New York mayor who had been elected for a standard four-year term was defeated in a bid for reëlection, and with the promotion to first and second places in the finale of the mayoral-selection process of Koch and Cuomo, who back in the early winter of this year had local voter-recognition quotients of six and two, respectively.

Last April, in a precedent-setting page-wide editorial, the *News* declared that Beame, whom it had strongly endorsed in 1973, should leave office at the end of this year, because, in effect, he was not up to the job, was too old, and couldn't unlearn the old ways of the clubhouse—"he does not know how"—and because at this critical point in its history the city needed "a great mayor." A few days later, the *Times* seconded this motion in rather politer language. And, of course, as things have worked out, Beame, having come in third in the Democratic primary, will leave office involuntarily. The day after the *News* ran its editorial calling on Beame to get out of town, as it were, it ran another, equally prominent essay listing five possible candidates for the top job at City Hall whom it regarded with favor. As an indication of the editors' generally low opinion of politicians, four of those they proposed, including Cuomo, whom they listed second, had never been elected to public office. (In New York, the secretary of state is appointed by the governor.) Three of the first four candidates suggested by the *News*—First Deputy Mayor John Zuccotti; Richard Ravitch, a local builder who is active in civic affairs; and investment banker Felix Rohatyn, who helped save the city during the fiscal crisis—declined to get involved in this year's mayoral campaign. Koch, the one professional politician on the list, was mentioned only in a rather offhand final editorial paragraph, in which the *News* noted that it did not mean to write off all those who had already entered the race. Koch, for example, the *News* observed, had many of the qualities it considered valuable for the next mayor of the city. Those readers who were surprised to find the name of Mario Cuomo so high on the *News* list understood everything better a few days later, when he revealed that, at the Governor's urging, he would be running for the Democratic nomination—and when it was learned that shortly before the editorials appeared the Governor had met with some of the editors at the *News* office. At a meeting earlier this year of the Emergency Financial Control Board, the state agency charged with overseeing the city's financial priorities, Jack Bigel, consultant to the municipal-employee unions, waved around a copy of an illustrated *News* editorial to complain of its anti-union bias. "Is that your picture?" asked Carey, who is the Control Board chairman. "It's my picture, but it's your paper," said Bigel, to appreciative laughter. The announcement that the mayoral contest would include Cuomo, who had a reputation as a skillful conciliator, because of his mediating efforts in several critical local housing disputes, including the one at Forest Hills, was greeted with such enthusiasm by many of the city's editors and columnists that Koch called him "the media-hype candidate of the year."

In mid-May, in a poll of registered Democrats conducted by the Roger Seasonwein organization to test the strength of seven announced and unannounced candidates for the Party's nomination, Cuomo came in third, after former Manhattan Representative Bella Abzug and Mayor Beame. He had thirteen per cent of the projected vote, but Mrs. Abzug was then far ahead of all the others, with thirty per cent. Koch, who polled six per cent, was in last place among the seven. After the city's July blackout, however, Koch was among the first politicians to insist that the National Guard should have been called in to deal with the looters, and at about the same time he began emphasizing his strong support for the death penalty—positions that surprised those who had identified him as the standard Greenwich Village liberal but that are increasingly popular in this crime-ridden city.

On July 31st, the *Times*, in an editorial headed "Mr. Cuomo, to End the Tribalism," endorsed Cuomo as the candidate who could heal the deep ethnic, religious, and economic divisions in the city. Three weeks later, the *Post*, which many had expected to endorse Cuomo, instead chose Koch, saying that Cuomo, who opposes the death penalty, had not shown sufficient "toughness" to be mayor of New York. The following week, the *News*, which in the past had called for the return of the death penalty under the heading "Come Back, Little Hot Squat," demonstrated that it was not the Governor's paper after all by also endorsing Koch, although the toughness that seemed to interest the *News* most was his promise of dealing severely with the excesses of the municipal unions.

During the two weeks that remained before the primary, it did no good for Mayor Beame to keep insisting that the only poll that counted was the one on September 8th, or for Mrs. Abzug to claim that her lack of press endorsements was proof that she was the candidate most feared by the entrenched establishment, or for Manhattan Bor-

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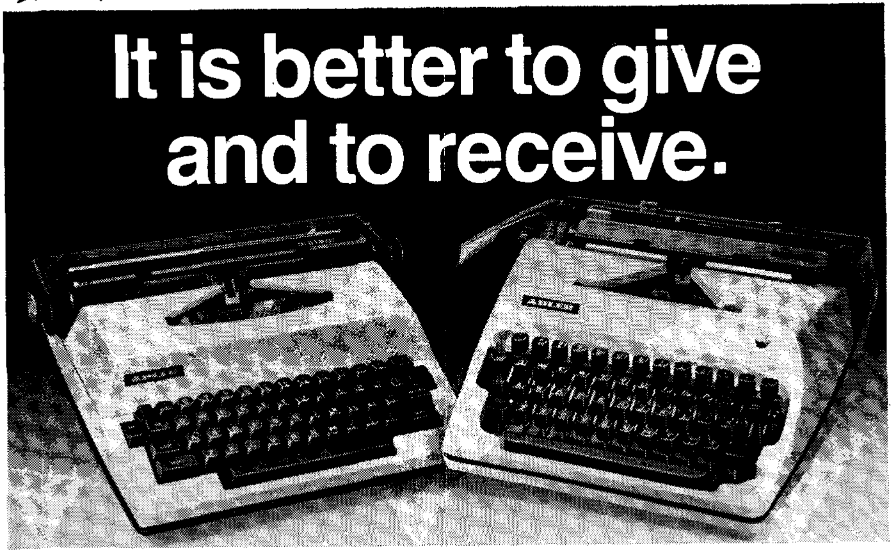

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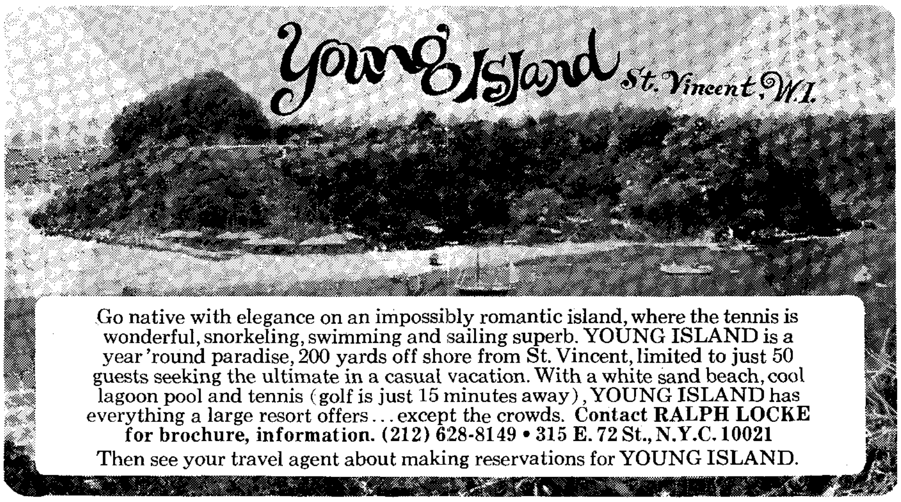

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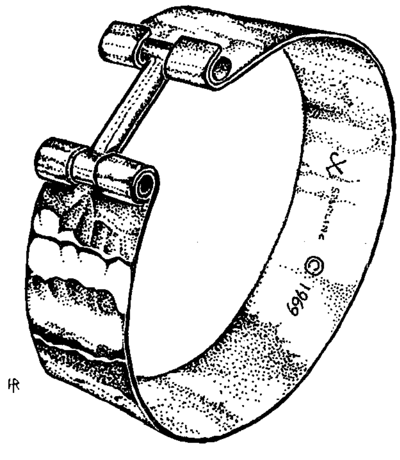

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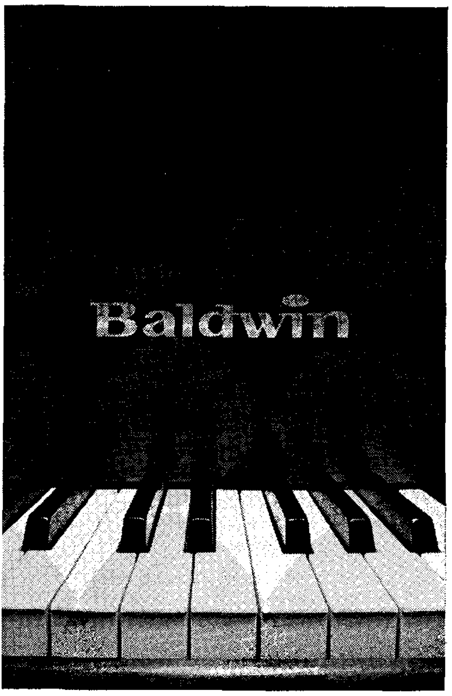
ough President Percy Sutton, who had hoped to be the city's first black mayor, to denounce the city's white newspaper publishers for having conducted what he called a "white-out" of news of his campaign. The top vote-getters in the Democratic primary were the two men who had the formal support of the city's major newspapers, and the winner of the later runoff and of last week's election was the candidate who had the greatest press support.

The editorial hostility toward Mrs. Abzug's candidacy (the word in the *News* for a prospective Abzug term at City Hall was "ruinous") almost certainly changed the fortunes of Carol Bellamy, who on November 8th became the first woman ever elected to citywide office. Although in Miss Bellamy's five years as one of two hundred and ten Albany legislators she has been a highly capable and independent state senator, it seems likely that few local editors could have cited a single one of her legislative achievements, and that her voter-recognition quotient, if it had been tested at the beginning of the campaign, would have been perhaps half of the two per cent won last winter by Mario Cuomo. Her four opponents in the race for the Democratic nomination for City Council president included Paul O'Dwyer, the incumbent, and a veteran of numerous civil-rights battles, who had been a familiar figure on the New York political scene for decades; Queens Assemblyman Leonard Stavisky; and two multimillionaires—Abraham Hirschfeld, a local garage builder, and Manhattan City Councilman Carter Burden. Together, the last two spent nearly a million dollars in the primary race, for which Miss Bellamy was able to scrape together about ninety thousand. What made the difference was an editorial dilemma: the concession, at intervals, on the city's editorial pages that more women should be welcomed at high levels in politics, and the anybody-but-Bella syndrome. In the right place at the right time, fortunately for her, was Miss Bellamy, a calm young woman with a pleasant, non-Bella-like manner, who could be some editor's smart but nice sister (wears glasses but has dimples), as some of them may have thought of it—an impression that may also have worked to her advantage with the voters, once the press called her superior qualities to their attention. She was endorsed over her four competitors in the primary by all three daily newspapers and by most local weeklies of any significance, including the *Village Voice* and the *Amsterdam News.* Asked



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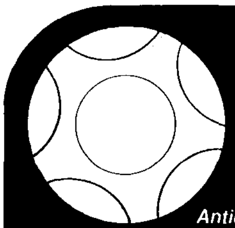
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about this unanimity on the part of the newspapers, O'Dwyer said that the press represented "the kind of predatory interest which we fought on the Vietnam war." In the primary, Miss Bellamy came in only five points behind O'Dwyer, putting her in the runoff, which she then took with fifty-nine per cent of the vote. On November 8th, her share of the vote was eighty-three per cent.

Here, as in other places, a city editor's judgment as to the relative newsworthiness of a candidate his paper has endorsed can occasionally be suspect. For the most part, however, the version of events, political and nonpolitical, which is offered to New York newspaper readers is far more balanced than what is available in cities that, whether or not they are one-party countries, are something that can be worse: one-paper countries. There were times during the recent campaign when the *News* seemed to be making a visible effort not to overplay the latest good word about its official favorite, Koch, to make up for the fact that two of its most outspoken columnists, Pete Hamill and Jimmy Breslin, were so outspoken for their favorite, Cuomo. The coverage of the campaign in the general news columns of the *Post* was, however, called into question this year—the questions being raised by the paper's own staff. Rupert Murdoch, the Australian publisher who bought the *Post* last December, was so deeply involved in the Koch campaign that when the Koch forces tried to persuade Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi, a former policeman who was considered a helpful influence on strong law-and-order voters, to endorse their candidate, the meeting of the principals was held in Murdoch's office. (Biaggi decided to endorse Cuomo, his fellow Italian-American, but switched to Koch for the general election.) The alleged reflection of Murdoch's pro-Koch bias in the *Post* news columns caused fifty out of about seventy members of the *Post's* reporting and rewrite staff to sign a letter of protest expressing their "disquiet over slanted news coverage" of the campaign and quoting Thomas Jefferson on the importance of maintaining the independence of the fourth estate. Noting that they were not disputing the publisher's right to take whatever position he pleased on the editorial page, the letter stressed the obligation to be evenhanded in the assignment of regular news articles and their placement in the paper. Among the examples of "slanted" news that the letter complained of was a front-page editorial

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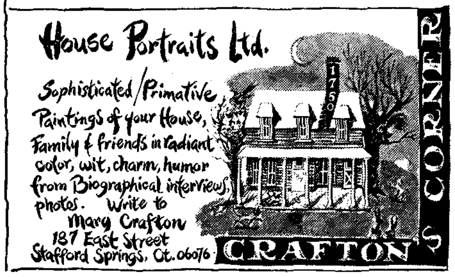

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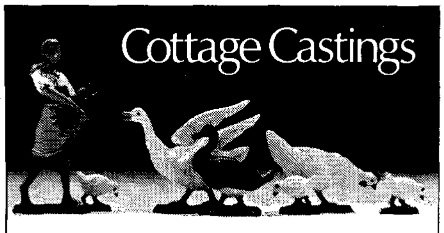

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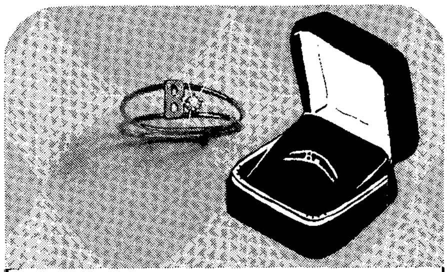

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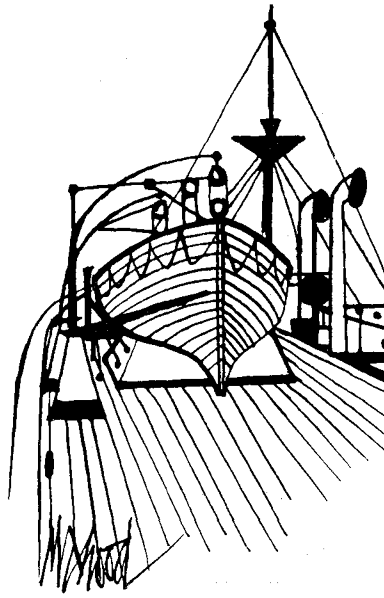
headed "Vote Today: Vote for Koch" which appeared in an early edition of the *Post* on the day of the Democratic runoff; it was labelled an editorial only in later editions, after members of the staff objected. A double-page spread published in the *Post* three days before the runoff between Miss Bellamy and O'Dwyer was also cited; it had consisted of pictures from Miss Bellamy's family photograph album, including snapshots of her at the age of ten months, going to see Santa Claus at the age of six, and on her way to church at the age of nine. Murdoch's response was to insist that there had been no bias in the reports of the campaign, but the *Post's* coverage in the final weeks did seem to be somewhat more even-handed.

In another instance of the influence of the press on the mayoral campaign, many believe that it was a published interview with Cuomo by Frank Lombardi, the chief of the *News'* City Hall bureau, that may have cost Cuomo the election—although Cuomo himself has seemed more inclined to put the blame for his loss on the burden of being thought of as a Carey "puppet" because it was the Governor who persuaded him to make the run. In the interview, which appeared four days after the primary, Cuomo was asked whether he thought that supporters of the three Jewish candidates who had finished out of the running in the Democratic primary would now throw their votes to Koch. Cuomo's answer was that he thought this would be "bad for the Jews, because everything that goes wrong with the city, they'll say, 'Yeah, there's that Jewish mayor.' " The remark was not only politically indiscreet but probably untrue. Here in the city, at least, the blame for everything that has gone wrong with New York under the Beame administration has not been placed on the fact that Beame is Jewish. Cuomo later insisted that what he had meant was that it would be a mistake for members of any ethnic group to vote for a candidate in a bloc "because of his or her religion or ethnicity," but the damage was severe. Not only did a number of individual Jewish leaders attack him as anti-Semitic but the American Jewish Congress (with whose leaders Cuomo had worked on the solution of the Forest Hills controversy, and from which he had thought he would get substantial support) sent out a letter denouncing him for his views, which was then read at synagogues on Rosh Hashanah. Jewish voters, who go to the polls in far greater numbers than most of the city's other ethnic groups do, gave more than three-fourths of their support to Koch in both the runoff and the general election.

It was another local press article—one by John Corry, appearing nine days before the election, in the *Times Magazine*—that first published the suggestion that the constant presence of Bess Myerson, the former Miss America and popular television personality, at Koch's side during the campaign was designed "to dispel rumors that he is a homosexual." The walls of Koch's headquarters had been plastered from floor to ceiling with giant pictures of him with the handsome Miss Myerson, and it seemed that photographers rarely had a chance to photograph him without her: for example, as they campaigned hand in hand among the bathers at a Canarsie beach club (in a picture published on the front page of the *Post* two days before the primary); as they kissed on the night of the runoff; or as they marched together in the Columbus Day parade with other candidates, Miss Myerson being the only non-candidate in the company. Any time Koch made a solo campaign stop, someone in the crowd was almost sure to shout, "Where's Bess?" "We're separated—but only temporarily" was a favorite Koch response. (Cuomo's friend Breslin complained that throughout the campaign he had the impression that Koch and Miss Myerson were joined at the hip.) Mention of the rumor in the *Times* led to other questions about the matter, on television and in the press. Koch's response to all of them was that since he was a bachelor, some opponent was bound to bring the subject up, that the rumors were "scurrilous" and "false innuendo," and that he was not a homosexual but that if he



were he would not be ashamed of it, because "God makes you what you are." There were countering rumors that Cuomo had encouraged such speculation—if not directly, then by his frequent commercials with his wife, Matilda, and their five children, and by his apparent enthusiasm, in the latter part of the campaign, for debating the local Gay Rights Bill, which would protect citizens against discrimination in housing and employment because of their "sexual orientation," and which, despite New York's reputation as a city where anything goes, has been defeated six times by the City Council. (Corry pointed out that although Koch strongly supports the bill, this fact is not mentioned in any of his campaign literature.) There have been places and times in which the public airing of such an issue during the final days of a campaign could have been disastrous for a political candidate, but New York in 1977 was not among them. Koch had been maintaining a steady twenty-point lead over Cuomo in the post-runoff polls. A Seasonwein study completed the day before the *Times* article appeared had buoyed hopes in the Cuomo camp when it showed the gap narrowing, giving Koch a projected forty-four per cent to Cuomo's twenty-nine per cent. But in a poll taken on the second and third days after the rumor was publicly aired Koch's total was fifty per cent to only twenty-six per cent for Cuomo. This development might suggest that the local homosexual vote was more of a political force to be reckoned with than had previously been believed, but it was more widely interpreted as reflecting a backlash of sympathy for Koch as a public figure suddenly forced to cope with scurrilous charges and false innuendo. Whether a delayed impact of the innuendo had anything to do with the fact that in the final vote Koch won over Cuomo by less than nine points will no doubt receive scholarly attention in the weeks to come. Three days before the election, Cuomo held a press conference to answer attacks by gay-rights organizations that had accused him of fostering the rumors about Koch and had demanded that he cancel his commercials showing him with his wife and children, on the ground that he was using them—and surely this was a new charge in local political life—"as a means of pointing to his heterosexuality." Cuomo's response was to announce that he was cancelling all his commercials *except* the ones with his family. Not only had the great conciliator's presence in the race for mayor not put an end to trib-

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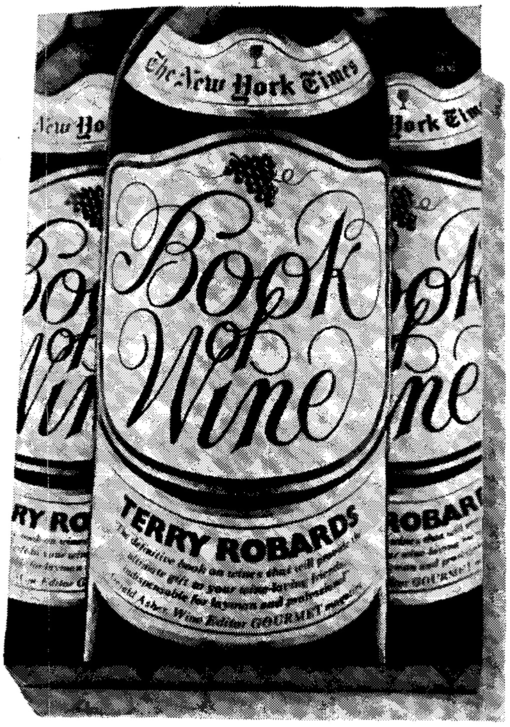

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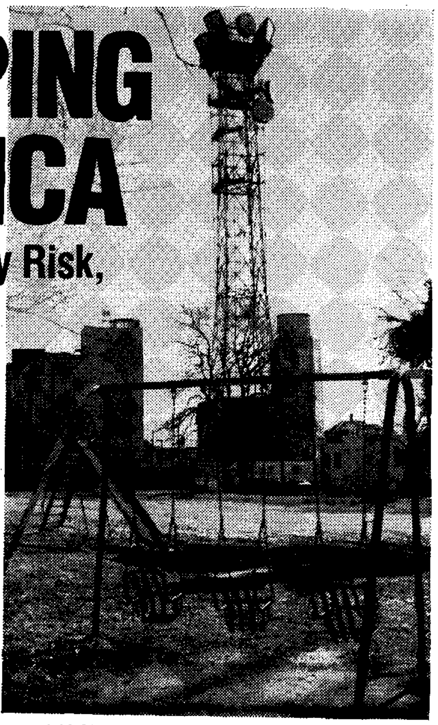

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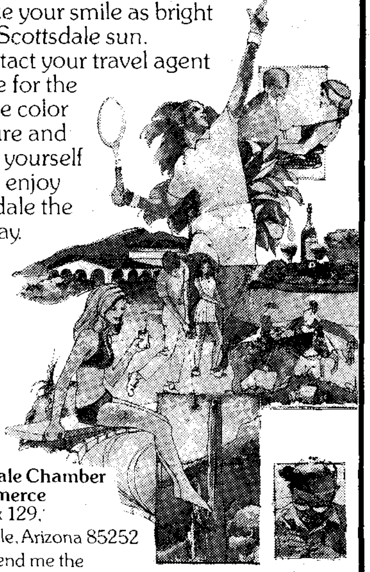

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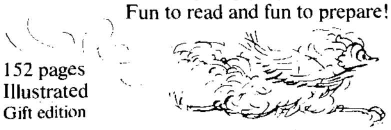

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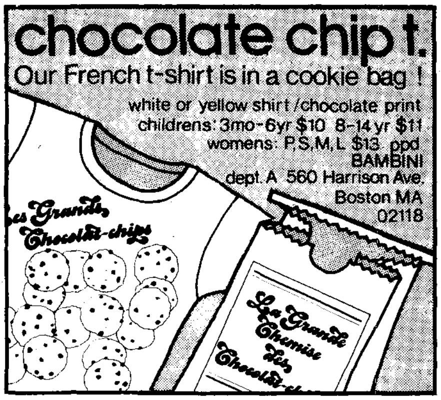
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alism but new tribal wars seemed to be breaking out all over town.

MEANWHILE, at the end of the long trail, all of the nine mayoral candidates are, or soon will be, finally free to go on to new lives or to resume their old ones. Farber is now back in his talk-show world, and Joel Harnett, who came in last in the Democratic primary, is again attending to his publishing business. Percy Sutton has announced that after January 1st he will be practicing international law with a special concentration on African clients, although, in his anger at being treated during the campaign as what he called "the invisible man," he has also talked of founding an all-black political party. It has been reported that Governor Carey offered him a seat on the Control Board, where he would have been the first black member, but that he turned it down. State Senator Goodman will be free to go back to Albany, where the Republican leadership is in disarray over the implications of its party's pathetic November 8th showing in the city—the home of about forty per cent of the state's voters—with a gubernatorial election coming up next year. On the other hand, the Republicans control the State Senate and account for about two-fifths of the membership of the State Assembly, and are thus in a position to give the incumbent Democratic Governor a hard time as he moves into his reëlection campaign. Bronx Representative Herman Badillo, who came in sixth in the Democratic primary, can now turn his full attention back to the House of Representatives, where the operations of the New York delegation, of which Koch is also a member, have been somewhat hampered by the preoccupation of some of its important members with the city's mayoral election. Indeed, there has been considerable irony in the candidates' stern attacks during the campaign on the city employees' lack of productivity and failure to give a day's work for a day's pay, since the attacks were often delivered by people who were spending sixteen hours a day trying to get elected to offices other than those for which they were on the public payroll.

Mayor Beame will soon be moving to a coöperative apartment on East Seventy-ninth Street, only a few blocks from Gracie Mansion. Koch has said that he foresees "an elder-statesman role" for the former mayor in the new administration. Mrs. Abzug, having gone through two successive punishing summers of stalking the hot city streets and slogging through the sands

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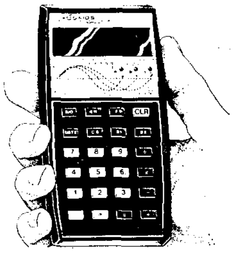

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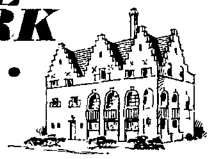

at Coney Island and Brighton Beach in what turned out to be an unsuccessful search for enough votes (it was in September, 1976, that she lost the Democratic nomination for United States Senator to Daniel Patrick Moynihan), is now said to be considering running for Koch's old seat in the House—that is, like some of the others, going back to where she came from politically. At least there will be no need to hit the beaches this time, since the election will probably be held in February.

Presumably, Cuomo will return full time to his duties as Carey's secretary of state, although, in another example of the activist role played by the press in New York politics this year, observers who speculate about Cuomo's plans have been citing an October 28th article by Pete Hamill in the *News*, in which Cuomo was quoted as saying of Carey (who after the runoff switched his support to Koch, as the official Democratic candidate), "I like him, but I don't really respect him." This raised the question of whether Cuomo, who had offered himself as *the* principled candidate during the campaign, could now go back to working as the trusted lieutenant of a man he did not really respect. As for the winner, Koch, the city's next mayor, will, of course, be confronting new and different challenges from those that face a Greenwich Village member of Congress—among them figuring out how to cope with a budget deficit that could be as high as half a billion dollars for the coming fiscal year, dealing with the wage demands of the municipal unions, nearly all of whose contracts will soon come up for renewal, and, without doubt, begging wheat in Albany and Washington.

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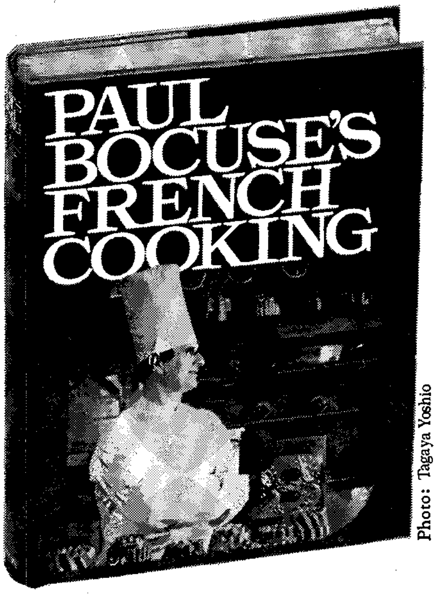

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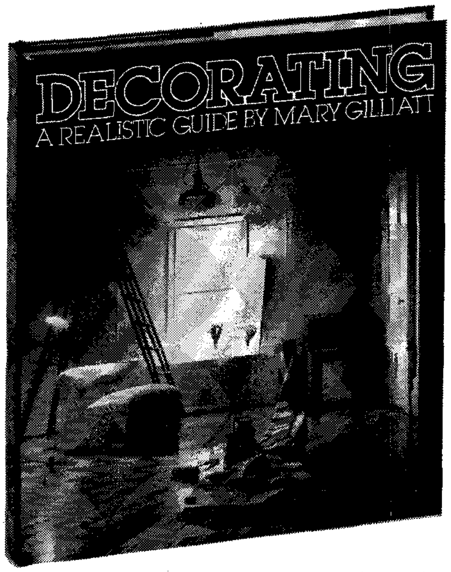

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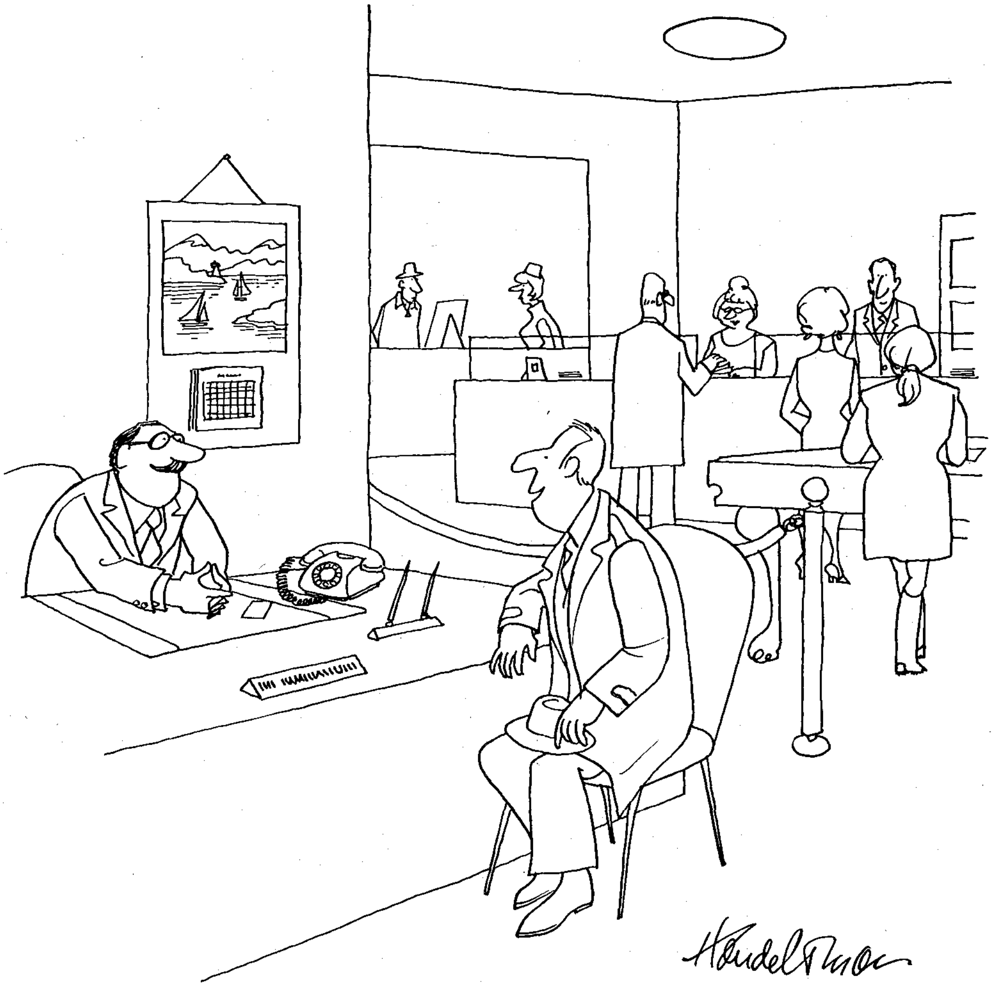
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Shouldn't "Old Acquaintance" Be Forgot?

IN 1943, when John van Druten's comedy-drama "Old Acquaintance" was transferred to the screen, Bette Davis played the distinguished unmarried writer living in New York who arrived in her old college town and was carried through the streets by the enthusiastic students, right to the door of her bosom buddy from girlhood days—Miriam Hopkins—who had married and was now pregnant but had never got over her catty envy of the adulation her chum received, and was busy scribbling a novel. Eventually, Davis helped Hopkins' daughter, Deedee, at a critical time in the girl's life, and the picture reached its climax when Davis slapped Hopkins and, grabbing her by the shoulders, shook the crazy, jealous suspiciousness out of her; after a lifetime of rivalry, the two women drank a toast to their friendship. For many years, a fair number of people have been longing for more of those Bette Davis-Miriam Hopkins movies, and now there is a new one, "The Turning Point," with Anne Bancroft as Emma, the celebrated, lonely, aging ballerina with "American Ballet Company" (modelled on American Ballet Theatre), which arrives for an engagement in Oklahoma City, where her old friend and rival, Deedee—Shirley MacLaine—lives. Deedee quit her own dancing career, married, had three children—and never stopped thinking about what she had lost out on. Emilia (Leslie Browne), the oldest of her children and a promising teen-age dancer, is Emma's godchild, and when Emma begins to mother the girl—to guide her and coach her—Deedee gets riled up. The two women have a big slapfest, whamming each other until they both get the rage out of their systems, start laughing, and wind up hugging. At the end, their arms are around each other's shoulders—friends forever.

Will anybody long for more Anne Bancroft-Shirley MacLaine movies? It's doubtful. The screenplay, by Arthur Laurents, centers on the turning point in Emma's and Deedee's lives, when they made the choices—dancing for Emma, marriage for Deedee—that settled their destinies. As a device, the turning point (like that synthetic summer when adolescent heroes grow into men) is so mechanical it's an exposed construction; Laurents's girders are showing. The two women's scenes are designed to reveal what each of them gave up and what each gained—it's one little lesson after another. "Old Acquaintance" was hair-pulling high camp: it had the verve of bitchery to keep one somewhat amused. Laurents, though, writes sodden, expository dialogue in which people are forever revealing truths to each other and then explaining those truths—"The Turning Point" comes with its own footnotes. Anne Bancroft overdoes her sacrificial-artist laceration. Trying for glamour and bravura, she holds her haggard head up gallantly, with her neck drawn so taut that it pulls her mouth down. She has a gnarled, ascetic look, and the worst case of nobility in the eyebrows since Greer Garson. Garbo's suicidally exhausted ballerina in "Grand Hotel" was a ball of fluff compared with Bancroft; suffering, not dance, seems to be Bancroft's art. Shirley MacLaine plays in a snappier spirit; she gives a shrewd performance, with her own version of Miriam Hopkins' narrow-eyed avidity—the sly greediness for attention which is so transparent it's comic. And she looks great: in fighting trim. But since the movie has been placed inside a backstage ballet atmosphere, with subsidiary roles played by a dozen or more famous dancers, and with the possibility of seeing them dance, Emma and Deedee would have to be larger personalities to hold our attention. We get a glimpse of something great in this movie, and Emma and Deedee—two harpies out of the soaps—block the view.

Earlier backstage ballet films had their mad-genius Diaghilev figures, such as the ruthlessly dedicated impresario played by Anton Walbrook in "The Red Shoes"—he smoldered, trailing noxious fumes of culture. (The foreign country they all came from was really hell.) But the whole effort here is to domesticate ballet—to remove the taint of European decadence. The ballet company was founded by the tactless, blundering Adelaide (Martha Scott—you can't get any more all-American than that), and her obsession is raising money. Most of the characters are so heartland ordinary—they're shaped to be so much like the filmmakers' idea of you and me—that they disinfect



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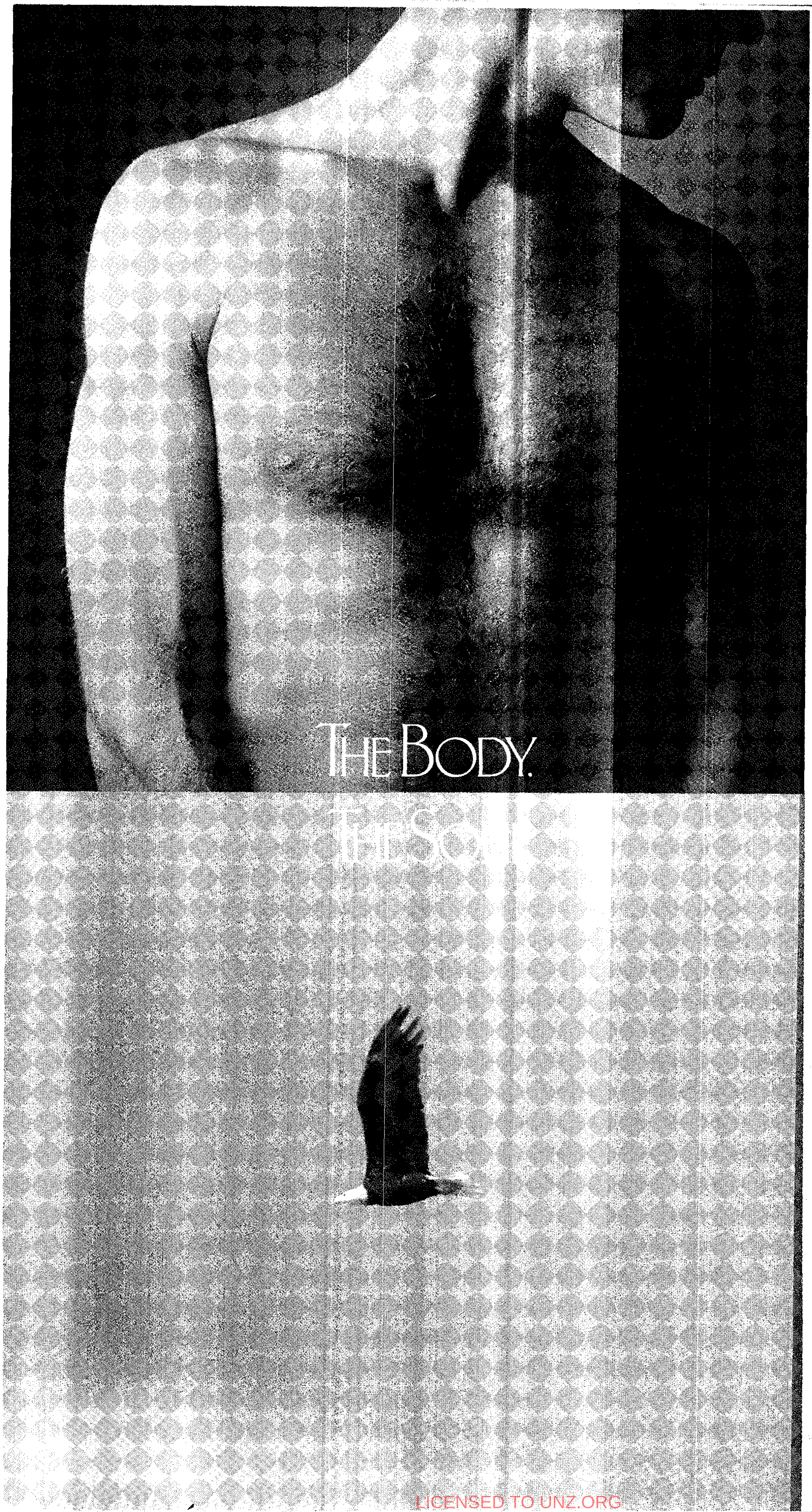
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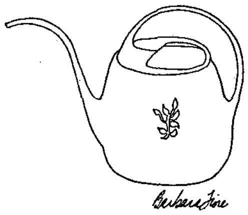
one's imagination. As soon as the dancing starts, dancers who stop our breathing become the stars of the movie: Mikhail Baryshnikov and, in a brief glimpse, Suzanne Farrell, who flies onstage—a dream on legs—during the company's annual fund-raising gala. The movie is Baryshnikov's. He plays Yuri, the Russian dancer whom the budding ballerina Emilia falls in love with, and his acting is lightly understated. Baryshnikov is so amazingly unaffected as a dancer that it is not surprising that he should also be matter-of-fact in his line readings. There are no wasted gestures, not a whisper of excess. His performance is exceedingly likable, and it gives us a chance for a semi-private look at a whirlwind in repose. He doesn't have the classically proportioned body or the stylized face of most male dance stars; his muscles are gently rounded, and his head is massive. When he's merely acting and his body is still, his huge blue-gray eyes could be gazing at another planet. He's like one of the cherubim grown up—a little puzzled about where he is but accepting it. The film never sets up the greatness of Baryshnikov: there's no fanfare. This blond-haired Russian with thick hands is simply there among the men in the company that Emma belongs to and that Emilia joins; except for the paleness of his face and those unearthly eyes, he could be a robust peasant. And with no visible preparation he's leaping into space—he's just up there, and *turning*. When he finishes his "Corsaire" solo, you want the director, Herbert Ross, to stop all the nonsense—the cheesy pairing, balancing, and squabbling—and just repeat the piece of film. It's like seeing a meteor streak by. There's a trace of regret mixed with your surprise and exhilaration—you haven't been able to take it all in.



The story element that will probably make "The Turning Point" a box-office hit is the romance between Yuri and Emilia. Leslie Browne is a new version of every big-dark-eyed sensitive-sprite ballerina; she has the traditional ballet baby face—a lemming in a tutu. The movie gives her showcase treatment: she is lighted to be the *jeune fille*, like Audrey Hepburn in "Roman Holiday," tremblingly learning the meaning of love. Emilia is dancing with another partner when her eyes meet Yuri's; they dance together—a love-awakening from MacMillan's "Romeo and Juliet" (which serves the same purpose as the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy duets)—and then they are in a bedroom together. It's tasteful, pretty, sweetly romantic, and utterly lacking in ingenuity—in the wit of romance. This stuffed, airless lyricism is just a facsimile of romantic fantasy, an appeal to teen-age swooniness.

The dancing is photographed with respect for the dancers' whole bodies, and against clear, bright backgrounds. The big screen gives it a boldness and immediacy greater, in some ways, than it might have on the stage. When Baryshnikov is in motion, Ross and the cinematographer, Robert Surtees, certainly know they've captured pure joy up there on the screen. But the script—and Ross, who initiated the project, must be a partial collaborator—exploits Baryshnikov's boyish, mysteriously simple heterosexual appeal to prop up the gratuitous thesis that though the men in ballet *used* to be sexually ambiguous the ballet world is now as wholesome as football and Mom's apple pie. The film's approach to ballet is like a recruiting poster: join up for clean living. In the last few years, the grace and idealism incarnated in ballet, and maybe, too, its freedom from "issues," have made it almost as popular an escape from the national mess as sports. Ballet is already a mainstream art form. Would movie audiences care whether the male dancers were actually homosexual, as long as they moved with precision and refinement, and could soar when necessary? Maybe some still would; maybe there is a sound commercial instinct behind this picture's attempt to ingratiate itself by showing ballet as "normal." But it bends over backward, like gays getting short haircuts and wearing crewneck sweaters—their straight drag. (It would be more honorable to take a chance on the audience.)

The only acting with any depth is by Tom Skerritt, as Deedee's husband, Wayne, who used to be a dancer, too, and now runs a dance school with her in Oklahoma City. Skerritt (he was the Southerner who bunked with Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland in "M*A*S*H") has an easiness as an actor that translates to the screen as relaxed, unthreatened masculinity. Wayne is so emotionally alert to what's going on in his family that you're conscious of his awareness even when he's off camera. His simple gratefulness for what he's got makes you understand how good Deedee's life really is—and how her envy of Emma has kept her

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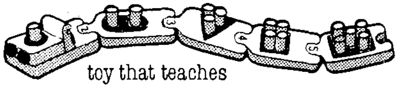

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from fully committing herself to him. Everything about Wayne is convincing except the scene in which he, too, must reveal his turning point—his unsureness early in life about whether he was homosexual or heterosexual, which was resolved when Deedee and he got together. Who would dream of accusing Wayne of being anything other than what he seems? There's not a suggestion of any repressed area in him—nor, one suspects, is there meant to be. The homosexual issue is raised so it can be dismissed as a bugaboo.

The script is practically a tree of life, with dozens of characters reaching their turning points and branching off. Wayne and Deedee's youngest child, a boy torn between baseball and ballet, has his junior edition of the decisive moment. (He picks dance.) Emma's and Deedee's former suitors are part of this tree, and there are also ballerinas of several generations so we can see where Emilia will be in a few years, and where Emma will end up. And in order to dramatize the price of fame (versus Deedee's cozy family future) the film makes stupid pathos of Emma's aging—as if the possibilities open to retired dancers (teaching, coaching, choreography, management) were rackingly degrading. As the horrible example of what's ahead for the lonely Emma, there is Alexandra Danilova in the role of the ancient coach Dahkarova, but Danilova looks as vital and engaged as when she danced with the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo in the late thirties. She's living evidence that what she gave to me and hundreds of thousands of others when she was at her height as a dancer she's still giving out, in a different form. (She shows more strength and vivacity than the young heroine's dancing does.)

Herbert Ross was himself a dancer and then a ballet choreographer, before becoming a Broadway director; after directing the musical sequences in the film "Funny Girl," he became a movie director. "The Turning Point," his ninth picture, is also a bow to his wife (since 1959)—the celebrated ballerina Nora Kaye, who achieved fame for her dramatic eloquence in the ballet "Pillar of Fire" in 1942, quit dancing when she was forty-one, and devoted herself to her marriage. In a sense, Nora Kaye, who served as executive producer of this film (and works with Ross on his other movies, too), has been both Emma and Deedee, in succession. She was a charter member of Ballet Theatre (now American Ballet Theatre), and Leslie Browne, the daughter of

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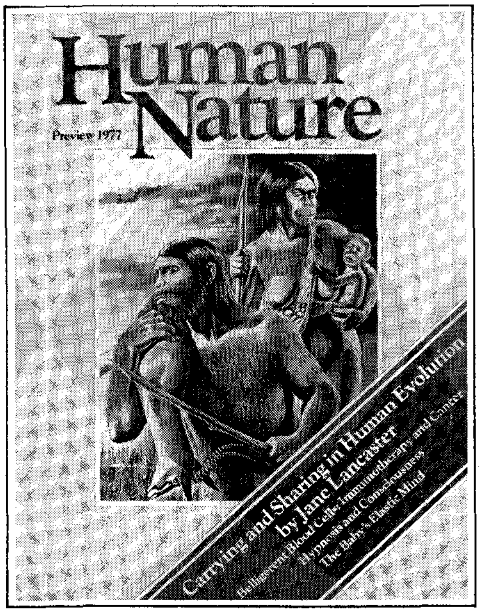
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two dancers, is, in fact, Nora Kaye's godchild. Ross is not a particularly resourceful director, but his unassertive approach saves "The Turning Point"—keeps it painless; if the picture had been directed with a rigidity to match that of the script, with its gothic fix on ballet geriatrics, it would be a clanger. Ross, though, doesn't give one the excitement that a confident director can. The film has no visual sweep; the camera doesn't track with the music, it has no lift. There are too many grays and dusty pinks and faded salmon tones; the picture looks like those men who always wear dark ties with gray suits because they're afraid of going wrong. Before a scene is over—sometimes even in the middle of a *word*—there's a cut to another scene. At times you feel that Ross keeps shifting the scenes so you won't notice them; he half erases them. After a bit of dance, he cuts to reaction shots—to Bancroft's face, or MacLaine's—for safety. Even in the way it's made, this movie is like TV—it's the Partridge Family in Ballet Land. On this project, which he's deeply committed to, Ross is so concerned not to betray or vulgarize backstage ballet life that he hides around corners from it. People seem to rattle about in the frame, and one could get the impression that the *sets* were dubbed: they have a hollow ring, as if the furnishings of a suburban home were jammed into a section of an airplane hangar.

When we go to see a ballet picture starring Bancroft and MacLaine, we don't expect a unified dance conception like "The Red Shoes," but we do assume that the script will provide opportunities for dance which are integral to the story. Yet except for the love duet the dancing—such as that at the big gala, where we get a chance to watch snippets of dances with Peter Martins, Antoinette Sibley, Marcia Haydée, Richard Cragun, Lucette Aldous, Fernando Bujones, and others—has no dramatic function. Ross seems caught somewhere between the script's philistinism and his own love of dance. In the name of modern realism, Ross and Laurents have taken the personality and temperament out of the ballet world along with any whiffs of exotic, fetid culture. The moviemakers appear to confuse realism with banality (and heterosexuality). Ross's biggest weakness is that he doesn't trust the camera enough. If he did, it would take him right to Baryshnikov, whose attentiveness to his partners and whose contradictory image—an extrovert with spiritual eyes—overpower the script's musty calculations about career decisions. One leap and he knocks this house of cards down. Ballet is romance formalized; the script uses it just as romance. The lyricism of Emilia's affair with Yuri and the mythic speed with which she becomes a star suggest the way that some fourteen-year-olds fantasize ballet—as if it were a means of arresting development between prepuberty and puberty. That's the place where Peter Pan lived.

—PAULINE KAEL

• •

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And is first cousin to a suffering I used to think
Belonged to the Midwest alone, where I grew up,
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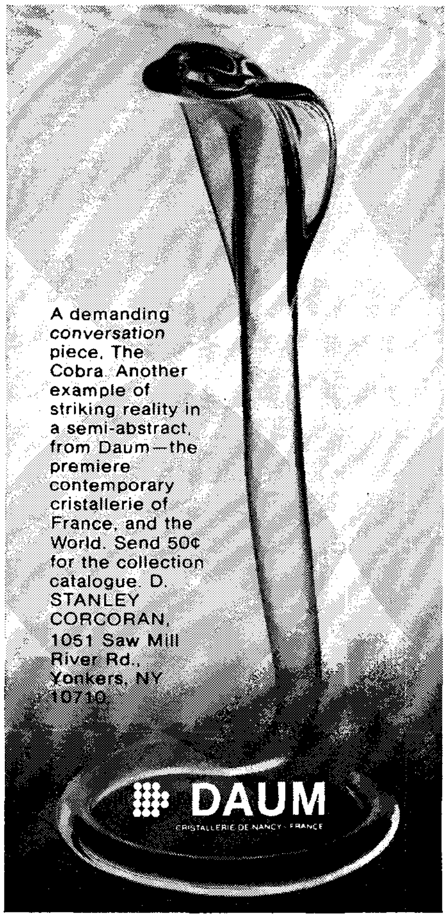
A person, almost always, will starve before abandon
The land and circumstances of his birth. But more,
I saw that in Florence, too, a woman in a dusty dress
Will sometimes lean against a door she's leaned against
A thousand times, watching her child chase bawking chickens,
And with her darkened teeth will smile
The selfsame smile that I have seen and wondered at
Among the plywood shacks of Kankakee or Peotone.

—NORMAN WILLIAMS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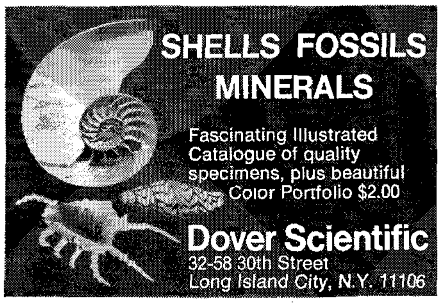
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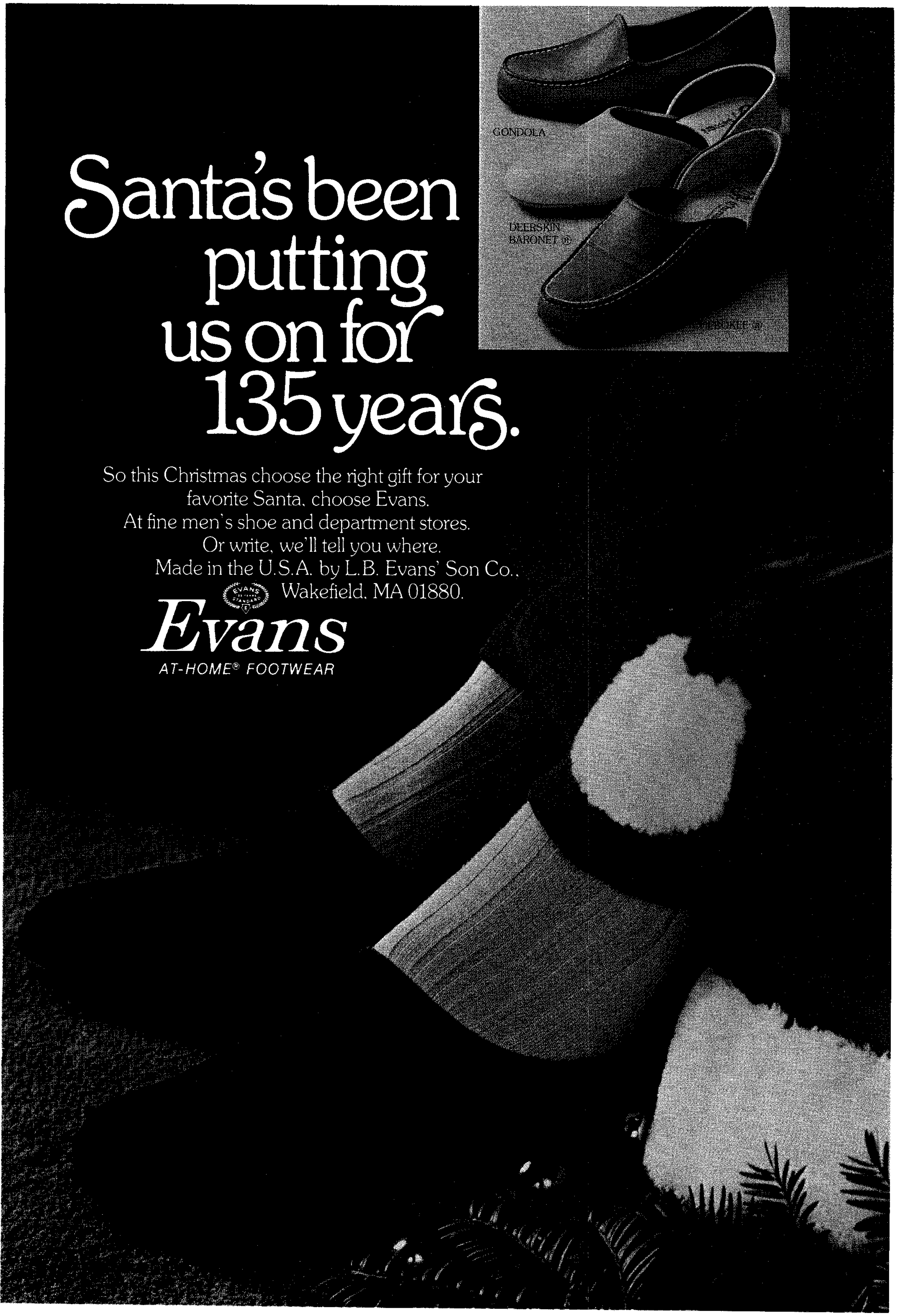
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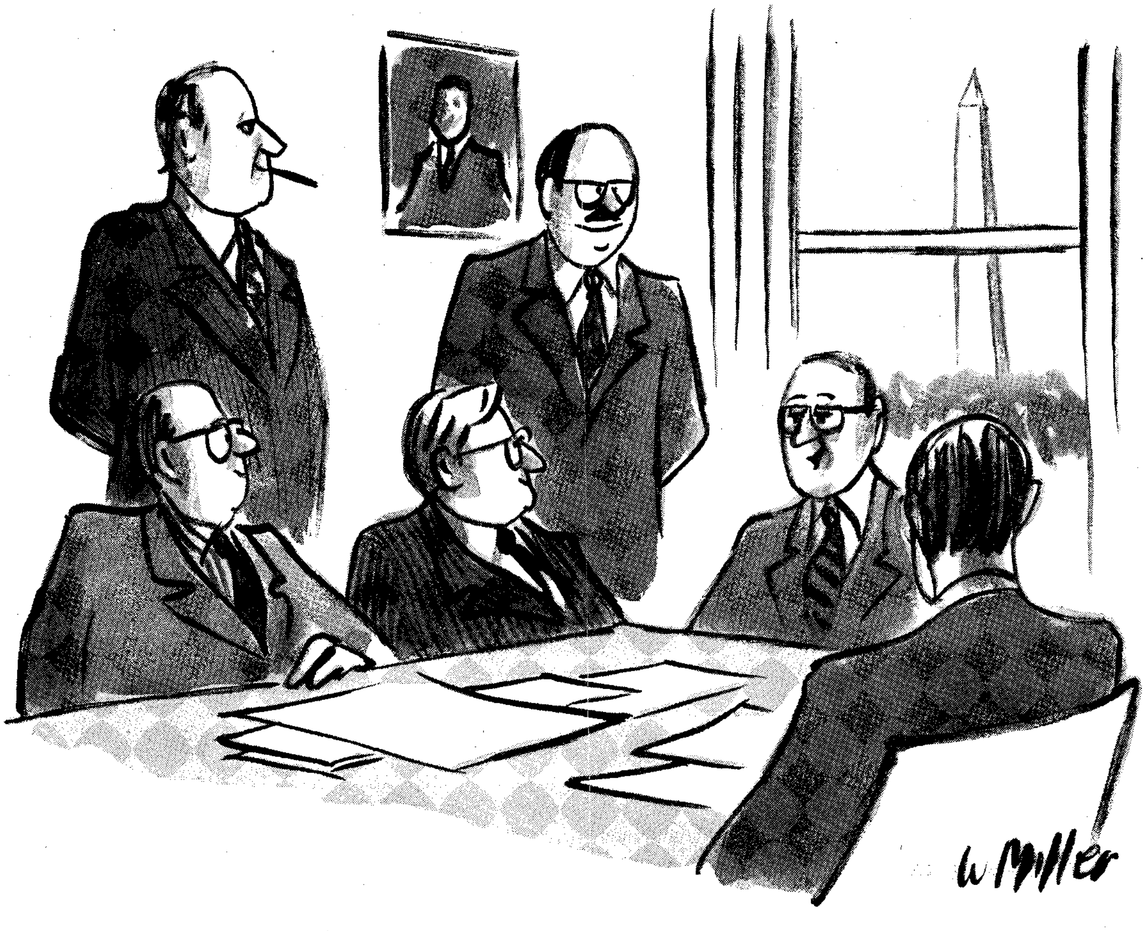

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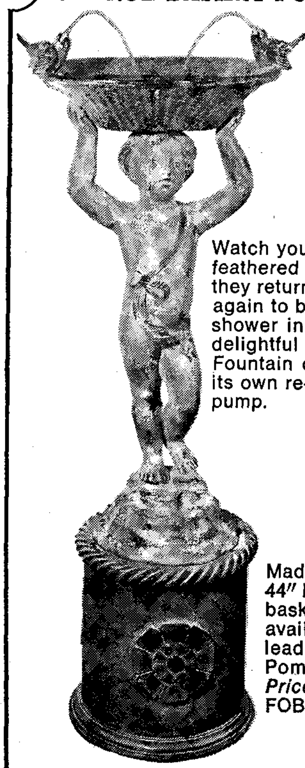

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James A. H. Murray, son of a tailor in the small town of Denholm, near Hawick, in Teviotdale, did not get the job. But this did not, for even an instant, diminish his conviction that the intimate knowledge of almost anything a man will turn his soul and spirit to is "only a matter of a little application." From this conviction came the greatest intellectual monument of the Victorian age, and the achievement that, more even than the Authorized Version or Shakespeare, incarnates the genius of the English tongue: the Oxford English Dictionary, under James Murray's editorship. The story of its preparation is one of the sovereign adventures of the life of the mind. It is told, beautifully, by K. M. Elisabeth Murray, Murray's granddaughter, in "Caught in the Web of Words" (Yale).

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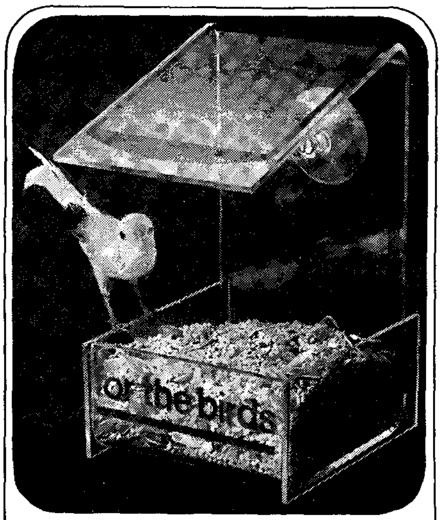

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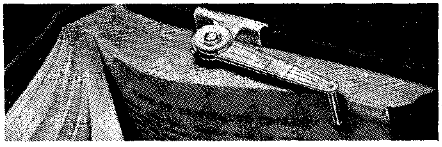

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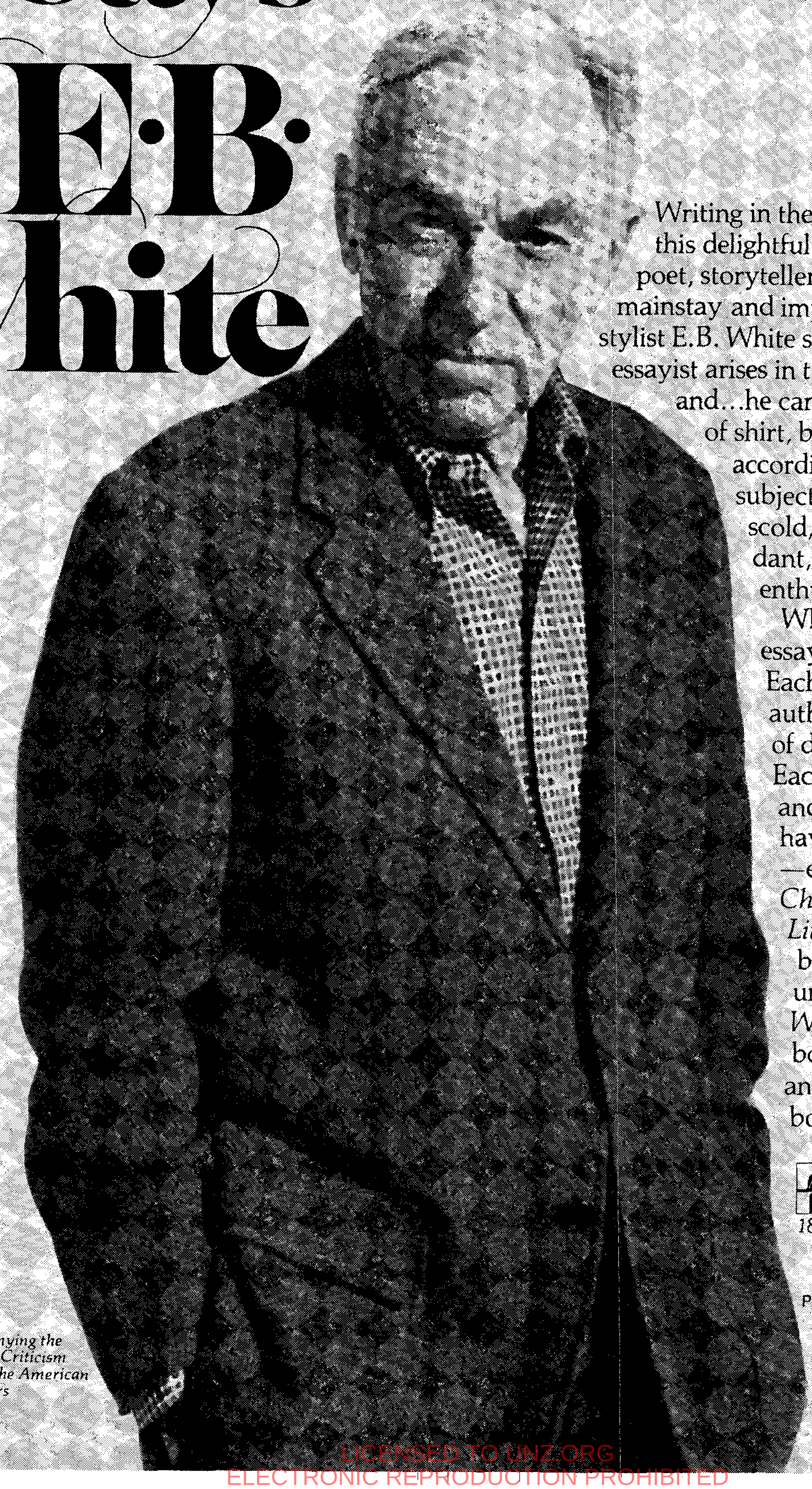

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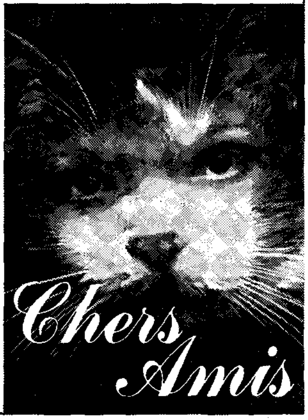

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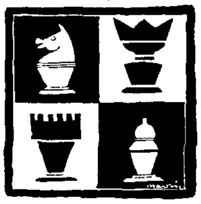
up a flint or a medieval potsherd, the context of local and national history was firmly in place. There was no waste motion in heart or brain. We find this omnivorous apprehension, at once sensory and abstract, in Browning's verse, in Carlyle's prose, in the prodigal architecture of Gilbert Scott. A tremendous confidence underwrites it, and a gymnastic of concentration and memory. By contrast, our schooling is planned amnesia, our work a hiatus between phone calls.

Murray was fortunate in that his passion for philology, for phonetics, for the organic development of linguistic forms, for dialects and the singular splendor of the English tongue precisely coincided with the start of modern English studies. In London, F. J. Furnivall, founder and editor of the Early English Text Society; Walter Skeat, the great Anglo-Saxon scholar; and Alexander Melville Bell, Alexander Graham's father and a pioneer in the scientific study and notation of phonetics, could spot Murray's phenomenal gifts. And though English society was rank-ridden to a degree, the eighteen-fifties and sixties brought an intense liberalization in scholarship and the sciences. In the new freemasonry of intellectual pursuit, Murray's humble origins and status, as a schoolmaster and as a correspondence clerk in the Chartered Bank of India, Australia & China, did not matter. The author of "The Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland" had made his mark. In Paris, the *Revue Celtique* took respectful note.



As Elisabeth Murray shows, the process that led to the conception of the Oxford Dictionary was halting and uncertain. Noah Webster had challenged and in many respects surpassed Dr. Johnson. In Germany, Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm, with a battalion of helpers, were at work on the great *Deutsches Wörterbuch*. At sixty-one, Émile Littré, philologist, educator, translator of Dante into medieval French, was about to launch on his thirteen-year task of producing a historical dictionary of the French language (another brilliant example of nineteenth-century work addiction). Only Britain lagged behind. And this at a time when empire glowed at high noon, and when conquest and commerce had flung the English language across the globe on a scale undreamed of by the ecumenical aspirations of Latin or the prestigious mundanity of French. Would Macmillan's undertake the task? Should it be organized and sponsored by the Philological Society, with Dr. Furnivall's busy but often bruising talents at the hub? Ought there to be a public subscription? Negotiations dragged as the cost and intricacy of the enterprise began to emerge. It was Henry Sweet, the original of Professor Higgins in Shaw's "Pygmalion," who perceived clearly that the best chance for "the English Dictionary" was its adoption by the Oxford University Press, and that if there was one man capable of tackling the titanic project it was James Murray, assistant master at the Mill Hill School.

Murray hesitated. More than anyone else associated with the whole idea, he had some notion of the labors and vexations involved. He met with the delegates of the Oxford University Press in April, 1878. It was March, 1879, before an agreement was concluded. Even for that time, the terms offered to Murray were tight: a publication of seven thousand pages, to be completed at the rate of at least eight hundred pages every year. If this schedule could not be met, an extension of up to five years was allowed, but with no increase in the editor's total payment of nine thousand pounds. Out of this sum, Murray, to a very large extent, financed his own staff, the physical plant needed to assemble the millions of word slips, and life for himself and a family that was soon to number eleven children. No one in that early spring of the forty-second year of the glorious reign of Queen Victoria could have guessed that the O.E.D. would run to more than sixteen thousand pages, that it would cost three hundred thousand pounds to produce, and that neither James Murray nor his heirs would ever receive a penny's profit.

The trouble, to be sure, lay with the editor's majestic vision and his perfectionism. Murray had in mind a lexicon that would literally encompass the entire formal and substantive history of the English language, from its Anglo-Saxon, Latin, and Anglo-Norman roots to the latest ideological, literary, journalistic, and scientific coinage. Illustrations of usage would be drawn not only, as they had been in Dr. Johnson, from eminent and approved authors but from that almost incommensurable spectrum of printed material—literary, technical, ephemeral, colloquial—which articulates the organic existence and echo chamber of a civilization. Moreover, the etymology and, where applicable, the dialectological genesis of every word were to be traced and set

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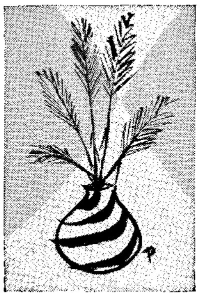
down according to the most rigorous standards of modern scholarship (standards evolved in Indo-European studies since the beginning of the nineteenth century and now tightened by the establishment, in which James Murray had himself been instrumental, of phonological analyses). Even with lavish financing and an army of trained auxiliaries, Murray's project would have been overwhelming. Instead, perfection had to be achieved on a shoestring.



Though reticent in her style, Elisabeth Murray speaks in detail of the "triple nightmare" that came to hang over Murray's labors and that almost brought the O.E.D. to a halt. Some five million word slips provided by volunteer readers had to be sorted and stored, to be used in compiling entries listing a word's earliest known appearance in the language and examples of those subsequent, changing usages through which its history could be shown. Both at Mill Hill and, after 1885, at Oxford, the name Scriptorium (soon famous throughout the literate world) stood for an inadequate, often damp, desperately overcrowded garden shed. At no point did the editor and his team have even the physical facilities that would, today, be regarded as minimal for any comparable enterprise. Soon, time became a harrowing factor. As the unprecedented scope and intended excellence of Murray's design began to emerge, the delegates of the University Press fretted. Would the monster see the light of day within the decade, within the lifetime of anyone associated with its inception? On this issue, Murray himself had been far too sanguine. Part I, or "A-ANT," only appeared in January, 1884; completing "B" took till 1888; "C" entered the world in 1895, three years after the date initially fixed for the publication of the entire dictionary. Naturally, the formidable proliferation of Murray's material and the concomitant delays in publication proved to be a financial hecatomb. Subscribers were mutinous, and as costs mounted, sales withered. By 1897, the deficit stood at more than fifty thousand pounds and was rising at the rate of some five thousand a year. Had anyone known that the O.E.D. would take fifty years to complete, the undertaking might well have been stopped.

As it was, James Murray had to fight a constant battle on two fronts. Though thousands of volunteers in Britain and the United States responded to his call for word slips, far too much of what they sent in proved to be sloppy and haphazard. Some sixty-five actual assistants worked on the dictionary during the half century of its genesis. Of these, no more than a handful showed the necessary philological skill and critical judgment. Time and again, sometimes at the galley stage, the editor had to redo his assistants' work himself. For their part, the almighty delegates turned out to be vexatious taskmasters. It was not until 1896 that relations between editor and publisher eased. It was only then that Murray won his battle for perfection and that the Oxford University Press began to realize what glory lay in its keeping. Again, Miss Murray's scruples are almost Victorian, but what we read between her sober lines is a tale of condescension all too characteristic of the treatment Oxford and Cambridge like to mete out to those who love them too well. No college offered a fellowship to Murray. No research post or lectureship was opened to him in England. Potentates and scholars and writers from divers corners of the earth might come to the Scriptorium in fascinated pilgrimage; to the nabobs of Oxford, Murray was a recalcitrant, perhaps unduly privileged employee. When his knighthood came, in 1908, the university took lofty content.

No wonder that Murray was often on the verge of collapse and resignation. In 1887 and again in 1889 and 1890, his robust health and tireless intellect almost broke. In November, 1892, the delegates communicated to their editor the dolorous insight that "the more they endow the Dictionary the slower proportionately it goes." Surely the number of quotations might be reduced, the range of technical words might be narrowed. (What excuse could there be for including so outlandish a term as "appendicitis"?) Murray was ready to resign. Rumors of a suspension of publication appeared in the press. Some future age, under happier conditions, might resume after "F." Public appeals were bruited, letters flew, subcommittees met. Murray won the day. But at a self-destructive price. As early as 1883, he had been working a seventy-seven-hour week—twenty as a schoolteacher, fifty-seven as a lexicographer and a writer, in longhand, of anywhere up to fifteen letters a day. During the summer of 1895, he was working between eighty and ninety hours a week. Looking back on his Sisyphean labors,

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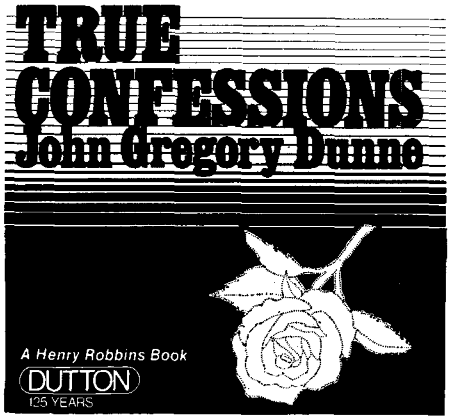

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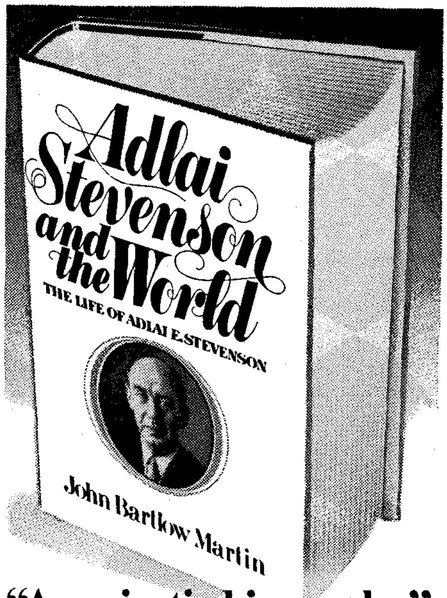
VIKING

he was to speak of "troubles and bitterness, of which the world knows, and need know, nothing."

Their fruit, of course, lies in the actual details of "A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles." But it is in the sheer statistics that lurk the drama and the vision. In Webster, the etymology of "black" takes five lines; in Murray, twenty-three (themselves a classic of concision). In the O.E.D., "do" occupies sixteen times the space allotted to it by Webster. Work on this ubiquitous monosyllable went on from Christmas, 1896, to June, 1897. The longest entry of all turns out to be "set," and here the treatment by Henry Bradley, who was to succeed Murray as the editor, amounts to little less than a miniature treatise on crucial social, philosophical, and scientific aspects of the Western imagination. "Point," on which Samuel Johnson had had his thoughts, consumes eighteen columns; "put," thirty. Personal touches intrude poignantly: sitting by his wife's bedside just after the birth of Elsie Mayflower, on May 1, 1882, and correcting the proofs of the first section of the dictionary, Murray adds to the first column of page 2, as an instance of "a" following an adjective preceded by "as," the words "as fine a child as you will see." Poets and novelists are a fruitful affliction. What in the world does Lord Tennyson mean by "balm-cricket"? Where has Mr. Thomas Hardy dredged up "terminatory"? Browning "has added greatly to the difficulties of the Dictionary," but has proved helpful over his wife's use of "apparitional." James Russell Lowell gives help with the mysterious "alliterates," which turns out to be a misprint for "illiterates." The Chief Rabbi is informative on "Jubilee." The India Office has a letter of 1620 with the first mention of "punch." From New York, *The Nation* gives help with political terms, so many of which are starting to come eastward across the Atlantic. An early entry for "jute" must be checked with the administrator of the Andaman Islands.

Letters to be written and answered by the thousand; readers' slips by the million to be solicited, filed, and cross-checked. James Murray, rather serenely, worked himself to death. In April, 1915, he was completing "T" and planning how to handle the mad swarm of words in "un-." He worked at the Scriptorium for the last time on July 10th, and died on the 26th. The O.E.D. was completed in 1928. But there can, of course, be no completion of such a job. Two massive volumes of a planned four-volume supplement have been published in the nineteen-seven-



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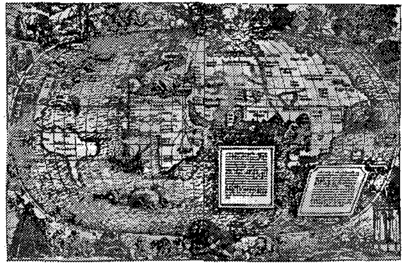

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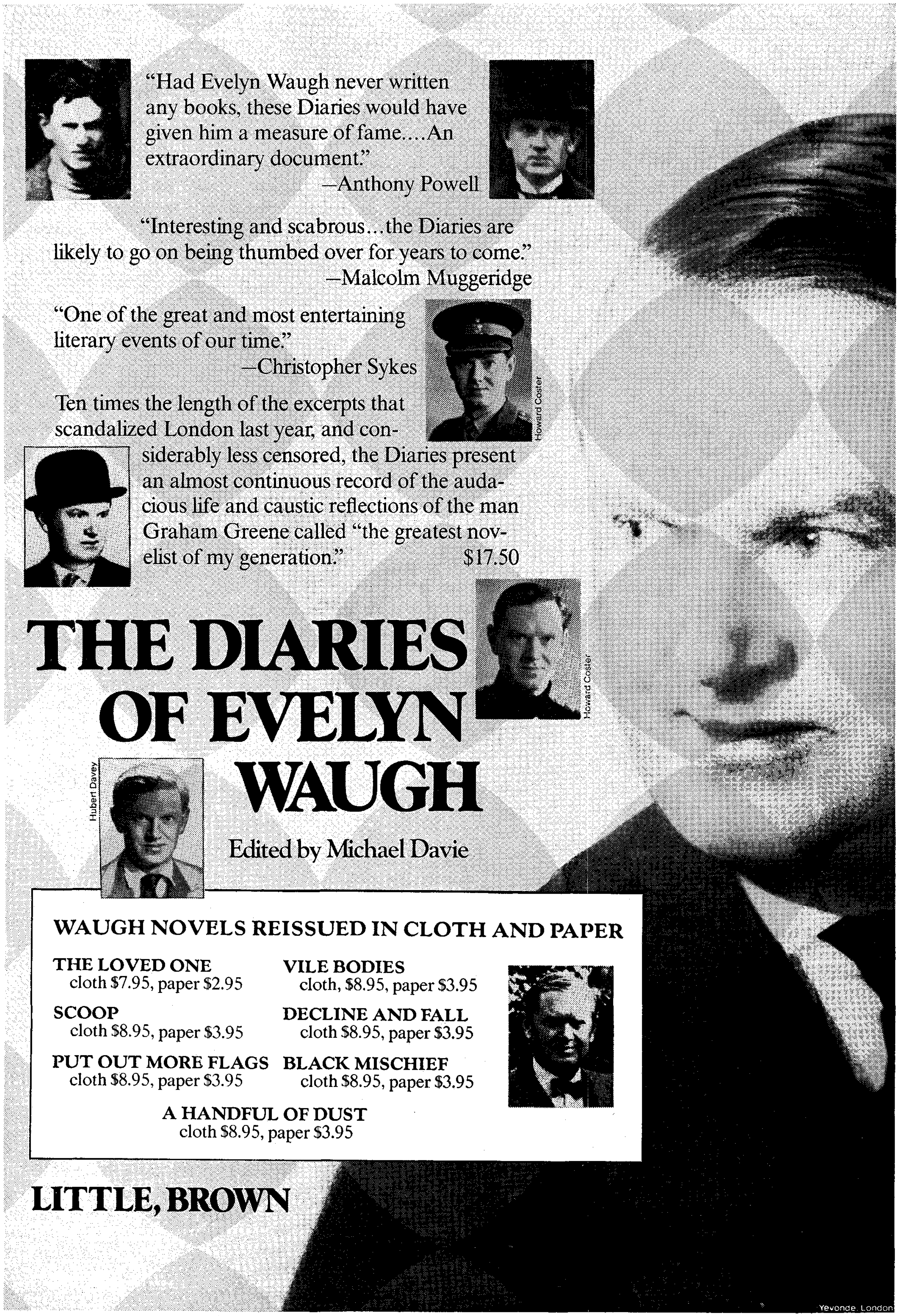

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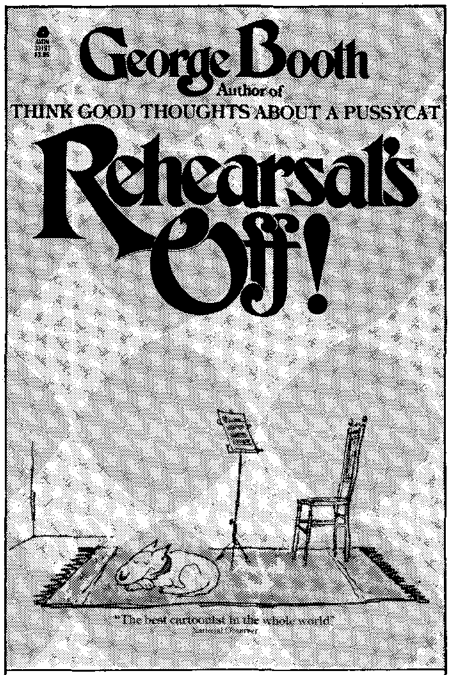
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ties. And now there is talk of redoing the whole.

But, whatever the future, James Murray's monument and its derivatives—the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary, the Concise Oxford Dictionary, and the two-volume edition in miniaturized format issued in 1971—stand matchless. They are the living history of the English tongue and the dynamic embodiment of its spread over the earth. The master wordsmiths in modern letters—Joyce, Nabokov, Anthony Burgess, John Updike—are Murray's debtors. Where speech is vital and exact, it springs from the O.E.D. and enriches it in turn. To anyone who knows and loves English, the old quiz question "What single work would you take to read on a desert island?" does not require even an instant's thought. The O.E.D. carries within its dark-blue boards the libraries of fact and of feeling. Dip into it anywhere and life itself crowds at you. —George Steiner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Elbow Room, by James Alan McPherson (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $8.95). Twelve deeply felt short stories about an extraordinarily various group of black Americans. Mr. McPherson, whose second collection of stories this is, is one of those rare writers who can tell a story, describe shadings of character, and make sociological observations with equal subtlety. Among the best stories here is "The Faithful," an understated tale about a stubborn old barber and lay preacher, whose refusal to cut Afros is ruining his business just as his refusal to freshen up his sermons is alienating his tiny flock. Another story, "Problems of Art," deals playfully with nuances of racial clichés, and another, "The Story of a Scar"—about a simple young woman whose prim college boyfriend stabs her in a fit of jealousy—touchingly explores some of the crosswinds that buffet young blacks in their sometimes desperate quest for respectability. A few stories (the title story among them) tell the reader a bit less than he wants to know about the characters' lives and a bit more than he wants to know about the ideological or artistic problems that confronted the narrator. For the most part, however, the characters speak eloquently for themselves.

Dreaming of Babylon, by Richard Brautigan (Delacorte; $7.95). It is January 2, 1942, and C. Card, the sorriest private eye in San Francisco is down to his last chance. Dead broke, two months behind on his rent, unable even to buy bullets for his gun, he has one thing to look forward to: a meeting at six o'clock this evening with a mysterious client. All he has to do is keep the hunger pangs down, find some bullets, and stop dreaming of Babylon. Babylon is the fantasy world that C. Card escapes to whenever he can, and dreaming of Babylon is a sure way of missing his stop on the bus, losing touch with reality, and messing up in general. The suspense of waiting for that six-o'clock meeting—and then of the tricky assignment that C. Card is given—is as mechanically constructed as a toy train, but that wouldn't be so bad if the payoff weren't so flat. Richard Brautigan has mastered all the forms of children's fiction—the short, easy-to-read sentences and paragraphs and chapters, the light touches of fantasy and humor—and children's fiction for adults is what this pretty skimpy book is all about.

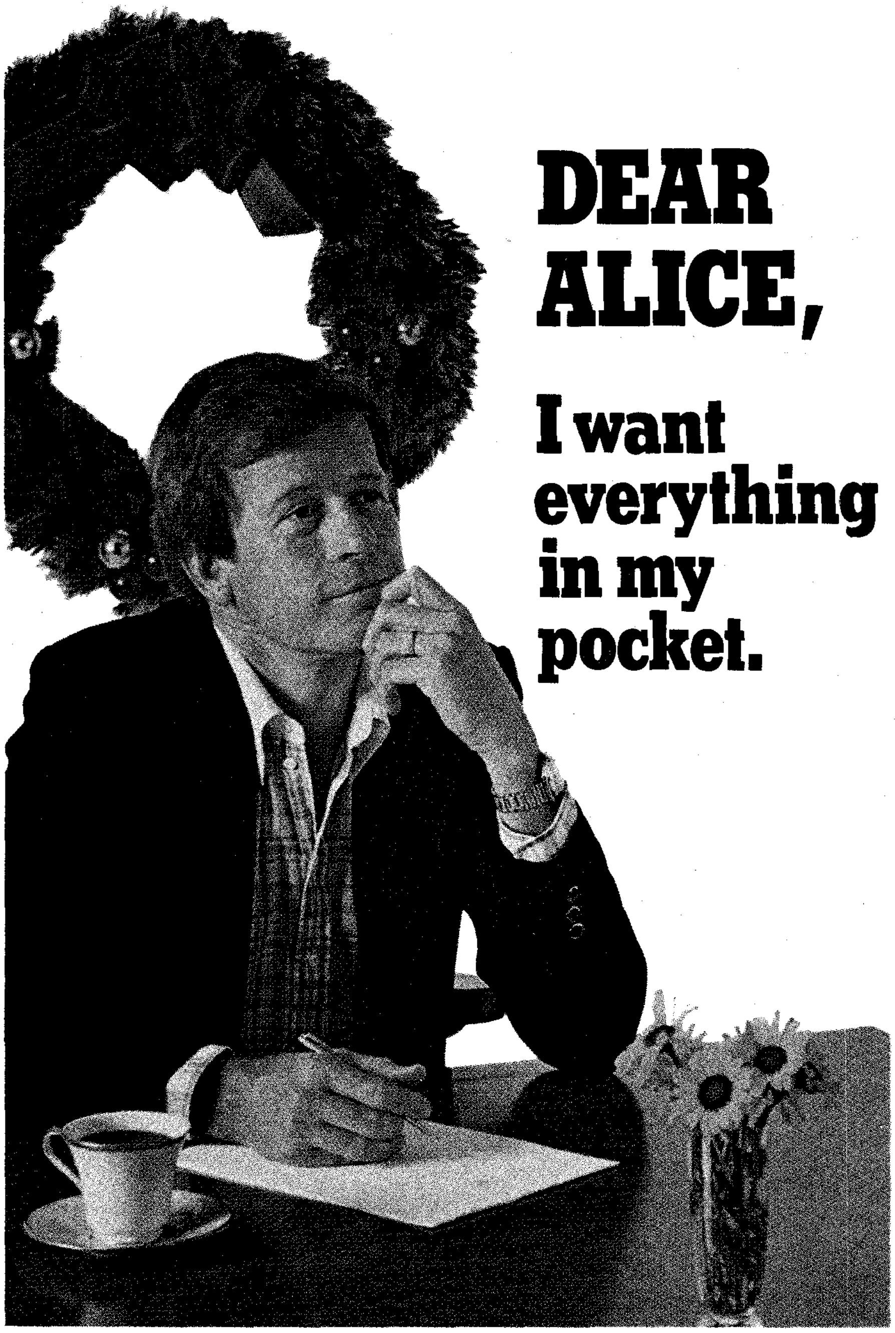
Silken Eyes, by Françoise Sagan, translated from the French by Joanna Kilmartin (Delacorte; $6.95). "She was beginning to feel bored, both by the place and by her lover" happens to be the first line of one of these stories ("A Stylish Death"), but it could serve equally well for most of the seventeen others. All the stories are brief (only a few are more than ten pages long), many are concerned with infidelity, and most are about people who have become weary of their money, their horses, their Maseratis, their well-cut clothes, their svelte mistresses, their virile husbands, and . . . oh, it's all just too boring.

GENERAL

Dylan Thomas, by Paul Ferris (Dial; $9.95). He was, in Mr. Ferris's phrase, "a marvellous liar," and everything about him had the quality of myth. The subject of countless stories, Dylan Thomas leaves his biographer a welter of rumors and allegations to sift through. Mr. Ferris has managed just that, and in the process has created a shrewd psychological portrait. Thomas grew up with an intense desire to be a poet. (As he showed by a youthful plagiarism, his desire to be a poet was perhaps greater than his desire to say things in poetry.) He fancied that his calling as an artist entitled him to drink, to clown, to live beyond his means, and to behave outrageously in general. As he wrote in a line that Mr. Ferris has

DEAR ALICE,

I want everything in my pocket.



I want a pocketful of cameras called Kodak Tele-Instamatic™ 708 camera.

It shoots big, colorful pictures two ways, telephoto and normal. (Actual picture size is 3½″ x 4½″.) It's got automatic exposure control. And it'll focus from 3 feet (for clear, sharp close-ups) to infinity. And it's easy to use.

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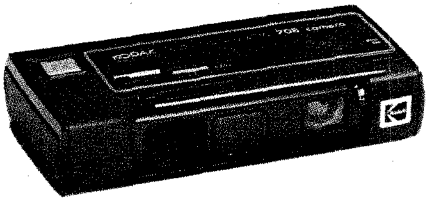
And it comes in a complete gift outfit with Kodak color film and flipflash—everything you need to take pictures on Christmas.



Kodak tele 708 camera outfit

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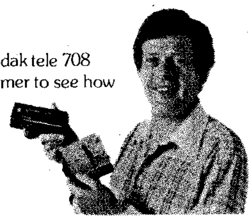
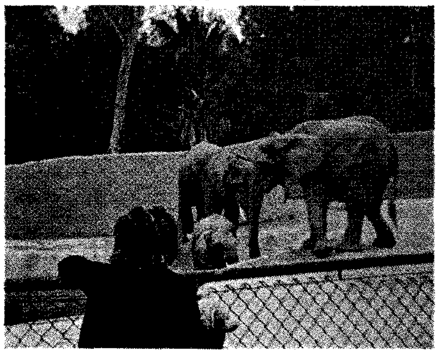
I borrowed a Kodak tele 708 camera this summer to see how good it is.



Look how well automatic exposure works in light like this.

Look how the telephoto lens makes the best part of my picture bigger.



With the normal lens I can take more of the surrounding scene.

Kodak gifts say: "Open me first"

…to save Christmas in pictures.

The LCD: digital time that's always on, even when you're not looking, in a watch that's a pleasure to look at. When you can find a quartz digital with the dependable Bulova name... isn't that the time to buy? From left: 82315 for men, $130. 82311 for men, $175. 82371 for women, $145. Suggested retail. © Ɥ Bulova Watch Co.

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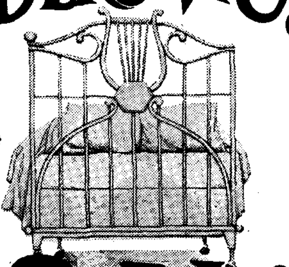
taken for his epigraph, "Deary me I'd rather be a poet anyday and live on guile and beer." Mr. Ferris suggests that Thomas may have taken to drink to cover up some inner uncertainty. He wanted to feel wicked, and claiming to have had women was a way to that sensation. He had a good income in his years of fame, but sank deeper and deeper into financial worries. Still, Mr. Ferris says, "The fear of being unable to write was nearer the root of his troubles than the fear of not being able to pay the grocer." In the opinion of doctors, it was drink that finished Thomas off, though Mr. Ferris also points to the large dose of morphine Thomas was given before he slipped into his final coma. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

IN THE DESERTS OF THIS EARTH, by Uwe George, translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $14.95). Mr. George's subject is the nature of the desert—its origins, its variety, its informational treasures, its intricate dynamic. His thesis, which he argues with an awesome grasp of a dozen relevant sciences (cosmology, astrophysics, meteorology, geology, chemistry, physics, biology, botany, zoology, ecology), is that the desert, which for four billion years constituted the entire land surface of the earth, is irrevocably (and with only a little help from man) returning: "More than a third of all the continental land area has reverted to desert or desertlike landscape." Mr. George commands the lucidity that the complicated disciplines with which he deals require, and he is generous with anecdotes, personal observation, and instructive oddities. So fast was the earth's rotation in its early eons, he tells us, that the days were then of only twenty-two-hour duration, and he notes that the spray can, with its potential for ozone destruction, may be regarded as "the most dangerous end product of modern industrial society's criminal growth ideology." This is a rich book. It is, perhaps, too rich. For Mr. George is so consumed by his subject that he finds it necessary to begin at the infinite beginning—at the beginning of the solar system—and end with its ultimate and finite dissolution. Photographs (many in color), drawings, diagrams, and maps.

A TERM TO REMEMBER, by Edward Mezvinsky, with Kevin McCormally and John Greenya (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan; $9.95). The



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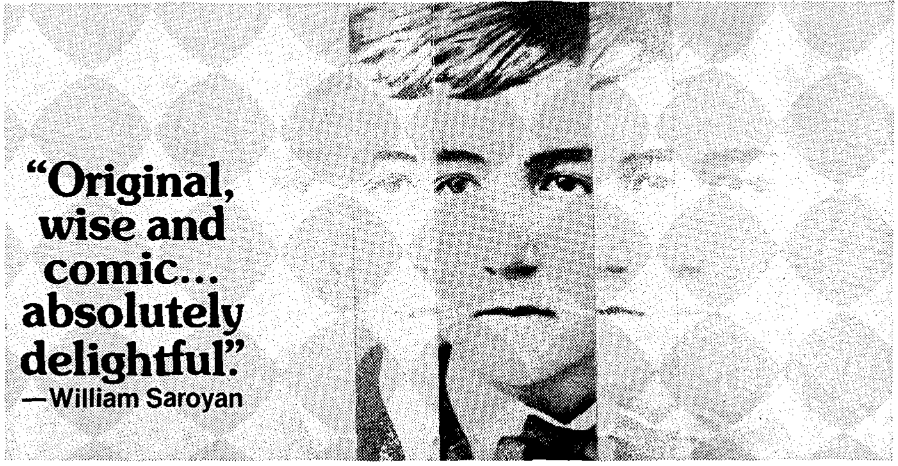

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"term" of the title is Mr. Mezvinsky's first as a representative from Iowa. Elected in 1972 as an anti-war Democrat, he started off—like his constituents—concerned with a lot of national problems. But not long after he came to Washington he found himself, as a member of the House Judiciary Committee, increasingly absorbed by only one problem: whether to impeach President Nixon. Mezvinsky recalls how that possibility, which had seemed remote, began to seem likely—and awing. He relives it all, emphasizing some points—for example, how hard the committee chairman, Representative Peter Rodino, worked to make sure that no step of the action either was or appeared to be partisan. Mezvinsky also tells us things most of us could not know—for instance, how the Nixon tapes sounded, and why hearing them was far more upsetting than reading the transcripts.

ONE L, by Scott Turow (Putnam; $8.95). At the age of twenty-six, Scott Turow left a job as a teacher of creative writing at Stanford University and enrolled as a first-year student (a "1L") at Harvard Law School. He did not leave behind his literary skills, however, and in the midst of all the pressures of that redoubtable institution he managed to write this coherent and readable record of what the year was like for him and his classmates. He captures the bafflement of young overachievers suddenly immersed in the alien language of the law, the overweening manners of a gifted but notoriously harsh teacher, the subtle strengths and weaknesses of the other teachers, the endless studying, the occasional flashes of comedy, and, above all, the grinding competition—for grades, for places on the *Law Review*, for distinction. He conveys his own queasy insecurities as he found himself fascinated by the law and, in the end, shockingly caught up in the spirit of competition. He is shrewd in his judgments of his classmates and his professors. He is also rather elementary in his explanations, and, of course, it is no news that Harvard Law School is tough on its 1Ls; this book is perhaps best suited for young people weighing a career in the law. But he also has some persuasive criticisms to make, and if his book helps to bring a touch of humanity to Harvard and other law schools it will have served a good purpose.

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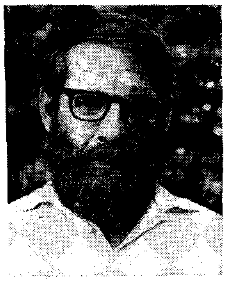

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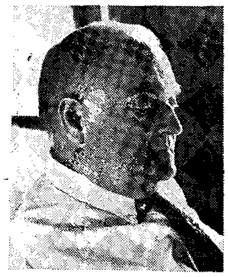

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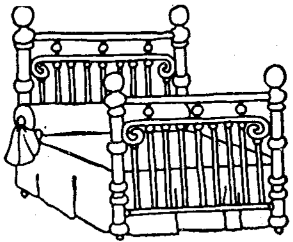

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(Putnam; $15.95). A lovely pictures-and-text account. The author, a prolific specialist in nineteenth-century France, has scarcely room to tell us everything about this theatrical marvel, an international star (1844-1923) whose professional and private lives were for decades intertwined with those of artists, celebrities, and notorieties the world around, though none outshone her. We can grasp, however, that Bernhardt was a powerhouse. She was born with passion, and she added to her native endowment by refined technique and constant thought. Her earliest ambition was to become a nun, a curious piece of self-miscasting overruled by her mother. At all events, whenever the author quotes Bernhardt's advice to actors, or Bernhardt's discussions of her concepts of performance, one recognizes that, however showy her offstage life, onstage she was sincere in her total concentration. The face we see from girlhood to old age looks better than beautiful—it is always compelling.

THE IRISH WORLD: THE ART AND CULTURE OF THE IRISH PEOPLE, edited by Brian de Breffny (Abrams; $28.50). An extravagantly handsome book for the Hibernophile and the potterer in Irish history. Eleven scholars trace the history of Ireland from prehistoric times to the present, and although the essays are unequally forceful they do provide a satisfying overview of Irish history, and charming proof that, as one contributor forthrightly admits, "it is difficult and perhaps impossible to be neutral in writing about Ireland and Irish affairs." There are pictures of Ireland's famous megalithic monuments encircling moist peat fields, of delicate medieval manuscripts, of an elegantly carved and bejewelled fifteenth-century crosier, of eighteenth-century mansions built in the Irish Palladian style, and of James Joyce, Eugene O'Neill, and George M. Cohan, among others. There is also ample evidence, whether in paintings, drawings, or literary descriptions, of the lush greenness that has been part of the Irish spirit and landscape even in its most mortifying times. Three hundred and forty illustrations, sixty-two in color.

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A private passenger vehicle is one registered to an individual with a gross weight of less than 8000 pounds.—*Meredith (N.H.) News.*

And a tendency to avoid starches.

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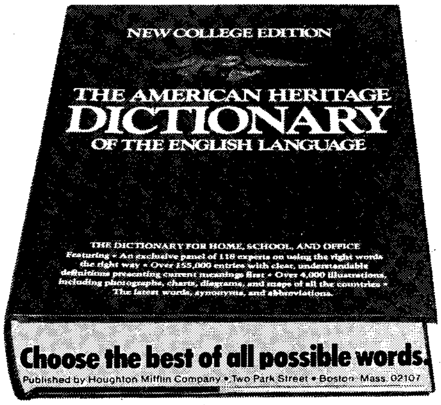
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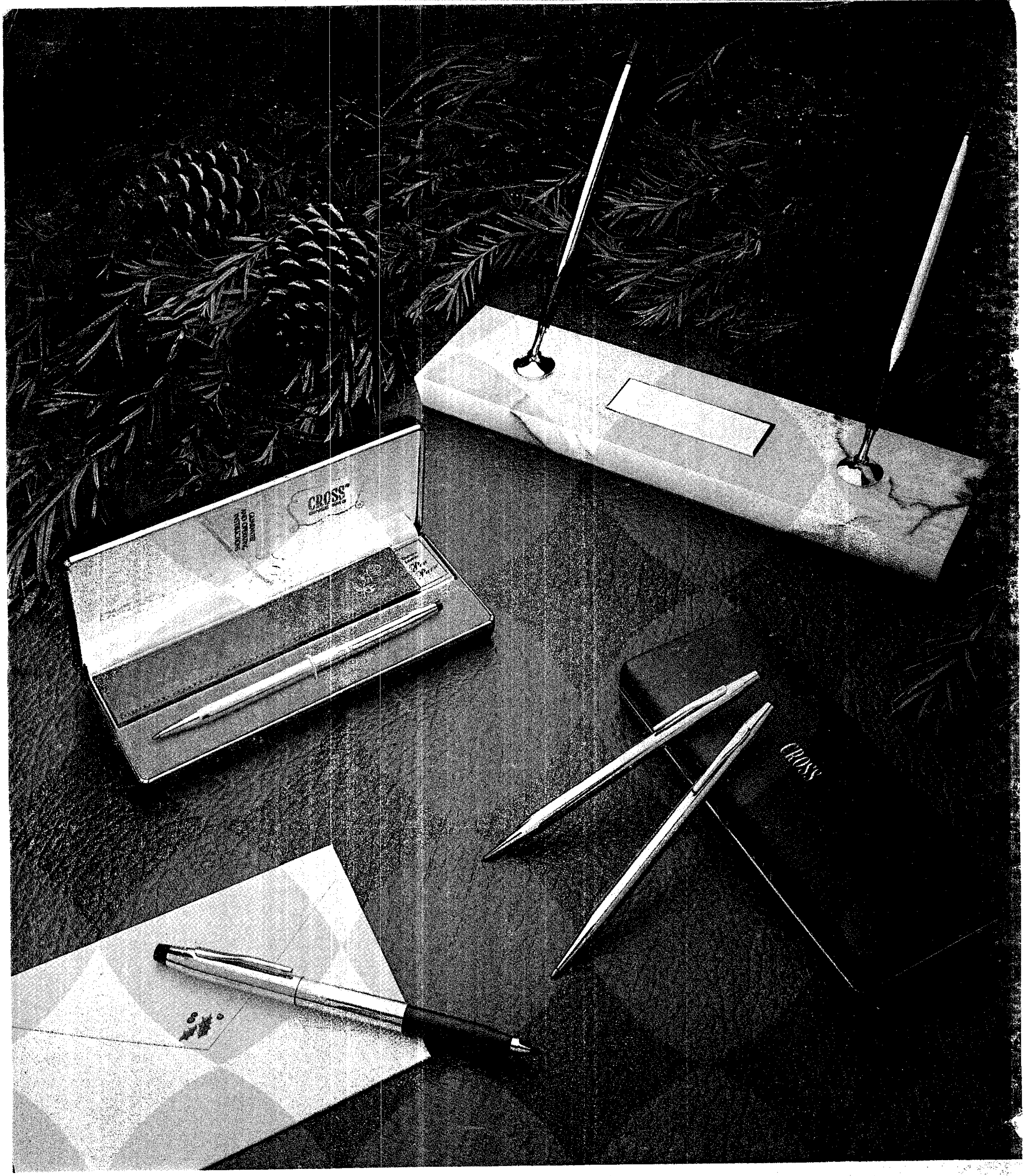

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